





J. Goussier

THE
L I F E
And Surprizing
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

Translated from the Dutch.

Adorned with thirteen CUTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:

Printed for CHA. DAVIS in *Pater-Noster Row*, and
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M DCC XXX.

French Translations
ADVANTURES
PREFACE.



has
in French, though
only known in French
language, it contains
the Adventures of one of
my best Friends, who
took a pleasure in recit-
ing

THE
French Translator's
PREFACE.

THE Reader has
here a new Book
in *French*, though sufficiently known in *Dutch* for
several Years. It contains
the Adventures of one of
my best Friends, who
took a Pleasure in recit-
A 2 ing

ii *PREFACE.*

ing them to me; and even to gratify him, I frequently desired him to repeat his Narrative over again, which he had so often told with all the minutest Circumstances. One Day it came into my Head, that if the History of his Life were printed, many People would read it with Pleasure. This Thought carried me on to beg of a Friend, nay to teaze and constrain him, to publish it.

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it. At last I prevailed upon him so far as to dictate it to me in *Dutch*, and to give me Liberty to make what Use I would of it. Accordingly in that Language this History made its first Appearance. It turned to very good Account, and many Editions were sold of it. This tickled my Friend so much, that he had an itching Desire to have his Life appear in a *French* Dress. Having mention-

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ed it to me, I commend-
ed his Design, and offer'd
him once more to lend
him my Hand towards it.
However, as he is not a
Frenchman born, the Rea-
der will meet with some
Expressions that need
Correction. But to what
Purpose is it to weigh
Words and Phrases? This
is not a Book for the Gram-
marians and the Pedants.
The Adventures are enter-
taining, and that is suffici-
ent, though the Style, as
the

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the Reader may see, is not so very barbarous. By the Title of an *Adventurer*, which is the same in the *Dutch* Edition, I understand (in Spite of your Gentlemen *Purists*) one who meets with Adventures, whether of Gallantry, or of a different Nature. If I add to this the Epithet *Dutch*, I hope no one will contract his Brows at it. These two Terms joined together are no Paradox. They eat

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eat and drink in *Holland* as in other Countries of *Europe* ; and may not the Life of a *Dutchman* be often subject to surprizing Vicissitudes. To conclude, if there appear some Strokes of too great Freedom, I desire they may not be imputed to me ; I have, as I said, but lent my Pen, and done the Office of an *Amanuensis*.

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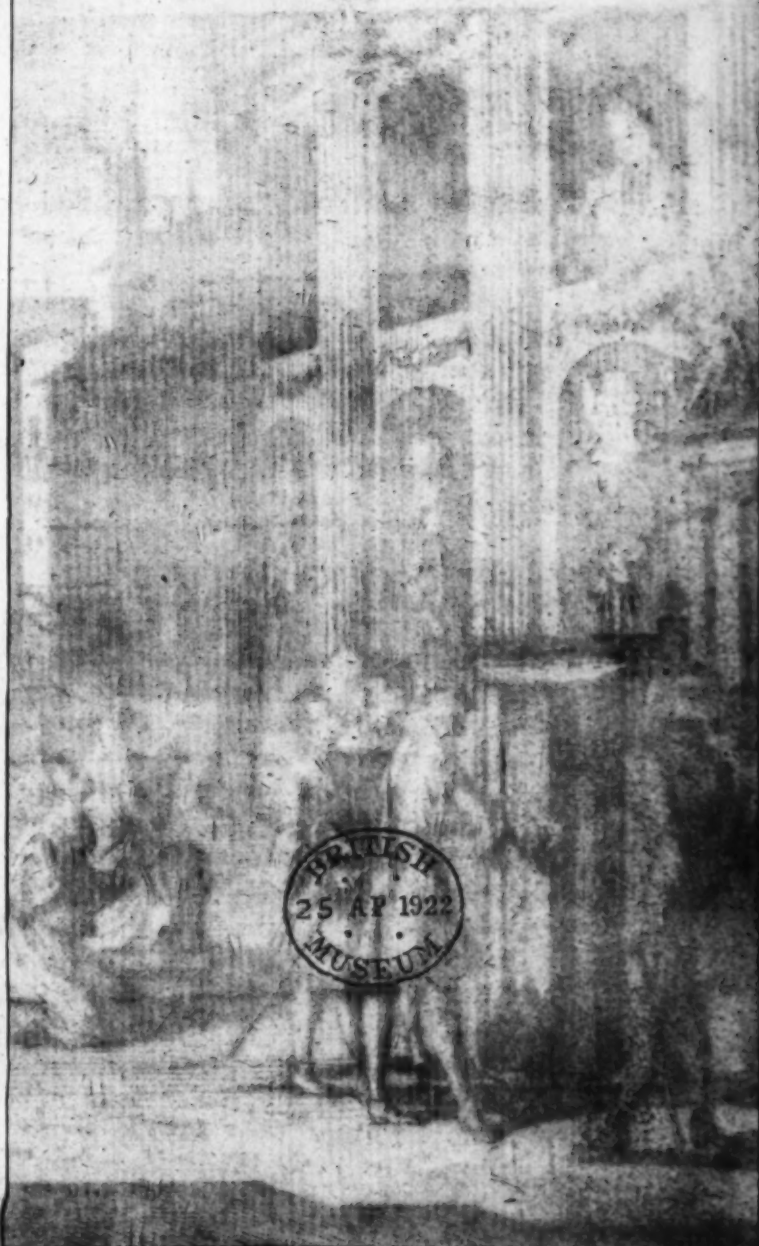
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(1)

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the Adventurer's Family; the Character of his Father, and Mother.

I WAS born, dear Reader, in one of the finest and most famous Cities in *Holland*. As to my Pedigree, if I did not make a Profession of Sincerity, I might impose upon you therein; for 'twould be very easy for me to trace my Descent in a right Line from one of the most illustrious Families in *Europe*, (as most of my Brother Authors or Adventurers do now-a-days) and to tire your Patience with a long Detail of Counts and Marquisses with whom I should please to claim Kindred. But being resolved to give a true Account of my Life, even so far as not to conceal some Ad-
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ventures, which, in all probability, will not redound very much to my Honour, I think myself likewise obliged not to deny the Meanness of my Extraction.

To begin then, I must inform you that my Grandfather, whose Father was a Shoemaker, entered into the Army at the Age of fifteen; that he served under that victorious Prince *Gustavus Adolphus*, and distinguished himself so eminently by his Courage in several Sieges and Battles, that as a Reward due to his great Merit, he was raised at the Age of sixty five to the Rank of a Right-hand Man. As he was reckon'd in his Company a very Thunderbolt of War, he had certainly attain'd in a few Years more to the Dignity of a Corporal, if the Destinies, envious of his Success, had not put a stop to the rapid Career of his Fortune by the fatal Ball of a Culverin, which took him off in the midst of his glorious Exploits, at the Siege of *Brisac*, when he left behind two Orphan Sons, whereof my Father was the eldest.

My Birth being so obscure, it may be easily judged that my real Name will be of small moment to the Reader; however, not to be altogether anonymous, I have stiled myself on this occasion *Mirador*, a Name whose Signification has some Affinity with my Life, which is nothing but a Series of surprising Adventures.

As soon as my great Uncle, who was in pretty good Circumstances, and a Land-Surveyor by Profession, heard the News of his Brother's Death, he was so charitable as to receive my Father and Uncle into his House, and took

took care to have them instructed in whatsoever he thought necessary. He taught my Father surveying himself, so that he began already in Idea to please himself with the Title of Mr. *Surveyor*, that being the Name he heard given his Uncle. As for his Brother, he was bound Apprentice to a Barber, but as his Soul was too great to submit to a miserable Phiz-scraper, he soon quitted that Business, in spite of his Benefactor's Advice, who recommended him a little after to a young Gentleman, with whom he went *Valet de Chambre* into France.

In the mean while my Father apply'd himself very diligently to Surveying, and would certainly have been a perfect Master in a short Time, if his implacable Stars had not persisted in shedding their fatal Influence over him. For his Uncle, who was very corpulent, coming one Day out of his Closet, made a wrong Step, and fell with such violence, that he died three or four Days after. By this Loss all the fine Hopes wherewith my Father had flatter'd himself were blasted, and the End of his Uncle's Life was the Beginning of his Misery. For his Aunt having been long dead, and he having neither Relations nor Friends to assist him, was forced to do violence to his great Soul, even so far as to receive Law from a Taylor, who was willing to take him Apprentice. The true, 'twas a very bitter Pill for him to swallow; but not having a Hole to put his Head in, he was obliged to make his Ambition truckle to his Necessity, and sit cross-legg'd every Day upon a Shop-board, unless he would have carried a Wallet and begged his Bread from Door.

to Door. In this painful Posture, he was often employed in unripping old piffed Breeches, which would send forth such a damnable Funk, as was enough to make him bring his Heart up, or else in transmogrifying old Tatters, so very dusty that they would often make him cough as if he had the Phthisick.

No sooner had he served his Apprenticeship, but being weary of his continual Exaltation upon Boards, which seemed to him harder than Flints, he went to live with an old Batchelor, who was looking out for a Footman that knew the Elements of Botching. In this Place he behaved so well, that he soon got into his Master's Favour; and was just upon the Point of receiving some Marks thereof, when the good Gentleman discovered by a swelling in his Cook-Maid's Belly, that his Footman understood more Trades than one. Hereupon, not being willing to let such an Action go unpunished, he forced my Father to marry her; which done he very fairly turned them both out of Doors. Upon that, he was obliged to return to his first Trade, and set up for a Master-Taylor; and as Persons who have a Tincture of the Mathematicks succeed better than others in most things they undertake, my Father, who understood the Principles of Geometry, could not fail of acquiring a Reputation: Accordingly not a Day passed but a dozen Brokers would come to his Stall, to consult him about new vamping some old Clothes.

About two Months after their Marriage, my Mother brought into the World the first Fruits of their amorous Dalliance, 'twas of the sex

was

was delivered, without much Pain or Smart, as I've often heard her say; I was soon followed by a Train of Brothers and Sisters; so that in less than ten Years, my Gentry had the Comfort to see their Estate enlarged with eight Children. One may easily judge that there must be good store of Bread to feed eight brisk young Sharpers, who had pretty keen Appetites; but my Father did not trouble himself much about it, for he alone had more Business than any four of his Brother Cucumbers. This Advantage, joined with the Art of Legerdemain, inseparable from his Trade, wherein he was an admirable Proficient, would have made him rich in a short Time, if the Heavens had not indued him with too parched a Swallow, and too thirsty a Stomach. This adust Constitution hurried him often to the Ale-house, where he converted into Beer the Money he had earned in the Day, which made us often sup with Duke *Humphry*, whilst he was regaling himself abroad.

As for my Mother, although she could imbroider, and make Lace well enough to get Bread for her poor Children, yet she was too lazy to work so much as one Stitch: She only diverted herself in walking in the Garden, and in visiting her Neighbours, who were the greatest Gossips in the World. My Father saw all this to his Sorrow, but durst not mention the least Syllable to her, for fear she should upbraid him with his bad Example, and deafen him with her Clack, which she knew how to use to Admiration. This great Liberty, which my Mother injoyed, together with some Charms yet

remaining, soon made her Husband enter into the honourable Fraternity of *Actaon*, and he might justly boast that several Persons of good Figure made good Cheer of his Leavings. For every Night, when he, according to his laudable Custom, was gone to the Ale-house, my Mother, to comfort herself in his Absence, entertained Company at home. In Process of time my Father got Scent of it; but as he had no certain Proof that she had leapt the Bounds of the matrimonial Inclosure, he durst not express all his Resentment: Wherefore he contented himself with praying her no longer to keep Company with such young Sparks, because such a Commerce would infallibly cause her Virtue to be censured, and him to pass for a Cuckold. However, she laughed at his wise Exhortations, continued the same Course of Life, and even entertained more Gallants than before, sometimes at home, sometimes elsewhere.

CHAPTER II.

The Adventures of two of his Mother's Gallants; he finds her with another; she justifies herself, and Mirandor is severely punished.

AMongst all her Admirers, a Lieutenant had the first Place in her Favour, who to obtain Admittance into the House, and ingratiate him-

himself with the Husband, had employed him in making several Suits of Clothes, and used to treat him with a good Skin full of Wine whenever he came thither, which was very often. My Father, who was highly pleased with this Generosity, was always charmed at his coming, but the poor Man was not sensible of the Brow-antlers, wherewith they armed his Forehead.

My Mother, not content with granting her Favours to this beloved *Adonis*, was willing likewise to admit another Partner; a young Student, very well shaped, happening to fall in her way, she soon found an Opportunity to make him so many Advances, that the young Spark resolved to come to close Engagement with her. But whatever Care she took to conceal this new Intrigue from my Father, and much more from the Lieutenant, the latter, who was as jealous as amorous, watched his Mistress's Waters so narrowly, that he discovered it, and the usual Place of *Rendezvous*. Hereupon the Officer, who had almost ruined himself in his Expences upon her, resolved to surprize this amorous Couple in the very Fact, and then reproach her with her Infidelity, whereof he could hardly otherwise have convicted her.

The Place which my Mother and this young Nursling of *Minerva* had chosen for their amorous Encounter, was the House of a Woman of Intrigue, who had acquired great Reputation by the many and signal Services she had done to several young Persons of both Sexes; inso-much, that she passed for the ablest Go-between

in the whole City. In Effect, none knew better than she the current Price of Women of Pleasure, and her Eloquence was the most persuasive imaginable to subdue a too obdurate Chastity. In this School of *Venus* was a Pupil, whom our Lieutenant had corrupted by his Liberality; insomuch, that she promised to introduce him secretly into the House, and conceal him in an Apartment whence he might see and hear all, as soon as the fair one should come thither with her *Adonis*. Accordingly, the next Morning the officious Gipsy did not fail informing him, that our Gentry were at the *Rendezvous*. This Son of *Mars*, ravished with Joy, followed her immediately, and entring by a private Door, placed himself in Ambuscade, ready to make a Sally upon the Enemy, whenever he should think proper. After some Moments Impatience, he saw our amorous Champions fly towards the Field of Battle, and prepare for the Encounter. They were scarcely engaged, when the Lieutenant transported with Rage and Jealousy, sallied from his hiding Place, and opening the Chamber Door, which they had not the Precaution to fasten within, rushed Sword in Hand to the Bed-side, and disturbed the studious young Man's Attention very abruptly, with several smart Blows with the flat of his Sword. The Student not knowing what to think of such rough Usage, and not being acquainted with this Spoil-sport so much as by Sight, soon leaped from the Bed, and seized on his Sword, with intent to change his first Combat into another much more bloody. But he did not acquire much Glory therein; for his
furious

furious Adversary pushed him so briskly, that he obliged him to quit the House, after having wounded him in two Places.

The Lieutenant being thus Master of the Field by his Enemy's Flight, began to discharge the rest of his Rage upon his Prisoner, who was left behind at his Discretion. He loaded her with Injuries, and honoured her a thousand times with the fine Titles of Tinker's Trull, and Sink of the Mob; nor was that all, for he gave her besides, as a Token of his Respect, a good handsome Drubbing, and presented her, as a farther Testimony of his Esteem, with a dozen or two sound Kicks on the Breech, after which he went out swearing horribly never to see her more. But he had scarce set his Foot in the Street, before he was attacked by his Enemy assisted by two of his Comrades. As the Combat was too unequal, the Officer could not avoid falling under the Thrusts made at him by these three Heroes of the Class. In vain he defended himself very bravely, after receiving several Wounds; the last Pass, which went quite through his Lungs, made him drop, and the Assailants fly. The Neighbours flocking together at this Noise, were soon informed of the Subject of the Quarrel; for the wounded Man being carried into a House just by, declared openly that it had all happened on my Mother's Account; after which he desired a Surgeon. The Disciple of *St. Cosmus* being come, probed his Wounds, and pronounced that they were mortal; accordingly he died two days after, curling to the last Moment the Hour he first beheld my Mother. The News

of this melancholy Accident was quickly spread through the Town, insomuch, that the Magistrates took Cognizance thereof, and summoned my Mother before them; but as they could not convict her of being the Cause of this Murther, because the Authors had thought proper to absent themselves, they discharged her. But the Bawd at whose House this Scene had passed, being accused and convicted of having prostituted a great Number of Women, both married and single, was whipt four Days after thro' the Town, and had her Back adorned with the Arms of the City.

After this Affair had made such an Uproar, my Father could not stir abroad but he was pointed at, and could hear himself called Cuckold, and Wittal, which Affronts made him often quit the Ale-house sooner than he would otherwise have done. Then being ready to die with Shame, and burst with Anger, he would return home to quarrel with his Wife; but that perfidious Woman knew so well how to counterfeit Innocence, that one would have sworn she had been a very *Lucrece*: Nay, she would often fly into such violent Passions with her Husband for suspecting her Virtue, that the poor good-natured Man was even obliged to ask her Pardon; however, from that time he began to look more narrowly into her Conduct.

Some time after, my Father being a little indisposed, would lie alone in another Chamber, when Chance, or rather Nature, obliged me to quit my Bed about one in the Morning, to go to the necessary House which was in the Garden.

den. But how great was my Surprise, not only at finding the back Door open, but also at seeing by the Light of the Moon, a Man and Woman, who were at close Conference there! The Man no sooner discovered me, but he made his Escape into a neighbouring Yard by the help of a Ladder, which he drew after him, whilst the Woman hid herself behind some Bushes. Being possessed with the Belief that they were Thieves, I ran to my Mother's Chamber, not daring to disturb my Father, because he was sick: But if my Astonishment was great at discovering two People in the Garden, it was not less in not finding my Mother in her Bed, which was yet warm: I saw her enter a Moment after with her Slippers in her Hand, upon which I began to smell a Rat. No sooner did she perceive me, but she enquired in a Passion, wherefore I was up at that Hour, and what Business I had in her Chamber? I was just going to tell her the Reason, and acquaint her with what I had seen, when she prevented my Recital by such a devilish Slap on the Chops, that she made the Blood gush out at my Nose. Such rough Treatment, which I did not think I had deserved, set me a roaring so loud that I raised all the Family, and my Father ordered me to be brought before him, that he might know the Cause of my Outcry. Whatever Aversion I had to sowing Discord between my Parents, my Mother had outraged me too cruelly, for me to think of telling a Lie in her Favour. Wherefore I related very ingenuously the Reason of my rising, the Vision I saw in the Garden, with the History of the Ladder,

and the Slap of the Face. Hereupon my Father, who had Wit enough to comprehend that it was a formal Affignation, would have gone immediately to throttle his Wife, in spite of his Weakness. But I begged him to defer the Execution of his Design till next Morning; and as he always loved me better than his other Children, he consented thereto, contenting himself for the present with swearing he would slay her alive as soon as it was light.

Scarcely had *Aurora* taken off the Papers from her golden Tresses, and clapt some Patches on her radiant Visage, to charm some new *Cephalus*, when my Father, weak as he was, stole from his Bed, and went to a Summer-house at the End of our Garden. This done, he ordered me immediately to tell my Mother that he had some Business of Moment with her, and that therefore he desired she would come to him thither. Accordingly, she went thither in a short time, with a demure and serene Countenance, and even asked him how he did. But he giving her a terrible look, instead of answering directly to the Question, accosted her almost in these Terms: "How can you, infamous
"and impudent Adulteress as you are, appear
"before me without dying with Shame, and
"expecting to have your Bones broken to
"revenge me of your Perfidy? But don't
"think, you black-guard Whore, to escape this
"time without having all your Limbs broken;
"yes, miserable Wretch, I will dash out your
"Brains!" At these Words, he lifted up a great Iron Ell, which he had provided for that purpose, and had certainly cleft her Skull, had she

she not stopt his Arm, by embracing him all
 drown'd in Tears, and conjuring him by all
 that was most sacred to moderate his Passion, 'till
 she could be informed of the Cause of his Dis-
 content, that she might vindicate herself, and
 prove her Innocence. "How, replied my Fa-
 "ther, have you still the Impudence, you eter-
 "nal Camp-Whore, to stile your self inno-
 "cent? And will you have the Face to deny
 "your criminal Commerce of last Night, when
 "you prostituted your self in the Garden, to
 "your infamous Adulterer?" At these Words
 she fell at her Husband's Feet, and begged he
 would take her Life, which was become a Bur-
 then to her, since he was capable of accusing
 her of the blackest Crime in the World. Find-
 ing that my Father began to be a little mollified,
 by his dropping the Ell, she went on thus:
 "What holds your Hands, cruel as you are?
 "Make haste and pierce this chaste and innocent
 "Heart, whereon never any other Image but
 "thine has been imprinted. Do sacrifice your
 "faithful Spouse to your Fury! Or do you
 "scruple, Butcher as you are, taking away my
 "Life, when you are inhuman enough to de-
 "prive me of what is a thousand Times more
 "pretious? No, barbarous Man, no Honour,
 "no Life! I will not survive so cruel an As-
 "front. Tho' it seems you refuse me this last
 "Favour, my Heart has still Courage, and my
 "Arm Strength enough to deliver me from
 "your Tyranny." At the same time this arch
 Jade seizing a little Knife, which according to
 the Custom of the Country she wore by her
 Side, acted the *Desperada* so well, that my poor
 Father

Father thinking her in earnest, repented a thousand times of his Procedure towards his dear Rib. Hereupon he soon snatched the Knife from her, which was no hard Matter, and did his utmost to appease her, but the more kindly and tenderly he spoke, the more obstinate was she in appearing inconsolable.

She cried, she sighed, she lamented, and at last vented her feigned Grief in these mournful Complaints: "O Heavens!" was I then born to
"have my Life exposed to such terrible Trials!
"Wretch that I am! How much happier had
"it been for me to have expired the Moment
"I began to live! Yes, I wish a Thunderbolt
"had crushed me in the Cradle, since as it is
"I shall infallibly dye with Grief. If there is
"any Justice upon the Earth, if the innocent
"and afflicted ought to be protected, Heavens
"come to my Assistance, disperse the Calumny,
"and make Truth triumph, that my barbarous Spouse, after my Death, may feel an
"eternal Remorse for his Inhumanity." No sooner had she pronounced these pathetick Words, than she fell to the Ground, closed her Eyes, held her Breath, and seemed to have all the Symptoms of a Person expiring. My Father, who really loved her, and had more Tenderness for her than she deserved, was ready to dye with the Fright, when he saw his dear Wife in that sorrowful Condition. As ill as he was, he went himself to fetch some Vinegar, wherewith he moistened her Lips, rubbed her Nose, chafed her Temples, and with the greatest Officiousness did every thing that was necessary on such an Occasion. Some Moments
I after

after she pretended to recover her Spirits, and in fine opening her Eyes, which seemed almost dying; "Why, said she to my Father, in a Tone that pierced the poor Man's Heart, why did you recall me to Life? Alas I was going to enjoy a Tranquillity whereof I am now deprived." Hereupon she began to cry and sob afresh, as if she had not shed a Tear before; I don't believe in my Conscience any ten other Women, though in never such Affliction, could shed in three Days such a Deluge of Tears as my Mother did on this Occasion; so great a Mistress was she of the Art of crying to the purpose.

In the mean while my Father took abundance of Pains to say the softest Things in the World to pacify her; he asked her Pardon a thousand times, swore he would never more give ear to false Reports, and assured her, that after being so fully convinced of her Innocence and Fidelity, he should never more suspect her, and should love her infinitely better than ever. "All these Promises, said she, shall not dissuade me from my Resolution of dying, unless you will name me the Wretch who has endeavoured to set us at Variance, and to deprive you of the faithfulest Wife in the World. Be assured, continued she, that if you don't give me this just Satisfaction, neither your Prayers, nor your Supplications, in a word, nothing shall be capable of putting an End to my Despair." Hereupon my Father, who was moved with her Mock-Modesty, and loved her to Distraction, though he would willingly have avoided betraying me, was very much perplexed, and

and considered a long while; but at last the Tears got the better; wherefore he ordered me to leave the Room, and shut the Door upon me. Being curious to know what they would say together, I listened attentively, and heard him own that he had the Story from me. She answered, with an affected Tranquillity, that she was not in the least surprized at it, being fully persuaded, that there never was a more malicious Imp than my self, and that no one else could have contrived such a Lye. She added withal, that I desired nothing more than to set them by the Ears, to prove which, she said, that I had told her several Times that he every Night frequented the commonest Drabs in the Town, but that she would never give Ear to such Calumnies, but on the contrary had chastised me for them to that Degree, that out of Spite I had sworn to play her a Trick the first Opportunity; and that I had now put my Threats in Execution. "I call Heaven to witness," continued she, that I went to Bed last Night at nine, and did not stir till I rose by your Order to come hither." In fine she concluded her Apology with so many Oaths, that my Father no longer doubted of the Motive of my Aspersions, and believed all she said was Gospel. Having then reinstated herself in her Husband's good Opinion, she begged him to make use of his paternal Authority, and chastise his Son's Impudence and Malice severely; "because," added she, if he be not rigorously punished, the young Rogue will be liable to commit the same Fault again, or it may be come to the Gallows." She ended with protesting,

testing, that she would never forgive him if he did not give me speedy Correction, answerable to the Enormity of my Crime. Hereupon my Father, to satisfy her, went that Instant for a swinging Rod; this done, he made me enter the Chamber, and ordered me with a stern Voice to pull down my Breeches, and lye flat on my Belly upon a Table, which to my great Sorrow happened unluckily to be there.

Then 'twas, but alas! too late, that I repented of my Folly in running my Fingers between the Bark and the Tree; and I found to my cost what Influence a Woman's crocodile Tears have over the Mind of a credulous Man, if shed at a proper Time.

I had such an extreme Tenderness for my poor Back-side, that I long turned the deaf Ear, before I acquiesc'd with the Orders of my dear Papa; but finding him resolute, I fell at his Feet, embraced his-Knees, and begged him with Tears in my Eyes to have Pity on me, and be assured that I had not imposed on him in the least. Hereupon my Mother being enraged at such a Delay of the Chastisement, and finding her Husband too weak to force down my Breeches, seized me by the Collar, laid me on the Table, and soon found the way to turn up my Posteriors to the open Air. My Father had then field Room, and exercised his Arm so freely, more like a Hangman than a Parent, that he soon made my Backside in a piteous Condition; neither did he cease lashing 'till he saw the Blood follow every Stroke; besides I was obliged, at my Mother's Desire, to kiss the Instrument of my Punishment, and thank them both for their Clemency.

Clemency. After this fine Operation, I was locked into the Cellar, where I was to take up my Residence all that Day, without any One's having the Charity to offer me a Bit of Bread; neither indeed had I any great Appetite. What tormented me most was the miserable Condition of my Posteriors, which had been so misused, that I could not sit without exquisite Pain: this obliged me to stand all the while like a Crane, sometimes on one Leg, sometimes on the other. I had then time enough to reflect on this melancholy Adventure, and my Mother's Falshood and Inhumanity, against whom I vowed an implacable Hatred, and could have wished to have been revenged on her, but the Scene which had just pass'd made me tremble. Hereupon I resolved to meddle no more with her Business, even if I should see her exercise a whole Regiment.

I was still buried in these Thoughts when about eight at Night a Servant came to tell me that my Arrest was taken off, and that I must go to my Father, who wanted to speak with me. I found him in his Chamber with my Mother, holding in his Hand the Rod wherewith he had curry'd my Hide so soundly in the Morning. On my entring the Room, he said he had sent for me to ask my Mother's Pardon for having so scandalously belyed her, and to promise I would repair my heinous Fault for the future by my Obedience and Submission to her Will in every Respect; he added, that if I refused giving her that slight Satisfaction, he would lash me to Death. As disagreeable as my scurvy Breakfast was in the Morning, I could not think
of

of submitting to so base an Action as giving myself the Lye. Wherefore I answered with Courage that my Resolution was taken, and he might do as he thought proper; for I was determin'd to suffer the most rigorous Punishment, even Death itself, rather than own, contrary to the Truth, that I was a lying, detracting Scoundrel, and so being one in Fact. On hearing these Words, my Mother, with her Heart full of Rancour, begged and conjured him to choose the alternative, either to take away her Life, or chastise me till I had owned my Fault. Seeing then that he was preparing in earnest for another Attack on my poor Posteriors, I fell at his Feet, and prayed him with Tears in my Eyes, and Hands uplifted to consider that I was his Son, and he my Father; or if that had no Influence over him, at least to reflect that we were both Christians. I uttered these Words in such a melancholy, sorrowful Tone, that my Father, who loved me beyond all his other Children, altho' my accusing (as he thought) my Mother wrongfully, had somewhat cooled his Affection, began to be moved; wherefore in a more moderate Accent he advised me once more to confess my Guilt, and not draw a severer Punishment upon myself through my Obstinacy; promising me withal, that in Case I would own I had lied, beg Pardon of my Mother, and never commit the like Fault for the future, he would not only forgive me from his Heart, but also restore me to the same Place in his Affection as before; he added, that on the contrary, if I persisted in my Refusal to comply with these reasonable Demands, I should thro' my Contrumacy

tumacy not only bring upon my self a severe Chastisement, but also incur his eternal Hatred. This said, he paused, as it were to expect my final Resolution.

What could I poor Devil do in such an Extremity? My Father's Threats terrified me not so much as the Sight of the merciless Rod, wherefore I was obliged to buckle. I said then, with a trembling Voice, and downcast Eyes, that all I had told him was a Lye I had premeditated a long while, and had not the least Circumstance of Truth in it. He seeming not a little satisfied with this Confession, my Mother immediately cry'd out: "See now what an impudent Dog of a Son you have got, and how you have wrong'd the best and faithfulest of Wives by giving Credit to such a Viper. And you Devil's Spawn, ('twas to me she directed these Words) don't you deserve to be lashed again without Mercy, and afterwards to be sent to the House of Correction to beat Hemp all your Life?" At this Compliment I had quite lost all Patience, had not the Sight of the Rod obliged me to Respect in spite of my Teeth.

Never did the terrible *Hydra* dart from her seven Heads more dreadful Glances, or belch out more Fire and Flames from her envenomed Throats, than this furious *Xantippe* did against me. Not content with ransacking her Memory for all the most odious Names that Rage could put in her Mouth, she would have persuaded my Father to make me dance again to the same Tune; but he being a Taylor of Honour, and having given me his Parole, would not break it

it at the unjust Desire of a provok'd Woman. Wherefore he begged her to be satisfied with the Punishment I had undergone, and promised to keep such a Watch over my Actions, that he would take Care she should have no farther Reason to complain of me.

From that Time, her inveterate Hatred made me have more Blows from him in one Week, than I had before in a Year; she was also in Fee with my Schoolmaster, who, to please her would beat me for the most trivial Faults; and, after sending my School-fellows to play, would keep me with him all the Day, and employ me in the hardest and most abject Drudgery; besides which, when I came Home, I was forced often to go to Bed fasting.

C H A P. III.

The dismal End of his Uncle; his Father's Quarrel with a Footman of Picardy, and his Death.

ABout the same Time my Father was informed by a Brother *Pricklouse*, who had been some Time at *Paris*, that his Brother, who, as has been observed before, went *Valet de Chambre* to a Gentleman, had come to an untimely End; that after having robbed his Master of a Purse of a hundred Pistoles, he had entered into a Gang of Gentlemen of the *Rod*, with whom he levied Contributions of the Passengers upon the

the *Pont-neuf* Sword in Hand; that being at last taken in the Fact, he had been exalted to the Dignity of a Knight of the triple Tree; and had his Neck adorned with a good hempen Collar, to the great Regret of his Comrades, whose Right hand he had been in their nocturnal Expeditions, so that they had chosen him their *Generalissimo*. This News afflicted my Father, who had always loved him tenderly; however as 'tis impossible to grieve always, be the Misfortune never so great, he was at last comforted, resolved to be himself a little more upon his Guard against Temptation, to avoid a Leap in the Dark as much as possible, and be contented with the ingenious Shifts that belonged to his Profession.

In the mean while he continued sending me constantly to School, resolving to make me a great Man; and not doubting but in Time I should become at least a Court Council. In Effect, I might have pretended to it one Day as well as many others whose Merits and Talents are both borrowed; for such Honours are obtained at present with little Trouble, if one has but a smattering of Latin; and especially if one has a rich and powerful Father-in-Law for a Patron, as thanks to my Mother's Honesty I had several; but what else can be said but *O Tempora, O Mores*.

Till this time our Family had no Thought for to Morrow, no Care, no Disquiets: My Father's Industry supplied us plentifully with all Necessaries, so good were his Customers; when one Night, pretty late, some body knocked hard at the Door. I went to open it, and saw a
Footman

Footman who had under his Arm an old red Cloak. He asked to speak with the Master of the House, who being come, he told him, that his Master, who was a Captain of Horse, having given him that Cloak, he desired it might be made into a Coat, a Surtout, a Housing for his Horse, and two Holster Caps for his Pistols; he added, that as his Master was to leave the Town at Day-break, they must be all finished in three or four Hours. My Father, who could not forbear laughing at such a ridiculous Proposal, answer'd that his Demands could not be complied with in *Re-rum Naturâ*; and that he did not believe there was a Taylor in the Universe, let him be never so expert at his Business, who by any mathematical or geometrical Proportions could make all he had named out of his Cloak. "For, added he, when I take Measure by a
 "Line either Circumflex, Direct or Perpendicular, and, when I consider well the Center, Circumference, Longitude, and Latitude of the Subject, which is your Cloak,
 "I can't beat it into my Head, that it can make
 "more than a Coat and Pair of Breeches; and
 "then it must be done by a dextrous Hand:
 "Therefore Friend, if you desire more out on't,
 "go seek elsewhere for one who understands
 "better than I to work Impossibilities.

The Footman, who was of *Picardy*, and consequently very cholerick, gave my Father plainly to understand, in broken *Dutch*, that he was a Bungler, and that the poorest Journeyman Taylor in *Paris*, who ever had the Honour to work for Dealers in old Cloaths, would

would easily have done it, and that there would be at least an Ell and a half of Cloth left. Hereupon my Father, who imagined there was nothing so difficult in his Business which he could not master by the Elements of Geometry that he had learned in his Youth, could not forbear answering, that he knew what they could do in *France*, since he had had Relations there (perhaps meaning my Uncle of hanging Memory) flatly gave him the Lye. The *Frenchman* who took after his Countrymen, not being able to digest such a *Dutch* Compliment, answered him immediately with a Dozen of Rogues, Thieves, Scoundrels, &c. concluding his eloquent Invectives with a Box on the Ear, and that laid on so soundly, that it made the poor Man spin about like a Top. Hereupon my Father being recovered from his Astonishment, flew to the Bar which was behind the Door, seized it, raised his Arm, and was certainly going to break the Rascal's Head, if he, seeing the Blow coming, had not avoided it. Then this Skip-kennel, to revenge his Honour which he thought outraged, drew his Sword in a Fury, ran it thro' his Enemy's Body, and escaped. The whole Family and the Neighbours flocked together at this Noise, but came too late to seize the Murderer, who had the Wit to save himself from the Pursuit of Justice. A Surgeon being sent for with all possible Speed, told us, without many Compliments, after probing the Wound, that the Patient had not two Hours to live. However, that we might not reproach him for his Negligence, he prepared himself to stop the Blood; but his Endeavours were of no Use, for

for the Blood soon stopt of it self, by my Father's Death, who expired without being able to speak one Word.

'Twas a very melancholy Scene to behold eight poor Children encircling their Father's Corpse; and watering it with their Tears; and for my Mother she did her utmost to imitate us. Herein she played her Part so well, that the Neighbours fearing she would do something desperate, durst not leave her alone for two Days; but this counterfeit Grief lasted only as long as she pleased. Three Days after his Funeral, the Gallants did not fail coming in Shoals, on pretence of condoling with my Mother; and immediately I was ordered to fetch some Bottles of Wine, which were consumed, by way of Consolation, in Joy and Pleasure.

Then I was sensible how great a Sufferer I was, by the Loss of my dear Father, for not a Day, passed but my Mother beat me to Mummy; and called me so many Dogs, Rogues, and Scoundrels, that at last I was as much used to them, and answered them as readily as to my Christian Name. She took me from School, on pretence of saving Charges, saying, that as I was but a good for nothing Rascal, and she designed only to make me a Kennel-raker, 'twas needless for me to learn to read and write. I was put to the worst of Drudgery, and she would send me to cut Wood for firing against Winter, tho' 'twas in the midst of Summer; and at Home my Employment was to clean the House, scour the Pewter, and empty the Chamber-pots; in short, I was *Jack of all Trades*. Neither were my Brothers and Sisters better treated; we were

all cloathed in Rags, and almost starved with Hunger, whilst she spared no Cost either for her Dress, or her Belly, and even often supplied the Wants of her Gallants. In fine, being weary of this Life, Despair made me firmly resolve to abandon my Father's House, and seek my Fortune elsewhere.

CHAP. IV.

Mirador leaving his Mother, arrives at Antwerp, and enters into the Service of an Inn-keeper there.

MY Mother happening to send me one Day to one of her Customers, for twelve Shillings that were due for making a Suit of Cloaths, I resolved to take hold of that Opportunity and go off with that little Money to *Antwerp*, where my Father had been in his younger Days, and whereof I had often heard him speak very advantageously.

Having then received this Money, I returned Home, and told my Mother the Man was not within; after which I stole up into the Garret unperceived by any one, whence I took as much Linen as I thought necessary for my Journey. I would willingly have had my younger Brother's Company, but fearing he should oppose my Design, and to that End acquaint my Mother therewith, I thought it best to set out alone. I left the Town then quickly, and took the Road to *Miradik*, in order to reach *Antwerp*; but the continual

continual Rains, the Uncertainty what Course I should take when I came thither, and the Fear of meeting Robbers by the Way, made my Journey seem very fatiguing, and very tedious.

The third Day of my Pilgrimage, I perceived at a Distance in a great Heath a Coach and four Horses, whereupon I made haste up to it; but when I drew near, was very much surprized to see the Coach shut, and covered over with black Cloth, with two Footmen likewise in Mourning behind. Being curious of knowing the Reason of such a dismal Equipage, I asked it of the Footmen, one whereof informed me that they were conducting the Corpse of their Master, which was in a leaden Coffin; that he had been Colonel of a Regiment of Horse in the *Spanish* Service; that having taken a Journey to *Holland*, he had died there, and that they were transporting the Body to *Antwerp* to be buried, by the Order of his Widow who lived in that City.

Having satisfy'd some other Questions which I asked him, he invited me very civilly to get up behind the Coach with them; which Courtesy, as I was very weary, I very willingly accepted of; then in his Turn he enquired whence I came, and whither I was going. I answered, that I came from *Holland*, and that my Relations were sending me to *Antwerp* to my Uncle, about some Family Affairs, but that I should stay there but few Days. I did not think it necessary to tell him the real Motive of my Journey.

We arrived before Night at a Village upon the Road, and stopt at an Inn, where I entered

as soon as possible, to eat a Bit, and go to Bed immediately, intending to set out again next Morning at break of Day. I rose then very early, and pursued my Journey single, because the Coachman was willing to let his Horses rest a little longer, and in three Hours Time I reached *Antwerp*, and went to lodge at the first Inn I could find, which was the *Blackmoor's Head*.

The Innkeeper who was of *Liege*, and consequently one of the greatest Rascals in *Europe*, was immediately so cautious, seeing that I made but a scurvy Figure, and had no Baggage, to ask me from whence I came, how long I intended to lodge with him, and above all, if I had good Store of *Rhino*? As instead of answering I shewed him six Shillings, which were left of my twelve, he took them from me, and told me with a great deal of Goodness, that they would be safer with him than in my Fob, whence some Pickpocket might chance to steal them, and that he would restore them to me when I wanted. I thought the Man dealt so honestly by me, that, by Way of Return, I made him my Confident, and told him very ingenuously the Reason of my Departure from *Holland*, and my Resolution of entring into the Service of some good Gentleman of that Country. After having promised to manage that Affair for me in a few Days, I went by his Order into the Kitchen, where I had the Honour to partake of a very slender Repast with the Maid-servants, who I thought would have stunned me with their Clacks, they asked me so many Questions.

Two Days after my Entrance into the House
the

the Landlord sent for me into his Chamber, where he told me in a mournful Tone, that he had done his utmost to find me a Master, but in vain; because 'twas not then the Season for hiring Servants. He added, that the six Shillings he had from me would scarcely pay the Money due to him already for my Expences; that he foresaw what a Trouble this would be to me, but that as he found in himself an Inclination to me, he would keep me as his Cellar-man, promising to look on me as his own Son, and to give me a new Suit in a Month, whereof he saw I was in great Need, especially as Winter was approaching.

This Proposal pleased me extreamly, and the Title of Cellar-man was so very agreeable, that I accepted it without Hesitation, thanking him a thousand Times for his Goodness: But I had hardly performed my Office eight Days, when I passed from Metamorphosis to Metamorphosis. From Cellar-man I was made Scullion, Turnspit and Hostler; besides which I was to keep his Garden in order, clean our Guest's Shoes, and carry away the Dung from the Stables: In short, there was nothing too hard or too mean for me, and if I had the Misfortune to commit the least Fault, I was drubbed to a Miracle; to which End my Master kept a large Bull's Pizzle behind the Kitchen Door. If any Gentleman gave me Money to drink his Health, the Jew would seize it on pretence of keeping it for me, tho' it was plain he meant to keep it from me, for I never saw a Halfpenny of it again. If he was thus inhuman to me one Way, that is, in beating, and half

half starving me, and taking away my Money, he was not less so in his Usage to Strangers in their Reckonings; for whenever they began to dispute his exorbitant Bills, he never fail'd seizing their Baggage, from which he would never Part, 'till the whole was paid. 'Twas in vain to swear they would never more set foot within his Doors, he always went on his own Dog-Trot, and was so used to hear every one go away cursing, that he minded it no more than if they had said their Prayers: He likewise was an Artist at adulterating Wine and Beer, and always made use of short Measure. If any Horseman arriv'd, he would order me in his Presence to take great Care of the Beast, and give him Corn enough; but he had first enjoined me to bring the Oats through the dining Room, and afterwards carry them back to the Bin. This was his Usage to all his Guests, so that whoever had been there once very seldom returned again.

In the mean while Winter drew nigh, and my Coat, which was but an Assemblage of Rags, discovered my Skin through a thousand Holes, which obliged me to take Courage one Day, when my Master seem'd in a pretty good Humour, and remind him of his Promise. But I had Reason enough to repent it, for on hearing my Demand he reprimanded me sharply, and told me in a stern Voice that made me tremble, that he thought me very impudent to dare make him such a Proposal: He own'd indeed that he had promised me a Suit of Cloaths, when he first took me into his Service out of Pity; but that he did not then think I had been such a lazy Rascal: Hereupon he concluded with
advic-

advising me never to make such another Demand, if I would not have my Bones broken, and be turned out of Doors.

What could I do? Being embark'd with a Devil, I was forced to sail with him; my only Remedy was Patience. He was even such a *Turk* that he flatly refused letting me have any of the Money he pretended to keep for me, to buy a Pair of Shoes, tho' I went almost bare-foot in the Dirt and Snow. This obliged me afterwards to convert to my own Use some Pence which our Guests gave me, to serve one Day in my extreme Necessity; but as most of them went away dissatisfied, my Profits were very small.

My greatest Martyrdom was, that I was obliged to go every Morning to his Garden, about half a League from the City, where, in Spite of the cold Weather, I was forced to toil till I was almost dead with getting some sorry Carrots or Turnips out of the Ground; yet I could have comforted my self in my Misfortunes, could I but have had my Belly full. I was only Skin and Bone, and should certainly have died with Hunger, if I had not at last taken the Courage to filch from Time to Time some choice Bits, wherewith I made good Cheer. Neither was my Master the only Tyrant I had; his Wife, who was of *Liege* as well as he, and a hundred Times worse than her Husband, was to me a very Devil incarnate, I had seldom any Blows whereof she was not the Cause, instigating, by her Words, the Arm of my Butcher, and saying that he did not thrash me e-

C 4 enough,

nough, though I had no Reason to complain of his being a bad Paymaster that Way.

Besides the abovemention'd Drudgery, I was forced to go every Night and wait the Arrival of the Post Chaises to invite Strangers to our Inn. As the other Innkeepers did not use to go and beg for Guests, their Servants would often maul me handsomely, to cure me of any Inclination to supplant them as I did. If I had at any Time the good Luck to draw any Stranger to our House, my Master perhaps would conquer his Brutality so far as to soften his Features, and shew me a Phiz not quite so shocking as usual; but if I brought home none, I was called Dog and Blockhead, unworthy to eat his Bread, and besides a thousand fine Salutations, I was often regal'd with a Bastinado.

CHAP. V.

He brings home a Stranger, who debauches the Innkeeper's Daughter, and the fine Course of Life that followed after.

ONE Day I had the good Luck to meet a Booty; I brought home a Stranger magnificently dress'd, and attended by two Footmen, who, as well as their Master, had a very good Mien: What Joy was there in the House, when they saw me arrive with this fine Recruit! And especially when they heard that this Traveller

Traveller was a *German* Count, who intended to stay some Time at *Antwerp*, that he might view the Town at his Leisure. They did not fail giving him the best Apartment in the House, and every one strove to surpass each other in Complaisance, and Readiness to serve him. My Rogue of a Master had a Daughter, about eighteen Years old, and tolerably handsome, but proud and conceited to the last Degree of Extravagance; she would not so much as speak to a Citizen, tho' never so rich, nor even make a Curtesy to those of a middling Rank. Her Father being infatuated with the Opinion of her Merit, as much as her self, pretended to marry her to no less than some rich Gentleman; with which View he spar'd no Cost to keep her fine and genteel enough in Cloaths to equal the first Ladies in the City, though he took them up upon Tick, designing the first Bubble she could intrap by her Charms should pay the Piper. But as good as he was at making a Bill, he reckoned this Time without his Host, as will be seen in the Sequel.

As soon as the Count saw her (and she took care to give him Opportunity enough) being courteous and gallant, he highly extolled her Beauty, and praised her great and noble Air, which did not a little heighten the good Opinion Miss already had conceived of her sweet Person. When 'twas Dinner Time, he begged her very civilly to honour him with her Company, which she accepted, after some few Compliments, for Form sake; and her Father seeing the Count very officious in helping his Daughter to the choicest Bits, was *few* enough to

flatter himself that he was the true *Messiah* destin'd to work out his Redemption. When Dinner was over, the Gentleman proposed playing at Cards, to which the Fair One willingly consented, hoping he would be so gallant to let her win some Pistoles, neither was she mistaken; and the Sight of a large Purse of Gold, which he drew out of his Pocket, was very agreeable to both Father and Daughter, who carry'd off some Pieces more thro' his Complaisance than her good Fortune. Next Morning this Stranger had an Interview with her alone, when he was not sparing of such Compliments and fine Speeches as seem'd certain Indications of a real Passion; and in the Afternoon he paid her a Visit in her Chamber, where she gave him a magnificent Collation. After this he was very assiduous in paying his Respects, and hardly left her from Morning to Night. My Master had then Reason to believe that the Count was fallen in Love with his Daughter in good earnest; but how considerably was his Joy heightened, when our illustrious Stranger sending for him one Day into his Chamber, discovered to him, that as soon as he saw his Daughter, he was smitten with her Charms; and that his Passion had encreased so much ever since, that he could no longer live without her, and was resolved, in spite of his Quality, to marry her in a short Time? He added, that he was sending to his Country, which, as he said, lay in *Austria*, for Bills of Exchange, to celebrate the Nuptials with greater Splendour and Magnificence. Besides all this, he promised that if he would go with him into his Country,

Country, he would not only give him a Post of two thousand Crowns *per Ann.* but a noble Estate, with an Income sufficient to maintain a Prince, with a Coach and six Horses. I leave the Reader to judge what Impression these Words made on the Mind of my Gentleman, who was much more covetous of Riches than Honour. He was within a little of weeping for Joy, and ready to embrace the Knees of his generous Son-in-law *in futuro*, to testify, by such Homage, how sensible he was of his Lordship's Magnanimity and Goodness.

One Night pretty late, after having been out all Day, the Count came Home very melancholy, and my Master taking the Liberty to ask the Reason, he answered that he had been at play with a Lady, with whom he had lost six hundred Ducats, so that, *volens volens*, he must be some time without Money, till he could receive a fresh Bill of Exchange. Hereupon my Master endeavoured to comfort him, by saying, that a Nobleman like him ought not to be troubled at such a Trifle, and that if he wanted Money he had two hundred Ducats at his Service. To this his Lordship answered, that he did not love to be troublesome to his Friends, but that however he would accept his Offer, and borrow that Sum, provided he would promise upon Oath to accept of a hundred Ducats by way of Present, as soon as his Bills arrived, which he did not scruple to do. This being done, my Master went the same Day to a rich Merchant, who gave him two hundred Ducats for Silver, not daring to present any thing but Gold to so great a Man. Next

Morning the Count shewed him a Letter, which, as he said, he was sending to his Country, wherein he ordered two thousand Ducats to be remitted him as soon as possible. This Article was very pleasing to our future Father-in-Law, who loved that Strangers should live high, and hoped to come in at least for a third of it, over and above the hundred Ducats as a Present, and the Money lent. He was so overjoy'd, that, if the Count had not prevented him, he had been Fool enough to shut up his Inn; but his Lordship advised him to continue his Profession, 'till the Marriage was made Publick.

It happened some Days after that a Merchant came in the Morning to speak with the Count, whereupon one of his Footmen went to his Chamber to inform him of it; but finding the Door still shut, he desired the Man to call in about an Hour. Accordingly he did, and the Footman bidding him return again in half an Hour, for he durst not disturb his Master, the Merchant, who was one of the richest Jewellers in Town, answered in a Passion, that he did not love to be mocked at that rate, and that he did not doubt but the Count was stirring, because in such cold Weather 'twas not usual to sleep with the Windows open, which he observed on his first calling. My Master hearing this, ran to see whether 'twas so; but how great was his Astonishment, on finding the Window not only open, but also a strong Rope which hung down the Wall! At this Sight he was almost Thunderstruck, and by his changing Colour, which was plain to be discern'd, it was easy to be imagin'd that he was in a terrible

rible Consternation. However he mastered himself so far as to keep Silence, 'till he was assur'd of what he so much dreaded. Hereupon he ran to the Count's Chamber, thundered at the Door, redoubled his Blows, called, hollowed, but all was silent, no Body cry'd *Who's there*. Then a thousand dismal Thoughts crowding at once into his Mind, not doubting but that the Count had bubbled him, he began to roar ready to split one's Head, and cry out, *O Wretch that I am, I am undone, I am ruin'd!* These sorrowful and dismal Outcries bringing his Wife and the Merchant, he acquainted them with the Reason of his deadly Agonies; whereupon the Jeweller, in almost as great Confusion as he, informed them that two Days before he had sold his sham Lordship a Ring worth sixty Pound, and a Diamond Cross worth one hundred and twenty, which, as he said, he was to present to a Lady, and that he had appointed this Morning for the Payment: Thereupon he desir'd my Master to send for a Smith, and break open the Door, resolving to seize on all the Effects which the Count should have left in his Apartment.

The Innkeeper, whose Head turned round already, had nevertheless the Presence of Mind to tell him that he had no Pretensions thereto: "for, added he, he not only owes me for all
"his Expences since he has been here, which
"amount to above two hundred Crowns, but
"I have lent him four hundred Ducats besides
"(observe how well he understood Multiplication) and which is more, know *Mr. Jeweller*, that he was to have been my Son-in-
"Law,

“ Law, consequently I have more Right than you to all that can be found in his Lodgings.” The Merchant did not fail answering, to support the Justice of his Claim, and the Dispute grew so warm at last, that had it not been for the Arrival of the Lock Smith, who parted the Fray, they had lugged each other by the Ears. In fine, the Door was opened; but with a Thunderstroke to our two hungry Creditors! when they saw that the Count had had the Address to carry off all. How great soever was the Jeweller’s Vexation, it was not comparable to my Master’s Despair; he began to curse his Stars, beat his Head against the Wall, and in a word to behave like one actually possessed. His Wife also acted her Part admirably; but as furious and full of Rage as she was, her Howlings did not come near those of her dear Husband, who had the Glory to carry away the Prize from all: Their Daughter, who did not so much regret the Loss of the Title of Countess, as that of a certain thing she had parted with, tho’ with Pleasure, had her Lesson also so perfect, that her Mother was almost jealous of her: The Count’s two Footmen were stark mad, at having followed this Cheat from *Holland*, and being at a Distance from their own Country, without either Money or Baggage: and in short, to conclude all, the Maids and I cursed him with all our Hearts, for having disappointed us of our new Cloaths, which he had promised us on the Wedding Day.

— This *Chorus* of Lamentations was interrupted by the Arrival of a Person unknown, who asked

asked with Precipitation if a Count lodged at our Inn. As soon as he had heard that he had stolen away by Night, he gave a great Outcry, and told the Assembly, that two Months before he had discounted him a false Bill of Exchange of five hundred Pounds, which was come back protested; that a few Days ago one of his Friends, who passed thro' *Antwerp*, had informed him that this Cheat lodged at our Inn, and that he set out immediately from *Amsterdam*, in order to seize him. Hereupon every one related his Grievances, and 'twas resolved unanimously to send in Pursuit of this Arch-Thief; but whatever Diligence they could use, or Search they could make, they could neither catch him, nor discover what Road he had taken; in fine, all these unfortunate Creditors were obliged to part without Consolation, and go each which Way he pleased. Let us proceed to the other Acts of this Tragi-Comedy.

As soon as my Master began to recover from his first Consternation, he set himself to ruminate upon the Cause of his Misfortune; and after a long philosophical Meditation, the Charge was fixed upon me. Then not being content with reciting in a Fury a long Bead-roll of Abuses and Curses, for having brought him such a Miscreant, he condemned me, without farther Trial, to be drubb'd to Death. Pursuant to this cruel Sentence, my Executioner dragged me to the Stables (which was the usual place of Punishment) where he laid me on so severely for above an Hour, with a Bull's Pizzle, that 'twas a Miracle I escaped with Life.

Hardly

Hardly had my Gentleman's Wound begun to consolidate, when it broke out by a new Accident as vexatious as the first. For about four Months after the Count's Flight, my Master observing that his Daughter's Shape grew every Day worse and worse, obliged her to tell him the Reason; and hearing she was with Child by this Knight-Errant, both he and his Wife were ready to run distracted. "Ah you "*Drurylane* Strumpet (cry'd the Father) is " this then the Fruit of your intolerable Pride " to honest People? Yes, Mrs. *Bitch*, you " must have a Gentleman, with a Pox to you, " and a good Citizen was not worthy to be " looked on. Very well *Hatchet Face*; to " Morrow you shall not be too good to be " sent to the House of Correction for Life, " where you shall keep Company with such " tawdry Whores as your self. In the mean " while take that." Here he broke off, to tear her Lace and Topknots from her Head, which with great Solemnity he trod under Foot: After this he gave her so many Cuffs on the Chops and Kicks on the Belly, that if her Mother, who had Pity of her Offspring, had not delivered her out of his Hands, he had certainly killed her. In fine, this furious Father, considering that if this new Adventure should be buzz'd abroad, his House would be disgraced, resolved to keep it secret, and not abuse his Daughter any more, lest he should make her desperate. Besides, he was still in Hopes of marrying her to some rich Merchant, which indeed her Beauty might have intitled her to; but this Accident soon became publick, upon which when-

whenever the fair Nymph appear'd at the Door or Window, all the Boys thereabouts called her Countess: which at last induced her (finding she should never get a Husband) to distribute her Favours amongst all Comers and Goers; insomuch that my Master, from a paultry Innkeeper, was grown a celebrated Cock Bawd. This Transformation however was not disadvantageous to him; for great Numbers of young Officers, being allur'd by the Girl's easy Access, and some Charms she had left, frequented his House constantly, and were very liberal in their Expences. Accordingly he fleec'd them, so that 'twas requisite for them to keep their Eyes open; but indeed the poor Man was forced to do it, to recruit himself after his great Losses: 'Twas in vain to complain, and call him every where the *Liegeois Cut-Purse*, he kept on always his own Course, neither better nor worse.

CHAP. VI.

A cruel and stinking Adventure which befalls his Master.

ONE Day a young Baron, whose Castle was but a League from *Antwerp*, came according to Custom, with two Footmen to lodge at our House: My Master was overjoyed at his Arrival, because he spent his Money generously, and paid well. After some Days Stay, he sent for his Reckoning by one of his Servants,

Servants, and finding that his Expences amounted to four times more than he expected, was very much surpriz'd; but imagining some Mistake was made either by the Landlord or his Footman, he sent him back to desire the Particulars in Writing. Hereupon my Master, with great Rudeness answered, that 'twas not his Custom to give an Account of Particulars, and that he perceiv'd he had some pitiful Country Squire to deal with, who was a mighty Husband of his Money, for which Reason he did not desire such Gentry should set Foot within his Doors any more. The Baron, who was naturally a little passionate, scarce heard the Footman deliver this Answer, before he was going to order him to be well can'd for his Impertinence; but considering that he might pay dear for it, if he should insult in that manner a Citizen in his own House, and thereby fall into the Hands of the *Fiscal* and his Officers, who are commonly very sharp set, he thought it better to wait an Opportunity to be revenged of the Rogue. Wherefore he ordered the Landlord to come to his Chamber, and told him that he ought not to be surpriz'd at his demanding a Bill of Particulars, because he had lately made it his Custom to give it to his Steward, who kept an exact Register of all his Expences. Upon this he paid him his whole Demand, and gave him a Crown besides to drink his Health. He even seemed so well satisfy'd with him, that he made him promise to bring his Wife and Daughter to his Castle to visit him, or otherwise he swore he would never more lodge at his House. After these reciprocal As-

surances

urances of Affection, the Gentleman mounted his Horse, and rode away, leaving his Landlord and Landlady abundantly pleased with his Civility.

About a Fornight after, the Baron's empty Coach came one Morning to the Door, and a Footman getting down from behind, told the Landlord that his Master had sent him with his Service, and to invite him, his Wife, and Daughter to Dinner at his Castle. My Master not having then much Company in the House, and loving his Belly, did not want much Intreaty; wherefore he ordered his Wife and Daughter to dress themselves as handsomely as possible, and for his own Part, as he was always a very great Sloven, he went immediately to wash himself thoroughly. This done, he put on clean Linen, and his best silver button'd Cloaths, and silk Stockings, ty'd on his fine lac'd Band, and cover'd his Noddle with a fine Beaver, insomuch that I thought I beheld an *Adonis*, so different he appear'd in that Dress from what I had always seen him. Having at last equipp'd themselves all in a decent Habit, they got into the Coach, and soon arrived at the Castle, where the Baron received them with all the Civilities imaginable. After several Compliments on both sides, he propos'd taking a Walk in the Garden, whilst the Butler laid the Cloth, where they had not been long, before a Servant came to inform them that Dinner was served up. Hereupon the Baron (taking the Mother and Daughter by the Hand, that he might cause no Jealousy between them) conducted them into a large Parlour where was a magnificent Entertainment,

tertainment, and a vast Variety of most exquisite Viands: Nor was the Side-board less plentifully furnished. The Master of the House placed the Husband and Wife at the upper End, and seated himself a little lower with the Daughter. This Regale consisted of four Courses, and at each time the Table Linen was changed. Behind every one of the Guests stood a Footman with a clean Plate in his Hand, ready to fly at the least Wink, and bring them what they wanted, with more Respect than if it had been the Baron himself. If the Dishes were excellent, the Wines were equally delicious, especially the *Rhenish*, which was not spar'd, and my Master found it so good that he drank *Supernaculum*. The Women also play'd their Parts very well; the Baron, that they might relish their Liquor the better, having put a great Lump of the best double refin'd Loaf Sugar in their Glasses. In short, the Healths went round so freely, that the Guests soon found their Heads pretty warm, and had a fine Colour in their Cheeks; as to their Eyes they saw double, and their Tongues lisp'd the prettiest in the World. At last, after having eat very heartily, and drank yet more heartily, a Desert was served up in admirable Order, wherein there was the greatest Profusion of all manner of Sweetmeats, both wet and dry'd. Nor was this all; four Musicians entered the Room, and closed the Feast with an admirable Concert. After this Entertainment, whilst my Master was busy in a Corner, drinking some supernumerary Glasses of Wine, the Baron diverted the Women with dancing *French Dances*, sometimes with
the

the one, sometimes with the other; in a word, the whole Day was spent in Joy and Pleasure, in Laughing, Singing and Dancing.

In fine, Night drawing on, made our Gentry think 'twas time to separate. Then did my Master display all his Rhetorick to thank the generous Nobleman eloquently for treating them so civilly and so much beyond their Deserts. His Wife also and Daughter distilled themselves into Compliments and Thanks; in short, every one did their best. When they were just upon departing, the Steward entered the Room, with a Paper in his Hand, which he presented my Master, telling him, it was an Account of the Money due from himself, his Wife and Daughter for their Entertainment; that he had deducted the Baron's Quota, and that therefore the whole, including the Musick, amounted but to *5 l. 10 s. 10 d.* for them three. He added, that he would take his Oath, that, without being a Loser himself, he could not demand less, and that he, who was an Innkeeper, and understood very well how to make a Reckoning, would find his Bill very reasonable. My Master thinking that the Baron had contriv'd this Scene only for the Diversion of the Company, reply'd laughing, that indeed 'twas but a Trifle in Comparison of the Delicacy of their Entertainment; and after having jested a little more about it, would have taken Leave. But he was very much surpriz'd, when the Baron, seizing him by the Arm, and giving him a Look, which made him judge he was in earnest, said, with a resolute Voice: " Friend, what is the Meaning of all this? " What

“ What do you think to pay your Reckoning
“ with Gambols ? I don’t understand it so ;
“ neither did I learn that way at your House.
“ Therefore I advise you, without farther hag-
“ gling, to pay down that Sum immediately, or
“ otherwise beware of a good handsome Thrash-
“ ing.” This Conclusion, as *Lacomick* as it
was, made my Master comprehend that he was
sent for thither only to have a Trick play’d him.
Wherefore he grew serious, and told the Ba-
ron that ’twas only by his Order he came to
dine with him, and not to pay for his Repast ;
that he might have let him alone at Home, to
look after his own Affairs, and that he did not
think to pay for his Treat in any other Coin
but Thanks. “ Well then, damn’d cut Throat,
“ replies the Baron, I must teach you a Secret,
“ which you may practise afterwards upon your
“ Guests, who refuse to pay whatever you have
“ the Impudence to exact of them.” Here-
upon he gave a Whistle, upon which four lusty
Lubbers of Footmen appear’d, each of them
armed with a good Cudgel, wherewith they
seem’d very ready to curry him soundly. This
Vision surprized the good Man to that Degree,
that he promised to pay the Reckoning ; but as
he had not Money enough about him, he beg-
ged the Baron to wait till next Morning, and
that then, on sending one of his Servants, he
would give it him. But the Gentleman know-
ing the Spark too well to let him go upon his
Word, answered, that but one of the three, and
that not himself, should set foot out of the Castle
till he was fully satisfy’d ; and that in the mean
while he had best keep himself within the Bounds
of

of Respect, or otherwise he had four *Janizaries* there who would maul him so that he should be forced to end his Days in an Hospital.

These uncomfortable Words were followed by an Order to pull up the Draw-Bridge, to deprive the Prisoners of all Hopes of escaping. Hereupon my Master was obliged, by the Baron's Command, to give the Key of his strong Box to his Wife (to whom for the greater Expedition they lent the Coach) and she return'd in less than two Hours. A Footman having inform'd the Baron thereof, who in the mean while had left the two Hostages in the Parlour, the Money was paid with many sour Looks, as may be well imagin'd. Neither was he satisfied with making Grimaces; for he had the Impudence to tell the Nobleman, that for the future he must think of shutting up his Doors, since Barons were then turned Innkeepers, and understood better than any of that Tribe how to fleece their Customers. The Nobleman thinking his Honour insulted by that impertinent Speech, did not hesitate a Moment upon taking Revenge for it; for he ordered them to clap that insolent Fellow into the *Reel*. This was a sort of Punishment which his Lordship had invented, ever since he had the Misfortune to cane one of his Servants in a Passion, till he dy'd thereof, which had brought upon him a Law-suit, that had cost him some hundred Pounds. This had made him swear he would not beat his Men any more, but would find some other Way to chastise them: Where he had caused a sort of Pillory or Cage to be made

made of Wood, with Lattices, and about the Height of a Man, which turned between two Pivots, and which he used to call the Reel. In this Machine the Person who deserved Correction was inclosed; then the other Servants turned the Cage round so swift, that the Prisoner not only became quite drunk, but would also purge upwards and downwards: 'Twas to this Punishment my Master was condemn'd. Hereupon the Footmen conducted him with great Ceremony, and shut him up in this Lanthorn, where they made him turn and whirl about with so much Rapidity, that he soon lost his Senses, and according to the usual Effect of this Receipt, his Breeches were filled with an Ingredient, which without discovering it self to the Eyes of the Spectators, soon made its way to their Nostrils. During this Operation, the Baron was at a Window, whence he saw the Execution perform'd, and the Wife and Daughter were on their Knees, imploring his Goodness, and intreating him with uplifted Hands to pardon the poor Man, who would infallibly die if that Punishment lasted much longer.

At last the Baron suffer'd himself to be prevailed on by the Tears of these two Suppliants, not so much in Compassion to the poor Sufferer, as out of good Will to their Sex. Wherefore he ordered the Prisoner to be released, and driven out of the Castle with a good Cudgelling, which was immediately executed; and the officious Footmen, who longed for his Departure, that they might share amongst themselves his Money, which their Master had pro-

mised

mis'd them, attended him part of the Way, and did not spare their Labour. At length they were tir'd with beating him, and this poor Devil, maul'd on all Sides, continued his Journey with his sorrowful Company. His Rib, like *Job's Wife*, instead of comforting him, insulted over his Misfortune, and reproached him with his Thefts and Extortions, which had drawn this just Chastisement upon himself, and such a bloody Affront upon them. She was in the wrong to harp upon that String, it was like touching a gaul'd Horse, for her Husband, enraged at what had passed, discharged part of his Fury upon her, in good Cuffs on the Chops. Yet more; he drew a Knife out of his Pocket, wherewith he fell like a Madman on all the Trees by the way Side, abusing them, as much as he could, both by Cuts and Stabs, wishing they were the Baron, and venting the most execrable Oaths that he should never be at rest till he had washed away in his Blood the stinging Affront he had put upon him.

In the mean While these three poor Penitents made the best of their Way, the Women leaving my Master to lead the Van, both that the Wind, which was in their Backs, might carry off the Stink from them, and that they might not exasperate the desperate Mortal by the Sight of them, which might have incited him to insult them again. There had fallen that Winter such a Quantity of Snow, that every Step our Knight Errant took, he was up to his Knees; which joined to the disagreeable Burthen he carried, rendered the Way intolerably fatiguing: And as the Night was far advanced, our Leash of

Travellers must have lain in the open Fields, had not the Snow by its Whiteness helped them a little to distinguish the Road.

After this dismal Pilgrimage had lasted yet some time longer, they arrived at an Inn, half a League from the City, where they resolved to pass the Rest of the Night. Happily for them, the Landlord was of their Acquaintance, otherwise, without doubt, he would never have given my Master Lodging; for such a Stench exhal'd from him on every Side, that one would have feared his bringing the Plague into the House. But at last Christian Charity getting the better of the Delicacy of his Nose, he was so hospitable to his worthy Brother as to provide a Chamber for him, and his Fellow-travellers. However, he asked him whence that Profusion of excrementitious *Effluvia* that environed him did proceed; which made him judge that he might possibly have been laxative, and untrussed a Point in his Breeches: But no sooner did he hear all the Circumstances of this Tragi-Comedy, than he was ready to die with Laughing, which did not at all edify my Master, who was bursting with Spite and Shame.

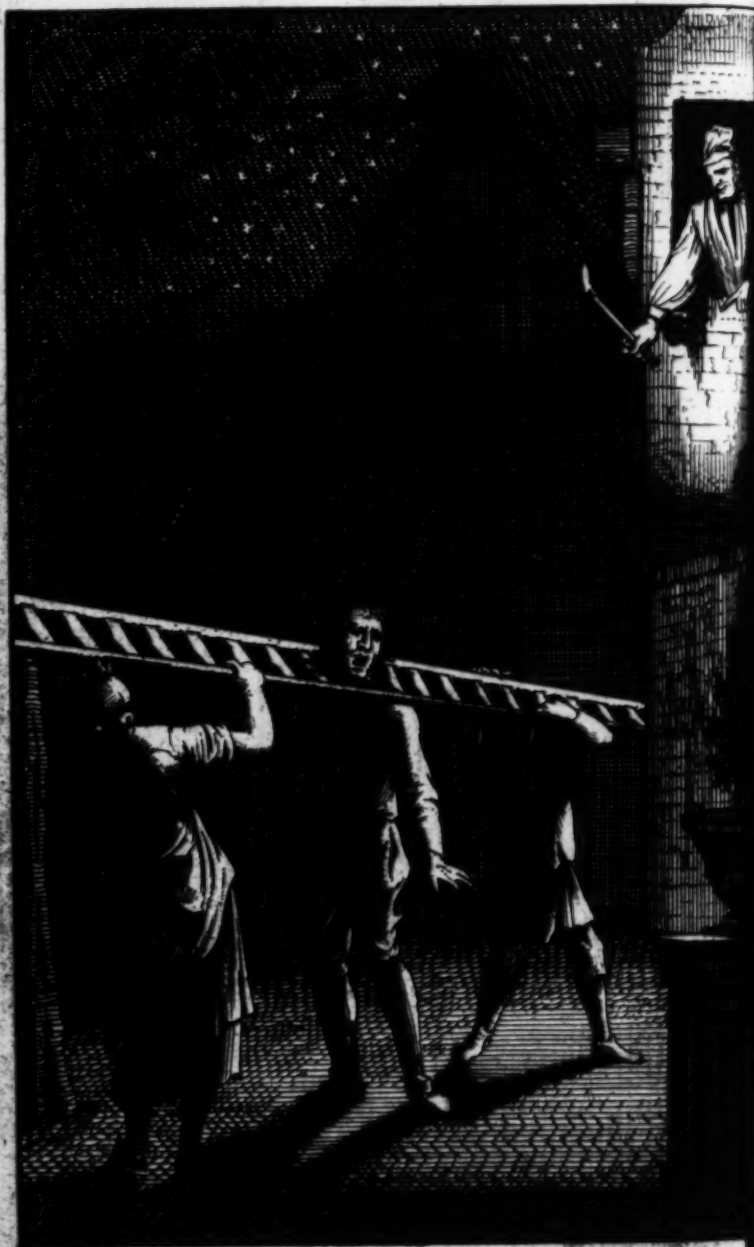
During the rest of the Night the good Woman was employ'd in anointing her dear Husband's Back with Tallow, and in washing his blind Cheeks, as if he had been a little Child, with warm Water; and at break of Day she came to the City for a clean Shirt and other Breeches, which she ordered me to carry to her Husband. Hereupon my Master, after having changed his Cloaths, and paid his Landlord, set forward on his Journey with his Daughter, who had

had always kept him Company. I followed very devoutly with the blessed Relicks, whose rare Perfume seizing on the Nostrils of the Passengers, made them easily judge that my simple Balsamicks might be had elsewhere than at Apothecaries Shops.

My Master did not fail going that very Morning to consult a Lawyer, to whom he related the whole Affair; upon which Mr. *Quibble* told him, in the choicest Terms of his Art, that he ought to commence a Suit against the Baron for such an Injury; and that he did not doubt but he would recover at least two hundred Pound Damage of him. This Answer charm'd my Master; wherefore he spurr'd him on, that he might the sooner enjoy so fine a Wind-fall; and the next Morning the Lawyer drew up an Information, wherein he set forth with abundance of Energy and Eloquence, that the Plaintiff had been invited to Dinner, together with his Wife and Daughter, by the Baron *A*; that after having been handsomely treated, the said Baron had not only forced him the said Plaintiff to pay a large Sum for the Entertainment, but that he had even shut him up in a Cage, where he caused him to be whirled about so swift that he swoon'd away, and had almost died; (the Information would have smelt ill had he mention'd the Accident of the Breeches) and after that had beaten him to Mummy; and that therefore he the said Plaintiff demanded two hundred Pound as a Reparation for the Affront, and what he had suffered; he having been so much abused, that he was obliged to keep his Bed, neglect his Affairs, and be at

great Expence in all Sorts of Medicines, in order to his Recovery, which, in all probability, would not be this long while. But all this Declaration of War came to nothing; for the Baron had powerful Friends, and besides his denying the Fact, my Master, without being a *Norman*, had a little before taken a false Oath before a Magistrate. All these Circumstances together nonsuited the poor Man; so that the Money was for the Baron's Servants, and the *Bastinado* and *Caca* for my Master; and to add to his Misfortune, whenever he appear'd, he had always a Train of Boys at his Heels, crying after him, *Foh, Foh, how he smells of Sir-reverence, to the Reel, to the Reel with him;* which made him curse the Hour he was born.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Mirandor quits his Antwerp Master. A Lawyer of Bruffels takes him for his Clerk. How well he lived there.

AFTER this melancholy *Catastrophe* nothing prospered with my Master, his House was cry'd down, and no Body would frequent it. What was the worst his Creditors, whereof he had a great Number, pressed so hard upon him, that he was at last obliged to sell good part of his Furniture to satisfy them. This put him into such an ill Humour, that not knowing how to be revenged, the Storm generally fell upon my Shoulders. Seeing then that I was eternally

the Butt of his Caprices, and must suffer dearly for every Accident that ruffled his Temper, I resolved at last to give him Warning. To this End I chose a Time when he seem'd in a pretty good Humour, and told him, as a Pretence, that the Air of *Antwerp* not agreeing with me, and having never had my Health in his Service, I intended to go to some other Place, to see if the Change would do me Good. He returned for Answer, that he thought me very impertinent to talk of leaving him; after having spent such happy Days with him, that he did not design I should quit his House in less than a Year, and in the mean Time advis'd me never to make him such another Proposition, if I did not desire my Bones should suffer for it. Finding then that all my Supplications would be fruitless, and resolving rather to die a thousand Deaths than live any longer under such a despotick Tyranny, I thought of making my Retreat without beat of Drum. The Sunday following, while my Master, his Wife, and Daughter were gone to Mass, being left alone with the Maid, and she being employed in making the Beds, I thrust a Silver Spoon into my Pocket, because I had not a Penny, and went immediately out of Doors. I confess this Action was criminal; but I hope every candid Reader will forgive it me, if he considers that my Master had unjustly appropriated my Money to himself, which undoubtedly would have amounted to more than the Value of this Spoon.

I went then directly to a Goldsmith's to sell it, who instantly suspected me, and demanded whence I had it; I answered, that I had found

t in a Sink that I was cleaning. The Goldsmith shook his Head a little, as a Sign he did not give great Credit to what I said; however seeing I would sell it cheap, he did not discover his Thoughts to me, but gave me a Crown, though the Spoon weighed above ten Shillings.

Being furnished with this Sum, which was a Treasure to a Beggar like me, I left the City, with Design to go to *Brussels*, where I hoped to meet with better Fortune. This Hope, with the Fear of my Master's sending in Pursuit of me, were so many Spurs which added Wings to my Speed, so that at Night I reached a Village five Leagues from *Antwerp*, where Weariness obliged me to stop. I had the good Luck to meet at the Inn where I entered an honest Waggoner, who was to set out by break of Day for *Brussels*, and offered me a Place in his Waggon for the Price of two Pots of Beer. I very willingly accepted it, and after eating a Mouthful, lay down on a Truss of Straw, where I soon fell asleep, and had an uninterrupted Nap, till the Waggoner, my Bedfellow, came to tell me it was time to depart.

I perched then, as well as I could, upon a heap of Packets and Bundles wherewith the Waggon was laden; all which Baggage was drawn by four such Jades as neither Whip nor Voice could animate; in short, I thought we should never reach the Town. As my Feet were frozen with being in Inaction, I got down from the Waggon, and as we walked along ask'd my Guide if he knew ever a good Lodging for me. He answer'd, that as I seem'd a

good honest Lad he would give me a Bed at his House.

About two in the Afternoon we arrived at *Brussels*, and the Waggoner stopping at a Lawyer's House, where he had a Parcel to deliver, I knock'd at the Door, which was open'd by the Master himself, who pleas'd me at first Sight; for by a little blue Apron which he wore, I judg'd him a good Oeconomist. After a long Dispute, the Carriage of the Parcel was agreed on, and the Lawyer having no small Money, and no Body being at Home, I was employed to go and change a Shilling he gave me in the Neighbourhood. Whatever Haste I made, my Gentleman was very uneasy, and with great Concern enquired who I was; and the Waggoner having informed him that he never saw me till the Night before, he turn'd as pale as Death, and was just ready to swoon when he saw me coming. Being charmed with my Honesty, he told me if I wanted a Place, and could write well (of which I assur'd him) he would take me for his Clerk. I accepted his Offer, and promised to be so conformable to his Pleasure, that he should have no Reason to repent his receiving me into his Service.

'Tis impossible to express my Joy at this fortunate Rencontre; I had hardly enter'd a City, where I had no Acquaintance, when I was hir'd by an honest Man. My new Master being inform'd I was yet fasting, bid me go into the Kitchen, where his Niece, who was gone out about some Business, would, as soon as she returned, give me something to eat, which was in about half an Hour; and if he had not to d
me

me she was his Niece I should have taken her for a Mumper; for she was all over Rags, ugly, fluttish, and look'd sour. In Obedience to her Uncle's Orders she took a little Barrel, instead of a Table, and cover'd it with a blue, greasy, stinking Rag; which done, she presented me, in a Trencher, with a few black Beans, such as they give Horses, and in another, with some Spoonfuls of Butter-milk, and a Slice of Bread as black as Soot, as hard as Horn, and as heavy as Lead; and for my Drink I had only a little of the rincing of the Copper, perhaps for fear I should get drunk. This opening of the Scene did not please me, but I comforted my self with the Hopes of making amends at Supper.

After this frugal Repast my Master made me go into his Closet, to see a Sample of my Writing, which had the Misfortune to please him too well; for he immediately gave me a great Bundle of Papers to copy, till his Return from the City, where he had some Business. When he came back at Night he seem'd surprized that I had done so much Business in so short a Time; which induced him to promise me very graciously, that if I always continued the same he would make my Fortune. In the mean while I was greatly astonish'd that we were not called to Supper; 'twas in vain I expected it, no Body came: At last I believed it might be a Day of Devotion, which was to be celebrated in Fasting; but I soon found (God help me) that such Holydays came oftener than was agreeable to my Belly. I was obliged then to write on till One in the Morning; when my

Master bid his Niece shew me my Bed; and order'd me to rise by Five to assist him in a certain Affair. Hereupon I follow'd our House-keeper, who with a Lamp in her Hand introduced me into the Garret; there she shew'd me a little square Corner, made with some worm-eaten Planks, which had served formerly for a Pigeon-house, as I perceived by some excrementitious Relicks on every Side. This sacred Place had been miraculously transformed into a Bed, where my Conductress told me I must pig in; after which she wish'd me a good Night, and retir'd, leaving me in the dark.

Hereupon I undressed my self with all Expedition, and threw my self in this Hole upon a rotten Straw-Bed. As to the Sheets I could find none, only I could discover a sort of Covering, which at first seem'd to me a Fishing-Net, there was so many Holes in it; and the Bed was so short I was forced to lye double. However, I could have comforted my self even with this Inconvenience, had it not been for another much more vexatious; I had hardly been a quarter of an Hour in this hellish Hole, before I felt my self attack'd on all Sides by a prodigious number of merciless, famish'd Enemies; the Fleas, the Bugs, and other Vermin which the Pigeons had left, had enter'd into a Confederacy together to make a good Meal of my Body, having without doubt fasted a long time. Fearing lest these Insects, which had cover'd my Face, should gnaw me to the Bone, I soon leapt from the Bed, and lay down on the Floor, in spite of the Cold, to free my self from their Persecution; but these villanous Ani-

mals follow'd me by the Track : in fine, finding my self worse than before, not being able to stay there any longer, the Cold and Sleep oblig'd me to thrust my self again into my Nest. How did I long for the return of Day, to be deliver'd from so many Enemies that thirsted after my Blood ! But this was not all ; it seem'd as if every thing conspired together to torment me : As I had from my Cradle the Weakness to tremble at the Sight of a Rat, to add to my Misfortune a Troop of these nasty Animals ran across my Bed ; not in hopes of finding any Booty in my Kennel, but because this was their shortest Road to the next House, where there were better Quarters than in ours : I believe this the more because they did not halt upon their March, but on the contrary hurried as fast as possible out of my Master's Territories, without doubt as knowing his House-keeping better than I did.

Hardly did the Day begin to break thro' the Looover of my Pigeon House, to inform me of my Deliverance from my Plagues, when I left my Straw-Bed as fast as possible, and going down found my Master already employed in emptying the Jakes with a Bucket, and spreading the Ordure upon the Beds of his Garden, that he might not be obliged to buy Horse-Dung. Having cast his Eyes upon me, and seeing my Face all bloated, and cover'd with red Blotches, he asked, in a Consternation, if I had the Meazles. Hereupon I inform'd him how much I had suffered by the Fleas, the Bugs, and especially the Rats, which had almost frighten'd me to Death.

Altho' I made my Complaints very pitifully, he order'd me laughing to have Patience, and assur'd me that he had a Powder, an admirable Specifick, just brought from the *Indies*, which was given him by a great Phyfician, whose Virtue was fuch, that on putting a Pinch in a Pan of Coals, the Smoke would kill all Sorts of Vermin: and as for the Rats he would foon find a Way to prevent their attacking his Pantry, where, as he faid, for feveral Years paft they had done him infinite Damage. Hereupon he order'd his Niece to take fome of this Powder to perfume my Apartment, and to put feveral Rat-traps by the Bed-fide.

After this I was forced to help him convey the human Excrement, in which fine Exercise two Hours were fpent, and then, without Breakfast's being mention'd, I was oblig'd to write till Noon. When the time that the Chriftian World ufes to dine was come, the Niece convert'd the fame Barrel as the Day before, with the fame identical blue Rag, and ferved up three Herrings fry'd in train Oyl.

During this frugal Repaft my Mafter extolled the exquisite Taft of this Fifh to the Skies; after which he difplayed his Eloquence in an Encomium on Sobriety, and endeavour'd to prove Irrefragably, that nothing could be more unworthy a Man, or more like a Beaft, than Epicurifm and Gluttony. Perceiving by my Looks that he did but preach to the Wind, he refolv'd to carry his Argument to the laft Degree of Conviction; 'twas by Examples he thought to convert me: Wherefore he cited a great Number to prove, that they who were Slaves to their

Bellies must necessarily come to an untimely End. Amongst the rest, he mention'd a certain King (I don't know who) who carry'd his Gluttony to that Height, as to send for some thousands of Parrots from the *Indies*, at a vast Expence; only to make *Ragoos* of their Tongues. He added, that this same King being at War some Years after with one of his Neighbours, was driven from the Throne, and reduc'd to the utmost Misery, and that at last in Despair he hang'd himself. He related to me I don't know how many Stories more; but my half famished Belly having no Ears, he harrangued me in vain, all his Rhetorick was thrown away. In fine, he took care not to forget to mention certain great Men who were recommendable for their exemplary Sobriety, and whose Names deserved to be engrav'd in golden Letters on Pillars of Brass or Marble; a thing he would have done long before for the Good of his Country, if he had had any Authority there.

After this Meal, and this Sermon, the one as edifying as the other, I returned to my Writing, which lasted till Midnight; after which, without hearing the least Word of Supper, I turn'd into my Kennel, where I rested a little better than the Night before, being quite freed from the Bugs and Fleas, and having found a vast Diminution of the Rats. Next Morning, after having worked some Hours in the Garden, I follow'd him into his Chamber, where he told me, that having discover'd an uncommon Genius in me, and being persuaded I should be one Day a great Man, and for that Reason having a great Value for me, he would retain me

me in his Service; but that to prevent all Disputes, and all Demands that I might make upon him for the future, he must first read over to me some Conditions, by which I must regulate my Conduct, if I intended to merit his Favour. Upon this he opened his Pocket-Book, and read over the following Articles to me very gravely.

Articles which my Clerk obliges himself religiously to observe.

1. **H**E promises to rise every Morning in Summer by five, to work with his Master an Hour or two in the Garden.
2. He will execute faithfully, and with Zeal, without Murmuring, whatever he is employ'd in, whether it be to write, to carry Messages, or whatever else it may be.
3. When his Master goes out, he will continue doing the Task that is set him, without ceasing from his Work for any Reason whatever.
4. He will eat but once a Day, that he mayn't overcharge his Stomach, and be too heavy to execute what is required of him.
5. The Niece shall carry the Papers, Proceedings, and other Writings to the Clients, and whatever is given her for her Pains shall be for her self only; but if she happens to be sick, or busy about any other more important Affair, then the Clerk shall do her Office, on Condition that he shall honestly share with his Master the Money given him, if it exceeds two Pence, without Fraud or Concealment; and that

“ out

“ out of the Part accruing to him he finds
 “ himself Shoes and Cloaths. 6. When there
 “ is nothing to be done at Home, that he mayn’t
 “ spend his Time in Idleness, he shall go to
 “ the Place where the Waggon and Barks ar-
 “ rive, to offer to carry the Travellers Bundles;
 “ and out of these Gains he shall give the sti-
 “ pulated Portion to his Master, without the
 “ least Deduction, on pain, if he fails therein,
 “ of being discarded *cum Infamia*. 7. He must
 “ make Oath, that when he finds in the Street
 “ any Branch of a Tree, or Piece of Wood,
 “ *cujuslibet Generis atque Conditionis*, he will
 “ not fail to pick it up, and bring it Home. 8.
 “ He obliges himself to go every Saturday in
 “ the Afternoon, having then seldom any thing
 “ to do at Home, out of Town to fish for Frogs,
 “ to make a *Ragoo* the next Day, and to re-
 “ turn time enough for the Arrival of the Barks
 “ and Waggon, to endeavour to get at least
 “ Oyl enough to fricassée them, 9. In fine, if
 “ by chance he happens to break any thing what-
 “ ever in the House, he will pay for it imme-
 “ diately out of his Profits.

These Articles seem’d to me very severe,
 however I was forced to promise to observe
 them very religiously, tho’ I protested within
 myself against the fifth Article. I was a great
 Fool to restrain my self to such Regulations,
 for in a short time I was dry’d up to that De-
 gree that I was only Skin and Bone, and became
 a walking Skeleton, fit only to have Place in
 a Chamber of Anatomy.

By good Luck for me, the Niece fell sick a
 little after; then I had the Advantage to go on
 some

some profitable Errands, by virtue of the fifth Article; but the fear lest my Master should discover that I defrauded him sometimes of his Dues, made me very circumspect. I was also intrusted with the Key of the Hen-roost, over which the Niece had always had the Inspection. This was of great Service to me; for when I was superlatively hungry, I swallow'd the Eggs quite raw, as well as the best that ever follow'd the Trade of Egg sucking. Our Miser did not discover this so soon as a Baker to whom he used to sell them all but one, which was to be boil'd soft and spread upon Bread instead of Butter. To prevent this Man's asking my Master the Reason of the Eggs diminishing, I told him that since the Niece's Sickness the Hens were neglected, and did not lay so often.

If our Fare was but very indifferent during our Housekeeper's Health, 'twas much worse during her Illness. My Miser of a Master neglected himself, and much more me, laying the Blame upon his Niece's Indisposition; inso-much that if the *Gouvernante* had been confin'd to her Bed long, I should at last have been transform'd into a walking Shadow.

C H A P. II.

The Adventure of the Bacon-Fraise, and the Ladder, both very vexatious to the Lawyer.

AS a half famish'd Creature is continually longing to fill his Belly, and some particular Things make a stronger Impression upon his Imagination than others, it was the same with me; I had irresistible longing for a Bacon-Fraise. The Liberty of entring into the Hen-roost, and the Acquisition I had made of some Pence *per fas & nefas*, were great Incitements to this Appetite. One Evening then, when my Master was gone to sup with one of his Friends, and his Niece was still indisposed, I resolv'd to satisfy my self. As soon as the Lawyer went out I bought me a good Piece of Bacon, and a Pound of Flower, but not at our Baker's for fear of being discover'd. I had already had the Precaution to seize on some Eggs, which I kept concealed under my Bed. Hereupon I quickly made a Fire, with some little Bits of Wood which my Master had that Morning gather'd up in the Street, and lugged home under his Cloak; and I was just going to make my Fraise, when the Niece hearing me walk up and down the Kitchen, got up to see what I was doing. At the Noise of her coming down, I quickly hid my Ingredients, she saw only the Fire; however she scolded very heartily at me for consuming her Uncle's Effects

fects without Necessity, and burning as much Wood as would have kept the Pot boiling the whole Week, which indeed was Truth; for sometimes we did not see that Element for a Fortnight together. Having put out the Fire, a violent Pain in the Head obliged her to retire very soon, after she had first examin'd whether the Cupboard was lock'd, though there was not a Halfpenny worth of Victuals in it. She was scarce settled again in Bed, when I rekindled my Fire; and having beat up my Eggs with the Flower, I pour'd this Composition into the Pan, wherein I had already put my Bacon to fry. My hungry Stomach, which was excited by the attractive Smell which struck my Nostrils, my Eyes which were seldom accustomed to contemplate such delicious Food, and the Water which came abundantly into my Mouth, were all so many Spurs which incited me to devour the Fraise before it was ready; however this happy Beginning had not the desired End; for scarcely had I turned the Fraise the first time, when I heard a loud Knocking at the Door; 'twas my Master. The Fear of being surpriz'd in the Fact, made me almost at my Wit's End, so that I did not at first know which way to turn me, and how to save my dear Fraise. At last I bethought my self of putting the Frying-pan over the Hole of the Privy, and I extinguished the Fire quickly, whilst my Spoil-Feast seem'd by his Blows ready to knock the Door down. As soon as I had open'd it, he chid me severely for my Slowness in coming to his Assistance; and told me that he was within an Ace of besmitting his Breeches, because
he

he had a violent Looseness. His Discourse was concise; he made Haste to lay down his Cloak, and holding his Breeches unbutton'd in his Hand, ran to the Seat, where he clapt his Back-side full in the middle of my Fraise, which was yet boiling. The Pain making him roar horribly, he ran with all Speed to the Kitchen for a Light, to see what it could be had burnt him so terribly.

But as I was prepared for this Accident, I had been careful enough to put it out, and during this little Interval had carry'd off the Pan, and hid it in the Garden; then returning into the House, I told my Master, that being gone out to make Water I heard his Outcries, and therefore came in all Haste to know the Reason. He answer'd, that he thought the Hole of the Privy was changed into the Mouth of Hell, and that some Devil had burnt his Buttocks terribly, without his being able to discover any Fire. Having lighted the Lamp, which I told him was blown out by the Wind, we went again to the Seat, he not daring to go alone, where he was greatly astonish'd on finding nothing; wherefore after reasoning a little upon an Adventure so extraordinary, I made him believe he had hurt himself against the Knob of the Cover, and fancy'd he had burnt himself, which he at last gave Credit to, and looking round about, and putting his Hand upon the Hole, his Burthen being extremely heavy, he ventured to make a second Essay. He had no sooner point-ed his Cannon, but he discharg'd it with such a Noise, and such a Torrent of Ordure, that had the Devil been indeed there, as he said, he must

must have been either drown'd, or at least suffocated with the Stink: This done, he greas'd his mortify'd Parts, and went to Bed; happily for me he had a great Cold, or otherwise he might have easily smelt what Sort of a Devil it was had so sing'd his blind Cheeks.

As good an Appetite as I had, I could not resolve upon tasting my dear Fraise, my Master's blind Cheeks had spoiled my Digestion; besides I was afraid I might not only trace the Lineaments of his great Buttocks therein, but also that he might have season'd it with some Relicks which might have escaped from him; the very Thoughts whereof made me almost retch my Heart up. Wherefore I carry'd my Delicacy, or rather my Repentance so far as to wean my self entirely from it, and bury it in the Garden, whatever Regret I had for being at such Expence to no Purpose; after this I went to Bed heartily mortify'd at the Adventure; and the Niece recovering soon after my Profits were at an End.

Some little Time after a certain ancient Canon, whose Garden was next to ours, presented my Master with a large Dish of Grapes and other Fruit; which my Miser of a Lawyer thought so good that he resolved to help himself to good Store of them the Night following, as soon as his Neighbour should be gone to sleep. It was scarce Midnight when he came out of his Chamber in his Waistcoat, and ordered me to help him carry a Ladder which was very long and heavy. Hereupon we went into the next Garden, where he did his utmost to raise this Ladder, and fix it against

the Vine. But the Devil who never sleeps, and is always laying Snares for honest Men, contrived it so maliciously, that my Master leaning his Head against the Ladder to rear it, slip't his Neck in between the Rounds, so that it fell with all its Weight upon his Shoulders. As heavy as his Burthen was, he durst not cry out, for fear of awakening the Canon; wherefore without Noise he used his utmost Endeavours to disengage himself from this new-fashioned Collar; but whatever Assistance I gave him, his Nose, which was like the Boltsprit of a first Rate Man of War, was an unsurmountable Obstacle. Wherefore tho' he was ready to sink with the Weight of the Ladder, he was oblig'd to keep standing, for had he fallen, he would have been in Danger of breaking his Neck. At last the fear of sinking under it made him roar out, and call for Help, which Noise disturbing his Neighbour, he leapt from his Bed, and came to the Window with a Candle in his Hand. As he immediately imagin'd the Motive of my Master's being there, he said to him, *Sir, Sir, I am very sorry you have given your self so much Trouble, at such an unseasonable Hour, for the Love of me, and what belongs to me; thereupon he shut his Window and burst out a laughing.* This Raillery was an Addition both to his Shame and Pain, wherefore he continued his Lamentations, and his Niece hearing them, came also to his Assistance, but all her Help avail'd nothing.

After a long Consultation, it was resolv'd to fetch a Saw from a Carpenter; wherefore I ran immediately, but with Orders not to tell for

for what Use I borrow'd it. Having knock'd at the Door almost a quarter of an Hour, at last one of the Carpenter's Boys open'd it in his Shirt; whereupon I acquainted him with my Commission, at which he was almost mad, and ready to clap the Door in my Face; but as I did my utmost to appease him, and offer'd him Money to drink, he consented to follow me. 'Twas in vain I told him his Company was not necessary, I could not prevail on him to stay behind, because, as he said, he wanted the Saw as soon as it was Day: Wherefore, that I might hasten my Master's Deliverance, I thought it not proper to dispute any longer. As soon as our Door was open, he enter'd first in spite of my Teeth, and follow'd me into the Garden, where we found the good Man just ready to drop down, and very much mortified at this new Witness of his Disaster. The Carpenter's Boy no sooner beheld this Sight but he was ready to burst with Laughter, and asked with a loud Laugh between every Word, *How the Devil this Ladder came about his Neck?* Then he would burst out again, always enquiring, *How the Devil he got such a fine Collar?* Hereupon my Master was obliged to beg him earnestly to pity his Condition, and deliver him immediately; but the Rogue still continued his Laughing and his Enquiry. At last I intreated him likewise to be as speedy as possible, and told him, that after the Operation he should be at Liberty to laugh his Belly full. He began then to saw one of the Rounds, but had hardly half done, when the malicious young Dog broke out into a fresh Laughter, and continued asking,

ing, *How that Devil of a Ladder came about his Shoulders?* My Master who was ready to burst with Spite, and began to stagger, finding that all his Prayers were in vain, was at last forced to do a thing whereof he heartily repented soon after, which was to promise two Pence to this Jeerer, provided he would deliver him instantly. These Words were more persuasive than all the rest, wherefore the Round was saw'd immediately, and the Neck set at Liberty.

My Master being thus disengaged from his Burthen, threatned this Rogue of a Carpenter to give him nothing, for having dar'd to laugh so much at him; but reflecting that he had better manage the Boy, for fear he should publish this shameful Adventure every where, he gave him, with many a sour Look, what he had the Misfortune to promise, but all in Farthings, that they might make the greater Show, and begged him to keep this Affair secret. To this he consented, provided we would inform him, *How that Devil of a Ladder came about his Neck.* At last this Laughter was dismiss'd, with a Promise that this Mystery should be explained to him another time. However this Misfortune was soon made publick, and the Canon knew easily how to expound this Riddle to those who desired the Key of it. As soon as the Carpenter was gone, my Master was in a terrible Rage against me for bringing that Rogue who had laughed so impertinently in his Face, and would not fail publishing this Adventure abroad, and resolving not to lose the two Pence he had given, he obliged me to return it.

C H A P. III.

The Description of the Lawyer's Equipage; why he would have hanged himself; the Misfortune that beset him and his Niece on a publick Festival.

WERE I to recite all the covetous Tricks of this Pillar of Pettifoggery I should never have done; besides his *Alice*, wherewith he was almost devour'd, and which was visible in all his Actions, one might read his sordid Temper by his Dress. To give then an exact Account of this monumental Mortal from Head to Foot, be it known that his Noddle was usually cover'd with a *little Hat*, whose Brims, which were not above two Fingers broad, had been gnaw'd so well by the Rats and Mice that it was indented like one of his Skins of Parchment. My Gentleman was proud of wearing this Master-Piece of the Antediluvian Felt-mongers; because he said he had it in a lineal Descent from his Grandfather, who in his Youth had served under *Don Lewis de Requesens*, Governor of the *Spanish Netherlands*, who had made him a Present of it out of his extraordinary Affection to him. As to his *Perruque*, 'tis certain that any reasonable Creature, endued with common Sense, would have sworn it was two Foxes Tails, which were fasten'd on each Side his Head, and hung down over his Shoulders, the better to imitate the Gravity of a Magistrate. His Cloak had been formerly black; but

but had changed Colour so by Degrees, since the Death of *Henry III.* that one would have thought it had been dy'd blue. The Top of this venerable Cloak was shaded with a Cape which was as large as a dripping Pan, and almost as greasy, and bordered on the Right and Left with a great Number of Buttons at least as big as a Hen's Egg. I believe, that if this Master-piece of *Cloakalian* Antiquity had been known in the Republick of Lice, the Magistrates of that Government would have bought it at its weight in Gold, to have served as an Instrument of Punishment for such of their Subjects as should be found Guilty of any high Crimes and Misdemeanours, by condemning them to scale this formidable Cloak, which not having the least Nap thereon, it was grown so very Threadbare, no Creature though never so well armed with Claws could fasten any hold on it, and consequently it must break its Neck by falling. My Antiquary's Coat and Breeches were of Leather, which having formerly been dy'd black, had suffer'd, as well as his Cloak, by the Ravages of Time, and from a black was turned to a violet Colour. This Suit had met with a melancholy Accident; it was this; my Master going one Day to fish for Frogs, had the Misfortune to tumble into the Water, by which Means the Leather of his Cloaths was harden'd to such a Degree, that when he came Home we knew him better by the rustling of his Breeches, than by his Rap at the Door. As for his *Stockings* they were of the same Stuff, and the same Colour, and his *Shoes* were so heavy, partly by Reason of the Thickness of

the Leather, and partly by a great Number of Hobnails wherewith he had arm'd them on all Sides, that I could scarcely lift them. For as *Jupiter* honour'd those whom he would Reward by placing them among the Stars, so every old Nail he found he presently fixed in his Shoes. 'Twas not for want of better Cloaths, that this miserable Wretch wore such comical Pieces of Antiquity: He had several Chests full of very good Suits of all Sorts, which he chose to have Moth-eaten, rather than use them, so great was his Avarice. Even on Holydays, or when he was invited out, he kept always the same Dress; accordingly he was known throughout the Town by the Name of the *Leathern Lawyer*, on Account of his Coat, although he was otherwise pretty famous in the Realms of Barretry.

It happen'd one Day that a Letter was brought him which caused a dismal Uproar. He had scarce read it when he gave a most terrible Outcry, which was follow'd by this Exclamation: *Ab! miserable Wretch that I am! I am undone, I am ruin'd past Redemption.* His Bellowing not being significant enough to express his Despair, he tore what Hair was yet remaining upon his Head in Spite of his Age, and which had been left on to save his Barber's Scissars or Razor; nor was this all, his Agony was so great that he fell in a Swoon, and I thought he was going to expire. Seeing him in this sorrowful Condition, and there being no Body but my self with him in the House, I ran to the Kitchen, and took from the Buttery, (if I may call that so where never any Butter was kept)

a lit-

a little Bottle, which had in it some Lees of Vinegar, which I rubbed under his Nose, and with much ado at last brought my Gentleman to himself. However before he had quite recover'd his Senses, I had Leisure enough to peruse the Letter which was fallen out of his Hands. There I found that one of his Tenants at *Antwerp* had sent him Word that a neighbouring House happening to be on Fire, the Wind had driven the Flames towards his Mansion, which had crack'd all the Tiles, but that the Damage might be repaired for about eight Pound, wherefore he begged him to give Orders as soon as possible to have the Roof mended, because the Rain spoiled the Corn he had in the Garret. As soon as my Master was recover'd from his Swoon, he not only continued his Lamentations, but perceiving the Bottle of Vinegar, he was ready to tear my Eyes out, for having the Impudence to use a Liquor that cost Money unnecessarily, and vow'd I should pay for it, seeing I might have burnt some Rags, the Smoke whereof would have had the same Effect.

The Niece happening to come in about the same time, was very much surpriz'd to see her dear Uncle in such a Condition, I was forced to leave the Room that he might tell her the Reason of this melancholy Scene. Whereupon the poor Wench in vain used all her Eloquence to endeavour to comfort him, after which she came down into the Kitchen drown'd in Tears. She seem'd yet more afflicted than my Master; but 'twas to no Purpose she gave me a fresh Example of Sorrow, I was not susceptible

ceptible of it, my hungry Belly diverted my Thoughts another way. Whilst I was ruminating upon this Contrast between her Tears and my Appetite, we heard something fall down in my Master's Chamber. Hereupon we thought that some new Symptom of his Folly had made him drop from his Chair; upon this we flew to his Assistance, and I being the first that entered the Room, saw that our *Desperado* had had the Wit to hang himself on a great Nail. The Gambols he plaid as he hung in the Air, made me judge that there was still some Life remaining in him; wherefore without losing Time I got upon a Chair, and cut the Rope with a Penknife, whilst the tender and compassionate Niece received her dear Uncle in her Arms. He was quite black in the Face, and hardly gave any Token of Life, whereupon I would willingly have given him some more Vinegar, but that I was afraid I should be made to pay for it in the End: Wherefore I told the Niece she might run the Venture if she pleased. Hereupon, after a long Consultation, she took the Courage to pour some Drops upon the End of her Handkerchief; wherewith she rubbed his Temples and Lips. At last he opened his Eyes, and fetched a Deep Sigh, which done, he began to rave at his Niece, for preventing his putting an End to a Life so full of Misfortunes and Crosses, when he was just upon the Point of changing it for a better. Upon which the good Woman represented to him the Enormity of the Crime he was going to commit, and endeavoured to convince him, by a very Christian Discourse, that the Loss of his Money was by no Means

Means comparable to that of his Soul. But this Exhortation was not capable of moderating his Despair; for getting up in a Fury, he said to her in a terrible Voice: *'Tis in vain to say any more, you base Slut as you are, I will hang my self, yes I will hang my self, in spite of your Teeth.* Hereupon he ran to the Rope to make a second Essay; but I hinder'd his pious Design, by throwing it quickly out of the Window, which cost me a Box on the Ear, and that laid on so soundly, that I was sensible he had recover'd his Strength.

Then the Niece made me a Sign to go out, which I did, and standing near the Door, heard her say, amongst other things that might tend to his Consolation, that by retrenching for the future his Expences in the Kitchen, he might by Degrees recover his Loss. This Proposal he relish'd; and in fine, as a token of his repenting of the horrible Design he would have executed, he promised to St. *Ursula* a Wax Taper of half a Pound weight, which Vow he never accomplish'd.

The Loss he had sustain'd fell then from that Time forward upon our Meals; for to indemnify himself, he gave us for six Weeks together nothing but Horse Beans, which were moisten'd with no other Sauce than a little four Butter-milk. His Clients felt it likewise; for his Writings were larger, the Lines at a greater Distance, and the Character bigger, which was all to be paid for proportionably; and if they neglected bringing him Presents, he knew very well how to ask them. The Countrymen who employed him were his best Customers; for some

would bring him every Week Butter, Apples, and Pears, others Eggs, Fowls, and Pigeons, and even sometimes they sent him Partridges, Hares, and whole Lambs and Calves; all which his Niece sold to the Cooks. But as to the Milk and Beans which were brought, they were kept for his own Family.

I have often wonder'd, how it was possible for a Man, who was reckoned worth twenty Thousand Pounds in Lands and ready Money, never to have the Heart to treat himself with one Glass of Wine, or to eat a good Meal, debarring himself from all Sorts of Pleasure, and leading the most miserable of Lives. And yet he had neither Wife, nor Child, nor any other Heir but his Niece, who was about Forty, and had forsworn Marriage. Neither did she deserve such a noble Fortune, for she had already inherited her Uncle's Temper so much, that she surpass'd him infinitely in Stinginess. One may see by this how miserable they are, and how much to be pity'd, who are infected with this Distemper. For my Part, I don't believe there is any other Vice that takes such deep Root; for a Murtherer, a Drunkard, a Gamester, a Whoremaster, nay the very worst of Sinners may be converted; but 'tis impossible for a covetous Miser to alter his Temper; the more Riches he has, the more he Desires. But let this suffice for moralizing. I shall leave the Examination and Censure of this Sin to those who are paid for it.

Some Weeks after the Catastrophe which befall his House at *Antwerp*, we received at *Brussels* the News of the Birth of the *Infant of Spain*.
This

This caused a general Joy, the Court and the City resolving to signalize themselves by all Sorts of publick Rejoicings. The Day of this Festival being come, one might see infinite Numbers of People flock thither from all Parts; and the Governor to render the Solemnity more magnificent, had caused a great Quantity of silver Medals to be struck, which he intended to distribute among the People. My Master was too great a Lover of this Metal not to endeavour to have his Share of it. Accordingly he did not fail going in the Evening, and placing himself before the Governour's Castle, to gather some of this pretious Manna. His Niece went thither also, with a Pitcher well fasten'd to the End of a long Stick, to fill it with the Wine which was to run from one of the Balconies; and as for me I was to look after the House.

As I thought my Gentry would not return very soon, I resolv'd to lay out five or six Pence I had scraped together, in satisfying my old Longing with a Bacon Fraise. Having then bought all the Ingredients necessary, I began this great Work, and had the good Fortune to accomplish my Design. Altho' this Composition weigh'd full two Pounds, I made a shift to twist it down my Throat in less than a Minute, without leaving the least Crumb. After this charming Exploit I removed every Thing that could betray me, and I was at leisure to wait the Return of our Maroders with Patience; accordingly they soon came one after the other. The Niece arriv'd first, but in a miserable Condition, her Head was all over Blood, and bound

with her Handkerchief, instead of her Pinners: Like an *Amazon* who has been defeated in a Combat, she held across her Shoulders, with a very downcast Look, the Stick to which she had before fasten'd her Pitcher, which was all lost in the Battle, except the Handle which still hung at the End of the Pole. As soon as she was enter'd, she sunk down on a Chair, and sobbing bitterly, cry'd out several Times *O! my Head, my Head! Ah! my Pitcher, my dear Pitcher!* At last, with much intreating she told me, that as soon as she arrived at the Castle, under the Window whence the Wine ran, she had posted herself in a place very proper for her Design, but that a Rogue being angry at her holding the Pitcher so long under the Cock, had broke it with a Blow of his Stick, and the Pieces falling upon her Head had made her in the Condition I saw.

Some Minutes after my Master arrived, but in a much worse Pickle than his Niece. He look'd quite wild, was without a Cloak, and cover'd with Mud from Head to Foot, inso-much that he was not to be known; his right Hand was wrapp'd up in a bloody Rag, his Eyes were almost knock'd out, and his Nose beat flat to his Face. As soon as he had set Foot within Doors, he tore his Hair, beat his Head against the Wall, stamp'd with his Feet, gnash'd his Teeth, howl'd, curs'd, swore, and in a Word, play'd the Devil with the best Grace in the World. In fine, he was the first who related, with a Countenance that expressed his Despair to the Life, the Catastrophe that had befallen him. He told his Niece that when the
Medals

Medals were thrown about, a pretty large Piece falling at his Feet, its Brightness charm'd him so much, that for fear any other should bereave him of it, he threw himself upon it eagerly, and that as the Crowd was very great, some Hundreds of People had trod upon him, so that they had bruised his Hand, and broke some of his Ribs, but that his greatest Misfortune was that he had lost his Cloak in the Press; At this killing Circumstance the Niece was ready to die with Grief. After they had howl'd some Time in Concert, the tragical Adventure of the Pitcher, which the Niece related, mad^e them begin to bellow afresh. In fine, my Master, who was sadly maul'd, was obliged to go to Bed, after having, with the greatest Difficulty, been persuaded by his Niece to put a little of the Balsam upon his Hand which she had before used for her Head, tho' his Fingers were almost crush'd to Pieces, and the Bones quite bare. Then his Niece and I went to wash his Coat, which we hung out to dry upon a Pole in the Garden; which done, we both went to rest, because she felt a violent Pain in her Head, where she had a pretty deep Wound.

In the Morning my Master ordered me to bring his Cloaths; but good Heavens! What a terrible Object did I then see! As for the Cuirass it was as stiff as a Board, and so shrunk by the Heat, that the Breeches were not above a Span and a half long, and the Coat not above three at most. I was very much perplexed; the Uncertainty what I should do with it, together with the Attention I gave to this new *Phenomenon*, kept me there as it were motionless.

considering whether he would not either lay the Blame on me, or hang himself *de novo*. However, I was at last obliged to appear before my Master, who had never ceas'd calling me all the while. As soon as he saw my mournful Countenance, and that I had not brought his Cloaths, his Imagination being struck with so many Misfortunes which had befallen him one on the Back of another, he starts up upon his Breech, and bawled out like a Madman: *Ah! I am undone, I am ruin'd, they have stolen my Coat!* Hereupon I told him immediately that nothing had been stolen, but that his Cloaths were shrunk and contracted above one Half; whereupon he tore his Hair with such Violence, that I thought he would not have left one. I went then to fetch them by his Order, and I thought the Sight of it would have had the same Effect on him as *Medusa's* Head, and turned him into Stone. I certainly believe that if the valiant Marshal *Turenne* had been arm'd with such a Cuirass when he was killed, the fatal Canon Ball, which depriv'd him of his Life, would have rebounded without hurting him in the least: So much Merit had this rare Piece contracted at that Time: 'Twas with much ado I could persuade him that it was really his own Coat, which was shrunk to that Degree by the Heat of the Sun. At last I did accomplish it, and gain Belief, but in so doing made him stark staring Mad. He turned, and tumbled, and tossed himself in his Bed, curs'd the Hour of his Birth, and boxed himself on the Ears; the Storm fell upon me, as being the Cause of his Misfortune; in fine, he did not know who to blame,

blame, and he blam'd all. The rest of the Day was spent in the same Manner, and he would neither eat nor drink. To conclude, he made a new Reform in his Kitchen, which made great Part of the Bitterness of his Afflictions fall upon me. In time his Hand was cured, but the Wound of his Niece (in her Head I mean) was very deep; which gave me an Opportunity from Time to Time to reap some little Profits, which I expended in satisfying my half-famish'd Carcase.

C H A P. IV.

A Marquis takes a Fancy to Mirandor; a great Noise made about a Piece of Money which this Nobleman gave him.

AMongst those who were Clients to my Master was a certain Marquis of *Ghent*, who had lodged some time at *Brussels*, to look after a Law-suit he had with his Mother-in-Law. He was the best humour'd Man in the World, and seem'd to take Pity of my Condition, whereof I had more than once made a sorrowful Relation to one of his Servants. This induced him often out of Charity to order me to cram my half famish'd Guts at his House, and sometimes even to give me Money to drink his Health, As my Shoes were at the last Gasp, and of so tender and delicate a Constitution, that the Re-

fidue of the Limbs of this Skeleton were ready to fall in Pieces, I had the Precaution to fix them together by fastening them round my Feet with a good Cord. The Marquis one Day admiring at my Industry, ask'd why my Master did not provide me with better Shoes. On telling him, that that was forbidden by the fifth Article of our Agreement, he desir'd I wou'd explain my Meaning; upon which I drew these worthy Regulations out of my Pocket; (for my Master had ordered me not to stir a Step without them) the Reading whereof diverted him extreamly. As I imagin'd that he would not be displeased with the Account of all the Sayings and Actions of my parsimonious Hero, after he had assur'd me of Secrecy, I gave him a particular Relation of all the comical and tragical Adventures of my *Don Quixote*, not forgetting the Catastrophe of the Ladder, and the Accident that happen'd to the leathern Jacket; however, neither of them diverted the Marquis so much, as the comical Adventure of the Bacon Fraise. In short, my Story pleased this Nobleman so well, that he offer'd to take me into his Service, provided the Lawyer, of whose Assistance he stood in Need in following his Law-suit, would part with me freely. I returned him Thanks a hundred Times for so great a Favour, and told him that I did not believe he could detain me by Force, and that I would give him Warning to provide himself against Michaelmas, which would be in two Months, that I might have the Happiness to serve so generous and charitable a Nobleman.

As

As the Marquis, when I was ready to go Home, presented me with a Crown to buy a Pair of Shoes, the Sight of that charming Object surprized me to that Degree that I could hardly believe my Eyes; so great was my Joy at seeing my self Possessor of a Piece, whereof I thought there was none left in the World. Nevertheless my Master had a good Number, tho' he pretended to be the poorest Wretch in the World; but they were condemned to eternal Darkness, for fear the Sun Beams should diminish the Weight by their Heat. I could even make Oath, that ever since I had lived with this Miser, I had never seen him handle any Money but Copper, and amongst that not many Halfpence. All other Pieces were condemn'd to perpetual Imprisonment in his strong Box, which was fasten'd to the Wall with large Chains, and cover'd with so many iron Plates, that it was in less Danger of being broke open than the dreadful Prisons of *Bastile*: But to return to our Subject.

After having thanked the Marquis for such an unexpected Present, I returned Home as contented as a Monarch. I had hardly entered the Door, when my Master began to reprimand me for staying so long, and asked what Money the Marquis had given me. Hereupon I produced a Sixpence which I had hoarded up some Days, and shar'd it with him, after which I sat down to writing all the rest of the Day, without mentioning a Word of the Crown, which I reserved to buy my Shoes, intending to change it into small Money by Degrees, and tell him I had sav'd it out of my Gains: But
all

all Sorts of Misfortunes attended that cursed House.

Having been some Time subject to bleeding at the Nose, the Devil would have it that this Inconvenience should befall me that very Day; wherefore to prevent some Drops of Blood from falling on the Paper, I drew an old linen Rag precipitately out of my Pocket which served me for a Handkerchief. But like a Booby as I was, not remembring I had wrapped up my Crown therein, by way of Precaution, this Treasure fell to the Ground, and was immediately pick'd up by that Picture of Famine my Master.

Never was Surprize equal to mine; nor was my Gentleman's Astonishment less: Insomuch that staring at me with his goggle Eyes, he cry'd out several Times, *Ab, Rogue! Ab, Thief!* and ran immediately to his Cabinets and strong Box. He opened them trembling, and visited every Bag, but not perceiving any of them unty'd, or out of Order, he recover'd himself a little from his Fright, and after some Minutes Silence, addressed himself to me thus: " You wicked, perjur'd, young Blood-sucking Rascal! is it thus
" you fulfil the Articles you swore to on entering into my Service? Have you eaten my
" Bread, and had Share of the best Bits at my
" Table, to betray me thus? See how your
" Wickedness is discover'd sooner or later; the
" Heavens would not permit your Infidelity to
" be longer-conceal'd: Therefore confess your
" Crime, and tell me whence you had this
" Piece." I easily apprehended that he suspected me of having stole the Crown; wherefore
having

having had Time to recover from my first Astonishment, I answered, that I had found it in the Street, in going to the Marquis, and that our Articles mention'd only what Presents might be made me, and not what I should find. This Answer not satisfying him, he ran to that Nobleman's House, and ask'd him if he had not given me more than a Sixpence. The Marquis not wanting Penetration, soon guessed what Motive animated his Lawyer; wherefore he reply'd very coldly, that he was surprized at his Question, that he thought Sixpence was enough for bringing him some Papers, and that as he was not oblig'd to make me any Present, for the future he would not give me a Penny. Hereupon my Master returning Home, began again, thus, with the greatest Assurance imaginable, hoping I should intrap my self: "How, you Villain, have you the Impudence now to deny that the Marquis gave you this Crown, after I have had it from his own Mouth." I own these Words so unexpected confounded me at first; but reflecting that the Marquis had too much Honour to betray me in such a Manner, especially after having forbid my mentioning a Word to my Pinch-Gut, I answer'd boldly that 'twas false, and that I had found it in the Street. Whereupon getting up, as if I would go my self to the Marquis, he stopt me, and said: "Well, let us suppose then that you did find this Crown, it is nevertheless certain that it belongs to me, and I'll prove it to you instantly." Hereupon he quoted I know not how many of the Civil Laws, to convince me that when a Servant found any thing, it be-
longed

longed to the Master: But as all these fine Passages were in *Latin*, I took Care not to understand him, and they made no Manner of Impression upon me. "However, continued he, you shall see that I am not unreasonable." Then pulling a large Bunch of Keys out of his Pocket, he open'd a Cabinet, whence he took five six penny Pieces and three half Pence out of a Bag, which he gave me, affirming that by the Rigour of the Law it was as much as came to my Share.

What could I do? I was forced to be contented with what he would be pleased to give me; but just as I was going to put the Money in my Fob, he stopt my Hand, and took it again from me, on this Pretence, that he would first know to what Use I design'd to put it, and that it would be a Burthen upon his Conscience if I should squander it away on any Extravagance. Upon my answering, that I intended it to buy a Pair of Shoes, he reply'd, that he had a Pair which he had formerly worn at my Age, and that he would sell them me at a something less Price than they had cost, tho' he had worn them but five or six Months. Having made this Speech, he fetch'd from his Wardrobe a Pair of Shoes, which seem'd to me to have been Cotemporaries with *Charlemagne*, though he swore they were only made in *A. D.* 1518. for his Grandfather, who had worn them but two Months, because he was tormented with Corns; that his Father having inherited them could not get them on because they were too short; and that in fine, they having come to his Hands,

Hands, he assured me upon his Conscience he had used them but one Winter.

I could scarcely forbear laughing on hearing this fine Genealogy, but more especially on seeing these two old fashion'd Pieces, whose Toes were as broad as my Hand, and the Heels like a Sugar Loaf. Wherefore I thanked him very heartily for his Offer, and told him that he ought to keep this Master-piece of Antiquity very carefully, with a great many other Pieces of Furniture which reminded him of his Ancestors, and that, as for me, I would make use of a modern Shoemaker. He reply'd that I might wear them very well a long while, because the Soles were so harden'd that they would last me longer than two Pair of other Shoes; that he would part with them for forty four Pence, altho' they had cost his Grandfather forty six besides a Farthing for the Shoemaker's Boy; that in fine I might see he had my Profit more in view than his own, because he was willing to lose two Pence Farthing by them, in consideration of the little Use his Grandfather and himself had made of them. But 'twas in vain he pressed me, I was not to be moved by all his Arguments and Eloquence; wherefore I answered roundly, that I positively would not have them, even if he would give me them for nothing, because the Boys would laugh at me, and besides I should be in Danger of breaking a Leg or an Arm, for I could not stand upon such peaked Heels. Hereupon having added some more transitory Pence to my half Crown, I went that very Day, and bought me a Pair of good new Shoes, which provoked

voked him somuch, that he ow'd me a Grudge ever after.

In the mean while his dear Niece continued to keep her Bed, and as much as he loved her, though she had a violent Fever, he would never send for a Physician. One Day above the rest, when she had the Cholick terribly, instead of using any Apothecary's Medicines, he ordered me to beg a little Snuff of a Candle in the Neighbourhood, not having used any such thing in his House for above eight Years. He had heard say that this Remedy, being taken in a little burnt Wine, was a sovereign Cure for the Cholick; wherefore it being brought, he put as much as he could take up between his Finger and Thumb into a Spoon, and made her drink it off in a little small Beer. But this fine Antidote, being only like a Chip in Portage, he was obliged to buy a Halfpenny worth of Gin, which gave her some Ease. In ^{the} short, she recovered entirely, whereby I was deprived of the small Gains accruing from my Messages.

Ever since the fatal Loss of the Cloak, no Body could pass by in the Street, but my Master ey'd him narrowly, in Hopes of finding it at one time or other. At last he met a Clothworker who was just come from his Child's Christening, and was muffled up in a Cloak, which by the Breadth of the Cape, and its antique Air, was as like the Lawyer's as two Pease. Hereupon he immediately seized him by the Arm, and ask'd him with a stern Voice, whence he had that Cloak? The Clothworker, who was a surly Cur, immediately made him this Answer: "How now, Jack Sauce, am I obliged to give
" you

“ you an Account? Or perhaps you may imagine, you pettifogging Dog of a Cause-splitter, that I have stol’n it? If I knew you thought so, the Plague take me if I would not thrust this into your Rogueship’s Belly.”

This said, the furious Fellow pulls a large Knife out of his Pocket, wherewith he seem’d just ready to gut my Gentleman; or at least scarify his Phiz, which was in no Danger of being spoilt: Bbut the poor Man being terrify’d at such a Vision, did not give him time, but took to his Heels, and ran as swift as lightning into the House; however, this Adventure made him wiser for the future, and at last he gave over the Hopes of recovering his Cloak.

CHAP. V.

He enters into the Marquis’s Service; the Character of the Marchioness, and the little Adventure of the Smock, &c.

AS the Time of my entering into the Service of the Marquis drew nigh, I told my Master that I would stay no longer with him, that I was already hir’d elsewhere, and that he might provide himself with another Servant, if he could find any one who would run the Hazard of starving to Death with him. Being surprized at a Compliment so unexpected, he flew into

into a Passion, and reproach'd me highly for my Ingratitude. Then he represented to me that I was as yet but a Child, and did not know what was for my Advantage; that I should ruin my self in going to serve another Master, after he had been such a Friend to me, and had even resolv'd to push me into his Business; that besides he had told his Niece several Times, that, if I serv'd him faithfully some Years more, he would present me with his leather Doublet, with which I should look like a Senator; but that he now saw I was unworthy of his Goodness. All these Speeches were to no Purpose, his Eloquence could not persuade me, I was resolv'd not to be famish'd; and the Marquis's Kitchen had Charms that to me were irresistible. Perceiving then that I was immoveable, he would know the Name of my future Master, which I would not at first tell him, for Fear he should play some Dog-Trick; but he teased me so much that at last I was oblig'd to name the Marquis. Hereupon he was greatly surpriz'd; and fearing lest I should give that Nobleman a long Account of his Manner of living, and his Fooleries, he gave me the best Words in the World, begged me for God's Sake to be careful of his Reputation, and to gain me over to his Interest entirely, he surpass'd himself for once, and presented me with a Groat, tho' the Struggle was so great between his Care for his Reputation, and his Value for the Money, that the latter had almost got the better.

At last the Day so long wish'd for arriv'd, wherefore after taking leave of my Master of a
Lawyer,

Lawyer, and the tatter'd Slut his Niece, I turn'd my Back upon his pinch-gut Kitchen, and flew upon the Wings of Concupiscence to my new Master's House, that I might begin to relish Life. I was very well received there both by the Marquis and his Domesticks, I had a Livery made immediately, and was ordered to attend wholly upon his Son, who was a young Gentleman about fifteen, well shap'd, and well educated. This young Gentleman, whom I shall call *BELINDOR*, soon took such a Fancy to me, that he would never be without me; and as his Father was not dissatisfied with this his Inclination, and had discover'd some good Qualities in me, which made him imagine I was born to something better than a Livery, he order'd I should be taught *Latin* with his Son. As I had always a great Ambition to be a Scholar, in Hopes of becoming one Day a Lawyer or a Physician, it incited me to spend all my Time in learning my Lessons, and reading. Our Tutor, who was a Man of Letters, being charmed with my Application and Progress, gave a very favourable Account to the Marquis, who from that Time received me every Day more and more into Favour.

But the Goodness and great Qualities of the Father and Son were not more deserving of Praise, than the Wickedness and disorderly Life of the Marchioness were the Reverse. Her Conduct was not at all suitable to her high Birth, and 'twas yet much less agreeable to her Age. Altho' I was but a Stripling, I soon discover'd her villanous Character; for one Night when the Marquis was to sup abroad with a Friend,

Friend, she ordered me to come into her Chamber, where I found her sitting before a great Fire, for it was then Winter. As soon as I was enter'd, she bid me take some Pins, and fasten her Petticoats and Shift over her Shoulders, that she might warm her self the better before and behind. Altho' I was greatly ashamed of such an Employment, I was forced to obey; and which was more, was obliged to scratch her in a certain Place, which was not made to employ one's Nails on. Being as yet busy of this fine Exercise, the Marquis entered on a sudden into the Chamber, with three of his Friends. Both the one and the other were equally astonish'd; the Marchioness being ashamed to appear before so many Witnesses, in such an indecent Posture, made several Attempts to loosen the Pins, but 'twas all in vain, her Confusion was too great. In turning her self about, and struggling, the Spectators were entertain'd with the Sight of her large Posteriors, which were dy'd of a deep Vermilion, not so much out of Shame, as thro' the Heat of the Fire. As for the Marquis he was ready to burst with Anger, not so much at seeing his Wife's Backside expos'd, as to hear his Friends loud Shouts of Laughter. One of the Company especially, who loved to jest at another's Expence, hearing the Marquis call his Wife an impudent shameless Woman, interrupted him and said: "Sir, your Lady does not deserve such odious Names. By the Redness of her Cheeks behind, one may judge that those before are of the same high Colour, and that is a certain Mark of the greatest Modesty." This Speech increasing

increasing the Marquis's Shame and Anger, he begged the Gentlemen to go with him into another Room.

I was left alone with the Marchioness, who shed a Flood of Tears, for the Shame to which she had been expos'd, and yet more for Fear of her Husband's Resentment; at last after having disengaged her self from the Pins, she went to Bed, and pretended Sickness, to avoid the Storm wherewith she was threat'ned. But she had no such Reason to be afraid, for the Marquis was of such a good quiet Temper, that he contented himself with reprimanding her in a prudent friendly Manner, and exhorting her to amend her Life for the future; which Lenity, instead of having any good Effect, only serv'd to make her continue the same Course. My Master, thinking I had a great Share in this Farce, was resolved to let all his Vengeance fall upon me, and have my Bones broken; but I prevented the Storm, by throwing my self at his Feet, and protesting with Tears in my Eyes, that his Lady had forced me to this shameful Action, by threatening to ruin me if I did not obey her: I had the good Luck to persuade and appease him, the rather because he hoped that if he made no Noise about it, his Shame would not be render'd so publick; besides his Friends had promised to keep this Adventure secret. Wherefore he only advis'd me to behave better for the future, and not comply with such infamous Actions, but to inform him of it, if his Wife should exact any thing from me that was contrary to Decency and Honour; in fine, he made me swear not to speak of this Scene to any one,

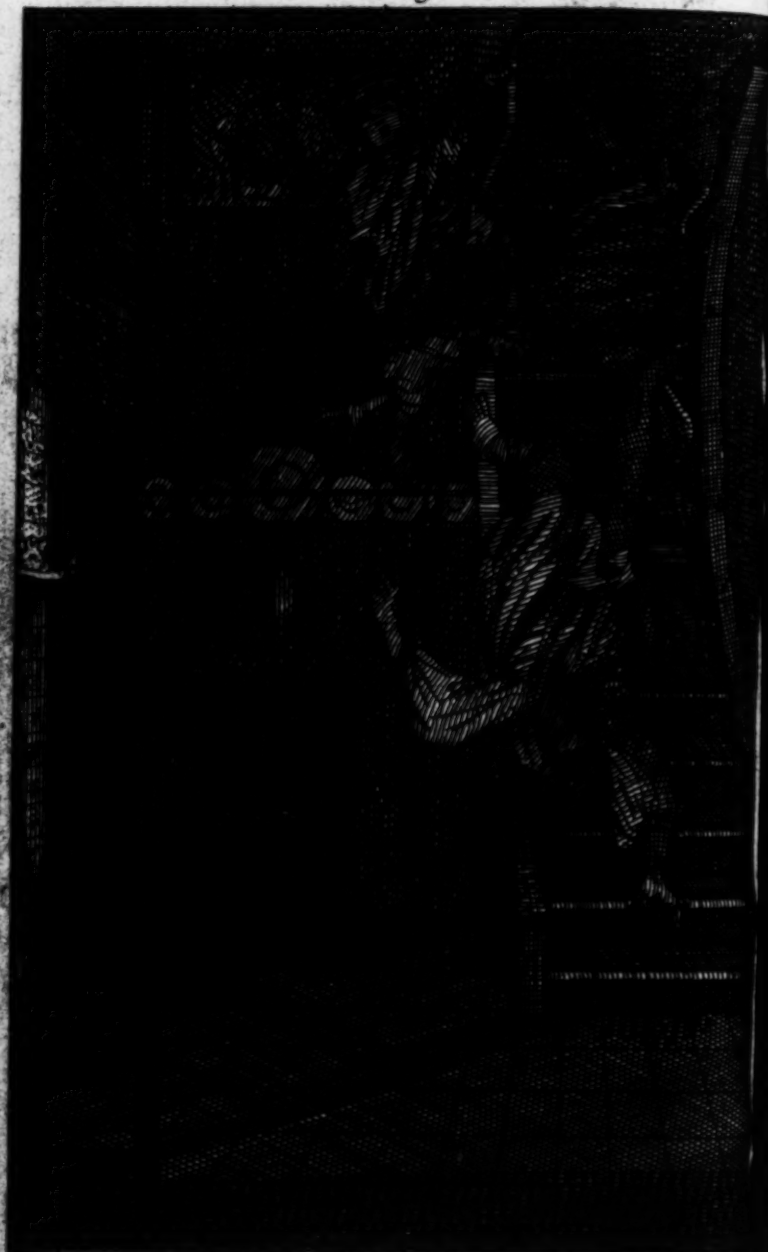
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and yet less to his Son than any other whatsoever.

This unravelling of the Mystery being finished in Presence of the Marchioness, she, in Revenge, neglected no Opportunity to do me ill Offices with her Husband. But as he knew his Wife's Temper, he judg'd by that that I had no Correspondence with her; on the contrary he redoubled his Affection to me, and discovering more and more good Qualities in me, he was willing to cultivate them, and allow me to learn all Sorts of Exercises with his Son; as Dancing, Riding, and Fencing, and I apply'd my self thereto with so much Eagerness, that I soon surpass'd his Son, tho' he was very tractable, and had a very good Genius. As most of the Domesticks were *French*, and their Language is mightily spoken at *Brussels*, especially in the Houses of Persons of Distinction, I soon learn'd it tollerably well. To this the reading of some diverting Books contributed very much, especially Romances, the Rules whereof I observed so religiously in the Sequel, in all my amorous Adventures, that I believed, whoever fail'd in one single Point, could not be saved, even tho' it were the Son of the incomparable *Don Quixote*, that Hero of immortal Memory.





THE ADVENTURES OF MIRANDOR.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Mirandor being at Antwerp, is forced into a Bawdy-House, where he finds his first Master's Daughter.

ABOUT this Time, the Marquis received a Letter from his Daughter, who was a Widow, and lived at *Antwerp*: Therein she informed him that she was going in a few Days to be marry'd to a second Husband, a Gentleman of that Country, and invited him to be present at the Ceremony, with the Marchioness, and his Son *Belindor*, who not being able to part from me, prevail'd on his Father to let me accompany them. Wherefore we set out, and I had a Place in the Coach,

which caused no little Envy in the other Domesticks, which were no less than four Footmen, and a *Valet de Chambre*, besides the Coachman. Being yet half a League from *Antwerp*, we were met by the Marquis's Daughter in her Coach, accompany'd by the Gentleman on Horseback who was to be her Spouse, and was a very genteel Cavalier. After abundance of Embraces on all Sides, we continued our Journey, and arrived at last at the young Widow's, where we alighted. I was greatly astonish'd on entering the House, when I knew the Footmen to be the same I had overtaken on the Heath, conducting their Master's Corpse to *Antwerp*, when I first made my Escape from my Mother's. I easily guessed that their Mistress, whom they then so highly extoll'd, was the Marquis's Daughter. The Footman, with whom I discours'd behind the Coach, remembered me also; and being surprized to see me in the Service of the Marquis, and so much in his Favour, enquired what had befallen me since that Time. I satisfy'd him immediately; but took Care not to mention my having lived with an Innkeeper of that City, much less my having stolen a Spoon; for I was afraid those Circumstances of my Life might do me a Prejudice, if rehears'd to the Marquis.

The Nuptials then were celebrated with great Pomp and Magnificence; all that was exquisite either to eat or drink abounded there in the greatest Profusion; there was nothing but Balls and Entertainments for eight Days, to which all the Nobility in the City and Country were invited; especially the Ladies, who appear'd there with
all

all their Gaiety and all their Charms. During this Time, I went as little as possible into the Street, for fear of being discover'd by my first Master, or some of his Family.

One Day after Dinner, *Belindor* had a fancy to walk in the City, and see the Castle; I was obliged to follow him. In our Way, we passed, without knowing it, thro' a Street, which was the Haunt of certain female Animals, that are always ready to inlist young Soldiers into their Service; in short, a second *Drury-Lane*. We had hardly enter'd into this fruitful Country, when one of these voracious Creatures fastened greedily upon *Belindor* and me, and by the Help of a Companion of the same Stamp dragg'd her Prey into their Common-Den, where these two *Harpies* immediately demanded Money for a Bottle of Wine. As much asham'd as *Belindor* and I was to be in such Company, he was forced to have Patience, and throw down a Crown to these impudent Jades, in Hopes thereby to be the sooner quit of them. But he reckon'd without his Host; for the Wine, whereof we would not taste, being drank up in an Instant by these thirsty the Devils, he was obliged to give them twice as much more, to which they forced us, perceiving, by the Confusion in our Looks, that we were not as yet initiated in their Mysteries. During these Transactions, I saw entring, at the Wicket of our Dungeon, the Figure of a human Creature, whose Cheeks were plaister'd over with white and red; and her Head stuck out with the Lord knows how many Yards of red Ribband. Having graciously bid us welcome, how great was my Sur-

prize, when by the Tone of her Voice, tho' alter'd to a Snuffle by the Fall of the Bridge, the common Consequence of that Profession, I knew her to be the Daughter of my Master the Innkeeper, who was got with Child by the sham Count? By good Luck my Dress, or the Alteration of my Features disguis'd me so much that she did not remember me, or otherwise I should have paid Sauce for the Spoon I stole from her Father. Whilst we were in the greatest Perplexity, not knowing which Way to turn, or how to disengage our selves from these Drabs, we saw a venerable Matron appear, who by her Air look'd like the Lady Abbess of this Convent; her Errand was to inform the Countess that one of her Cullys wanted her in another Room. Being desirous of knowing how long this fair Nymph had rang'd herself under the Banners of this Order of Ladies Errant, I ask'd the old Hag of what Country that fair Pupil of hers was, and if she had been any Time of that Occupation. "She is of this City," answer'd the good Beldam, and has been under my Care ever since the Death of the poor Man her Father, who kept one of the best Inns in this Town, but having oftentimes been cheated by his Guests, was at last oblig'd to associate himself with some Coiners, to keep up his Reputation, and satisfy his Creditors. The Coiners being catch'd in the Fast and tortur'd, continu'd she, berray'd the good Man, so that he was seized, and hang'd with his Comrades. Since that Time his Daughter has been oblig'd to insist with us, and is the Flower of our Flock, for her

“ her wonderful Talents bring us in good Pro-
 “ fit. She is so warlike an Amazon, and so
 “ indefatigable when upon Duty, that without
 “ putting herself out of Breath, she can disarm and
 “ lay panting at her Feet twenty four of the brav-
 “ est Soldiers in the Garrison in one Day. She
 “ is distinguish’d among us by the Title of Count-
 “ tess, because a Count, who lodg’d at her Fa-
 “ ther’s, got her with Child, after having pro-
 “ mised her Marriage. And I can assure you,
 “ said the venerable Matron, before that little
 “ Misfortune of her Nose, the Gentry of the
 “ first Rank in the City would send for her to
 “ divert themselves with her.

The Bawd had scarcely finished her Story,
 when our Countess returned in Company with
 three *Spanish* Soldiers, who by their Looks
 seem’d very thirsty, and very sharp set; this Sight
 did not please us in the least. Wherefore I
 whisper’d *Belindor* to put a good Face on the
 Matter, and follow me when I pretended to go
 out to make Water. A little after I rose up,
 and as he would have followed me, the three
 Maroders seiz’d him by the Arm, and obliged
 him to sit down till my Return. Being at the
 Door of this infernal Grotto, I had the good
 Fortune to see two of the Marquis’s Foot-
 men, accompany’d by four others, pass by in
 the Street; whereupon I immediately apprized
 them of *Belindor*’s Danger: Accordingly they
 soon follow’d me, and it may be easily judg’d
 what Pleasure this unexpected Succour gave
 him. We could quickly perceive our Cut-
 Throats change their surly threatening Looks;
 the Paleness of their Faces, their troubled Coun-
 tenances,

tenances, and especially a certain disagreeable Odour that exhal'd from them, made us easily guess that they were in great Fear of a good Drubbing. Accordingly as soon as *Belindor* and I went out, to leave them Field Room, our Deliverers began to lay on these poor Devils with good Blows with the Flats of their Swords, and entertain'd the Ladies with good Cuffs in the Chops, and Kicks on the Breech, then breaking all the Furniture, they retir'd well satisfied with the Expedition, for fear some Reinforcement should arrive to the Assistance of the defeated.

The Hurry of the Wedding being over, we took leave of the new marry'd Couple, and returned to *Brussels*, where *Belindor* and I again apply'd our selves to our Studies and our Exercises. Then the good Marquis seeing that I continued to behave well, would not suffer me any longer to wear a Livery, and made me *Valet de Chambre* to his Son; only his Wife could not endure me; she could not forget what I had said of her to her Husband.

C H A P. II.

The comical Adventures that besel the Marchioness with Father Andrew, and with la Fleur the Valet de Chambre, who attempts to poison Mirandor.

I Must not pass over in Silence a merry Adventure which one Day befell Father *Andrew*, a Capuchin, and Confessor to the Marchioness. This good Father used to frequent our House every Day, and, on Pretence of giving her some spiritual Directions, would be whole Hours with that Lady, and the Marquis, being prepossessed in his Favour, had no Manner of Suspicion of him, because he seem'd to be the very Picture of Devotion.

One Night then, when the Marquis supped abroad, as this devout Person was sitting before a great Fire with the Marchioness, and had tuck'd up his long Robe to his Knees, that he might the better relish the Pleasure of the Heat on all Sides, (for it was then very cold, and every one knows that the Fathers of this Order neither wear Shirts nor Breeches;) as Luck would have it, a little Kitten had taken up its Post between his Legs, to shelter it self likewise from the Cold. This little Animal then, being brisk and frolicksome, as all Kittens are, and happening to look up, perceiv'd a certain what d'you call it, which took up all its Attention. Then at first Curiosity, and afterwards an Inclination to play, incited him to pat this Gigandbob with its

Claws drawn in, and bandy it too and fro. I soon perceiv'd this whimsical Diversion, being almost over against him, behind my Lady's Chair. It was with the greatest Difficulty I forbore bursting out with Laughing, to observe the Gravity of the Fryar, and the Archness of the little Rogue of a Cat, which continued diverting it self with its Play-thing: The good Father might perhaps attribute this Motion to a Titillation caus'd by the Warmth of the Fire, or rather to some inordinate Desires which the Sight of the Marchioness excited in him, when at last this Glutton of a Cat, thinking that this Bauble was at least as good as a Mouse, or might be some other Game within its Sphere, fell furiously Tooth and Nail upon this dainty Bit. Immediately our Devotee gave an horrible Outcry, but the merciless little Fury did not let go for all that; it thought it self not obliged to part with its Booty, which it had marked for its own, but the true Proprietor of the Chattels resolved to dispute its Title to them. Wherefore like a Man of Sense, and one who knew what Course to take on any pressing Occasion, he soon laid his Hands on the Parts so outrageously attack'd, and at last oblig'd *Grimalkin* to abandon his Prey, and take Refuge under the Bed to secure himself from Reprisals. Then I found how far the Compassion and Christian Charity of the Marchioness extended to this good Neighbor; instead of laughing at this pleasant Scene, which would have almost provok'd an Anchorite, she seemed in the greatest Consternation imaginable, which shew'd how much she feared this melancholy Accident had deprived her of the

the good Father's spiritual Directions, and might Occasion a great Fast in her Kitchen. She order'd me to quit the Room, and I saw thro' the Key Hole the good Lady take the Candle in all haste, to examine how Matters went, and visit the Reliques of her Saint with abundance of Devotion. Finding them something damag'd, she sent immediately to an Apothecary's for some Lenitive, which she apply'd to the Parts with great Tenderness. All the Venigeance fell upon the poor Car, which was condemned to be worry'd to Death, without having any Regard to its Youth or Innocence. The Footmen could not imagine the Reason of this cruel Sentence, and for my Part, tho' I was an Eye-witness of the whole Adventure, I took Care not to mention a Word either to the Marquis or *Belmor*; tho' both the one and the other ask'd me several Times that very Night, what made me laugh so in my Sleeve. However, the Accident that befel the good Father was certainly of no great Consequence, because he came again next Day, and, thro' a Crevice in the Door, I saw him shew my Lady he had lost neither Nerve nor Tendon.

Father *Andrew* was not however the only one whom she admitted to such Privacies; *Pleut*, the Marquis's *Valer de Chambre*, came in also for a Share. One Night, when I returned home very fatigu'd, I happened to fall asleep before the Fire, and did not awake till Midnight. Being surprized at its being so late, I undressed my self immediately, and taking my Shoes in my Hand that I might not disturb my Lord and Lady, by whose Room I was to

pass, I went up a Pair of Stairs, towards an Apartment which I was to cross. No sooner had I lifted up the Latch, when the Door, which open'd upon the Stairs, struck me on the Face with such a Force, that I was obliged to make more haste down than I did up. But I was not the only one who took this dangerous Leap in the Dark; for two Persons without their Cloaths, who had glued themselves against the Door, not imagining it would fall them so unseasonably in the critical Minute, kept me Company; and their falling had almost beat my Brains out. However, by the Cries of these two unknown Phantoms, I judg'd that their Tumble had hurt them at least as much as mine. Wherefore I soon resolved what to do; and being very glad to be in my Shirt, and so be unknown in my turn, I went to my Chamber, and passed the Night as well as I could.

As soon as Day broke, the Marquis order'd me to be called to dress him, because his *Valet de Chambre* (as they said) had dislocated his Arm in turning in his Bed, which hindered his rising. Hereupon I suspected that Mr. *la Fleur* might be one of the two that took a Leap with me, and was very curious to find out who might be the other. I was soon informed; for entering the Marquis's Chamber, I saw my Lady all over Blood, and a Surgeon employ'd in dressing two Wounds in her Head, which she said were made by running against the Closet Door, in going thither in the Night without a Candle. But my Master, who knew his Wife, imagin'd that it came some other way; the rather because his Surgeon, having visited *la Fleur*, informed him

him that his Arm was not dislocated but broken, and that one of his Sides were bruised as if he had been drubb'd unmercifully, or had had some desperate Fall. Then I comprehended the whole Mystery, and thought my self very happy in escaping so well, for which I was obliged to a Rope which hung down by the Side of the Stairs, and whereof I caught Hold, so that this nocturnal Adventure caused me only a slight Contusion in the Back. The Marquis also for his Part, did not in the least doubt but the two Cripples had met somewhere *Tete a Tete*, but could not comprehend for his Life who was the charitable Person that had curry'd them in such a handsome Manner, tho' he thanked him in his Soul for it, and sometimes thought it was an Angel sent to revenge his Wrongs. However I took Care not to clear up the Mystery, as great an Inclination as I had to it.

As much Reason as the Marquis had to revenge himself of *la Fleur*, whom he suspected, and not without Reason, of being too familiar with his Lady, he durst not however discover it in the least, for Fear of putting her, who was a Limb of the Devil, out of Humour; for the Marchioness had such an Ascendant over him, and was such a Fury, that the poor Man, for Quietness sake, was obliged to suffer his *Valet de Chambre* to crown him with the Arms of *Adrian*, without saying one Word.

I flatter'd my self that being in my Shirt I should not have been known in the dark; but I soon found the contrary, for my Lady was no sooner recovered, than she did me all manner of ill Turns, and I believe would have had

me soundly maul'd, had she not fear'd my revealing not only this last Adventure, but many others, particularly what had pass'd between her, Father *Andrew*, and the little Cat; for altho' she valued her Husband but very little, yet having some Shame left, she wish'd her Son and the Domesticks might be ignorant of her Course of Life.

As long as *la Fleur* was indisposed, I performed his Office about the Marquis; but as soon as he recover'd, he did not fail giving me Proofs of his inveterate Hatred; and, in Concert with his Mistress, sought all Occasions of doing me ill Offices to my Master, in Hopes of having me turned out of Doors.

The Marquis having permitted me to learn to ride, gave me also leave to take the Air on one of the best Horses in his Stables, either alone, or with *Belindor*. His *Valet de Chambre*, envious of this Favour, endeavour'd often to make him believe that I fatigued his Horses unmercifully, and that being once out of the City Walls, I allow'd all Sorts of Ruff-raff, even Footmen to mount them, and ride them so hard, that the Groom (who by way of Digression was likewise my Enemy, because I had one Day told the Marquis he sold the Corn) had often complain'd to him that I should kill them one Time or other. My Master, who was a great Lover of his Horses, being provoked with his *Valet's* Insinuations, reproach'd me therewith very sharply. I denied it upon Oath, and assur'd him that *la Fleur* only fill'd his Head with such false Reports through Hatred and Envy; which pleas'd him a little for that time.

But

But one Day having a Mind to ride out according to Custom, I chose a Horse of an *Isabella* Colour, the very best in the Stables. Hereupon that Villain *la Fleur* thought he had then a fair Occasion of being revenged on me; accordingly he went immediately to an Apothecary's, who prepar'd him a certain poisonous Liquor, which, as he said, he intended to mix up with Flower, to kill the Rats and Mice, which infested him mightily in his Chamber. The Apothecary knowing him, did not scruple giving him what he demanded; whereupon when I returned in the Evening, and had put the Horse in the Stable, my Enemy pour'd over him several Buckets of Water, and then going to the Marquis begged he would come and look on his Horse, and be convinced by his own Eyes whether he had impos'd on him or no. He added, that after having fatigued the Beast till he could scarce stir, I had rode him thro' the Water, so that the poor Creature would not eat. Upon this my Master, who valued this Horse more than any one in the Stables, flew into a violent Passion; 'twas in vain I protested I was innocent, it avail'd nothing; seeing his Horse still dropping wet, he ordered me to be silent, in a Tone that made me tremble. Having gain'd his Point thus far, the Traytor *la Fleur*, who had won over the Groom to his Interests, being left alone with him, mixed up the poisonous Draught with the Corn, and gave this Composition to the Horse who dy'd some Hours after.

Next Morning, by Break of Day, the Groom went and inform'd his Master that he had just found his Horse dead. Whereupon the Marquis,

quis, being struck with the News, flew immediately to the Stable, and seeing the Truth of the Fact, order'd me to be called. As soon as I appear'd, he said all that his Anger could suggest to him, and utter'd all the Threatnings which such a Loss cou'd put in his Mouth, then after calling me undeserving of the least of the Favours he had shewn me, concluded with commanding me, with a stern Voice, to leave his House immediately, if I would not have all my Bones broken by his Footmen.

Let any one judge my Sorrow on hearing such a rigorous Sentence, and seeing all my Fortune overthrown thereby at once. I would have proved my Innocence by my Oaths, and Tears; but he was inexorable, and ordered me again with Passion to be gone from his House, and never more appear in his Sight. What could I do in such an Extremity? My Passport was sign'd, and I could not be heard. Wherefore I thought the best Way was to have Recourse to *Belindor*, to whom, with Tears in my Eyes, I related the villanous Trick *la Fleur* had undoubtedly play'd me. *Belindor*, who had a great Value for me, did his utmost to comfort me, and desir'd me to have Patience, and keep in his Chamber till his Father's Anger should be over, assuring me that he would find a way to reconcile him to me, and make my Innocence triumph. Some Hours after the Coachman, who had been every where in Search of me, and was a mortal Enemy to the Groom, finding me in *Belindor's* Chamber, said to me, "Dear *Mirador*, thank Heaven that your Innocence is discover'd. The Marquis is en-
" quiring

“ quiring for you to make you Satisfaction for
“ the Wrong he has done you in suspecting you.”
Thereupon he told me, that having the Curiosity
to examine the Horse’s Tongue, and having
consider’d the Swelling of his whole Body, he
was perswaded that he had been poison’d, where-
upon he immediately acquainted the Marquis
with his Thoughts, who sent for the Flayers to
know the Truth, and that the Horse being o-
pen’d they assur’d him that he had been poisoned,
as was evident by his Intrails which were burnt
by the Violence of the Poison. He added, that
his Master was convinced that none but *la Fleur*
and the Groom could be capable of such an
Action, because each of them ow’d me a Grudge.
This News gave me such a Joy, that I was
ready to fall about the Coachman’s Neck,
to testify my Gratitude to him; and *Belindor*
was so pleased with it that he presented him
with a Pistole, after which we went to the
Marquis, who received me with a Smile, and
said: “ Well *Mirandor*, I ought to ask you
“ Pardon for the Injustice I have done you, and
“ suffering my self to be so transported with Pas-
“ sion, but I believe you have too much Sense
“ to require such a Step of me, and that you
“ will be satisfy’d with seeing my Concern for
“ it. However ’tis reasonable, continued he,
“ that to make you amends I repose more Con-
“ fidence in you for the future, and chastise
“ those who have endeavour’d to destroy you
“ in my good Opinion, which I will do as
“ soon as I can have Proof against those I sus-
“ pect.” But whatever Promises he then made
me, he durst not make the Enquiries necessary,
because

because of his Wife, who espoused the Parts of the two Villains strenuously, and affirmed that they were innocent.

CHAP. III.

The Marchioness dies. La Fleur attempts to poison Mirador, and is turned away.

A Little after my receiving this Shock, the Marchioness fell sick, and her Distemper increased upon her so much, that after keeping her bed about three Weeks she dy'd. Her Loss was not much regretted; the Marquis thanked Heaven for the happy Deliverance, and *Belindor* did not shed many Tears. As for my Part I was soon comforted, Thanks to the Persecutions she had caused me, and the Hatred she had always born me. The *Valer de Chambre* was the greatest Sufferer, foreseeing the Case would be altered with him, wherein he was not mistaken. For she was hardly bury'd, before the Marquis being now his own Master dismissed the Groom, and waited only an Opportunity to discard the other Rogue. In the mean while he made use of me, and employ'd *la Fleur* in the meanest Drudgery, which was scarcely fit for a Footman, which exasperated him to that Degree that he resolved to be revenged at any Rate. He knew very well that I was the only Cause of his Disgrace, though innocently, and that it would continue as long as I should be in the Marquis's

Marquis's Favour; wherefore he judg'd then that the best Way to execute his Design sooner or later was to be submissive, conceal his Resentment, and endeavour to regain his Master's Esteem.

He thought he had a favourable Opportunity, when some time after a Fever obliged me to keep my Bed. *Belindor* then attended me constantly, and would often read some diverting Book to me; even the Marquis himself would come often to see me, enquire after my Health, and offer me whatever he thought would please me, or give me any Ease; which enrag'd that Rogue *la Fleur*. As I could eat nothing but Broth, this Wretch one Day put some Arsenick therein, without being perceived by any one; it was brought by the Footman who attended me to my Bedside, after which he went away.

The Marquis had a very fine *Bologna* Dog, whereof I was very fond, which was then with me, and whilst I was busy in saying my Prayers, leap'd up to the Porringer wherein the Broth was, and lapped a little. I would have prevented him, and the poor Cur being afraid I would beat him, in endeavouring to avoid the Blows overthrew the Porringer, and spilled all the Broth. Some Minutes after I observed him tremble and shake extremely in a Corner of my Bed, and found by his crying and howling that he was in great Pain. Nor knowing what to think of it at first, I perceived at last his Body swell, and in a little Time the Creature dyed, which made me suspect some Treachery. The Marquis and his Son being informed hereof, came immediately, with the other Domesticks, who

who were all very much surprized. *La Fleur* especially expressed his Abhorrence of such an Action, and spoke more than any once of the rigorous Punishment that ought to be inflicted upon the Wretch who design'd to have poison'd poor *Mirandor*. The Marquis not knowing who to suspect, cast a furious Look upon all his Servants, and swore he would not suffer such a detestable Action to go unpunished. Above all he fixed his Eyes upon *la Fleur*, who strove in vain to keep his Countenance; his Conscience, which accused him, discovered it self by the Confusion that was visible in his Face. During this Interval somebody knock'd at the Door, and a Footman came to tell us that 'twas an Apothecary's Boy who enquir'd for *la Fleur*, on hearing which, the Wretch changed Colour extremely. He would have gone out, but the Marquis withheld him, and went down himself to know what he wanted with *la Fleur*. The Boy would not tell at first, but finding that the Marquis was resolved to be satisfy'd, he was at last oblig'd to say that *la Fleur*, having bought something at his Master's Shop, had given him a bad half Crown, and that he was come to return it. "And what did he buy?" reply'd the Marquis. "Some Arsenick, answered the other, to kill the Rats and Mice, as he bought once before about three Months ago." Hereupon the Marquis being convinced of his *Valet's* diabolical Malice, bid the Boy stay, and sent for *la Fleur* into another Room. The Villain did not seem at all dismay'd, but deny'd the Fact with execrable Oaths; in vain did his Master threaten

threaten to deliver him up into the Hands of Justice, if he would not confess; 'twas to no Purpose, wherefore he was forced to confront him with the Apothecary's Boy, and ask'd him if *la Fleur* had not bought Rats Bane twice at their Shop? Upon his answering Yes, " You " lye, reply'd *la Fleur*, I never saw you before, " nor never set Foot within your Door. How, " says the Boy, being provok'd at him, can " you deny that you was at my Master's two " Days ago, and is not this false Half-Crown the " same which you gave him for a little Bottle of " Arsenick?" *La Fleur* persisting in denying it with the greatest Impudence, the Boy asked leave to fetch his Master, and two more of his Comrades. Having soon brought them, the Apothecary, thinking that *la Fleur* only deny'd it to avoid taking back the bad Money, told the Marquis, that he was not so much vexed at the Loss of such a Trifle, as to see that his Servant would make him pass for a Lyar and Impostor; that therefore both he and his Boys were ready to make Oath that all they had informed him was true. *La Fleur* not confessing for all this, the Marquis finding he must take another Method, dismissed the Apothecary, after giving him another Half-Crown. Thereupon he called up all his Servants, and I was likewise obliged to appear, tho' but weak, after which he address'd himself thus to the Wretch in Presence of us all: " Thou infernal Villain, " though your diabolical Wickedness deserves " the worst of Deaths, I will give you your " Life, and spare it for some time, tho' I'm " sure the Wheel, or Gallows must end it, if " you

“ you will confess freely even to the most minute Circumstance what I am going to demand of you, and which I am sure was done by your self only; if not I swear I will surrender you up immediately into the Hands of Justice to be hanged without Mercy.” *La Fleur*, seeing plainly by the serious and angry Tone wherewith his Master spoke this, that he must dissemble no longer, was constrained to promise the Marquis, that if he would forgive him this Crime, he would answer truly to whatever he asked him. Whereupon having assur’d him of it a second time, he demanded; if he was not the Person who had robbed him of fifty Pounds about a Year before, and what he had done therewith? *La Fleur* did not in the least expect such a Question; however he was forced to answer directly. He own’d then that he had given half of it to a Wench that he kept, and that he had lost the Remainder at Play. The second Question was, if he did not poison his Horse, and what provok’d him to it? This he confessed likewise, and said he did it to be revenged of me for a bloody Trick I had play’d him (meaning without doubt the fall down Stairs) and to have me turned away. He was then asked, why he would have poison’d me? and answered, that ’twas to rid himself of me entirely, finding, that as long as I should stay in the Marquis’s Service he should never regain his Favour.

After this sincere Confession, *la Fleur* threw himself at the Marquis’s Feet, and conjur’d him with Hands uplifted to forgive him, swearing that he would ~~show~~ by his Submission and Obedience how

how much he repented of his villanous Actions. "How, Rogue, reply'd the Marquis, are you so foolish and so impudent to dare flatter yourself with the Hopes of continuing longer in my Service? Is it not sufficient, thou execrable Poisoner, that I favour you so far as not to hang you, you who have doubly deserved to be broken alive upon the Wheel? I insist that you not only quit my House immediately, but also that you leave the Town this very Day; for if I hear that you stay there in after Sun-set, or ever return thither, I swear I will deliver you up to Justice, and then you will have no Quarter." My Master would make him quit the Town for Fear the Wretch should play me some other Trick. The Rogue did not obey at first, hoping that the Marquis's Passion would abate in Time; but that Nobleman not being able to bear any longer the Sight of that infamous Rascal, who had defiled his House and his Bed, was obliged to have him driven out with a good Caning; without giving him Time to take any of his Cloaths, which he presented me with, in Recompence of the Vexation that Wretch had caused me, being persuaded that the Fear of Justice would prevent his reclaiming them.

It may be easily imagin'd how great my Joy was at being delivered from so dangerous an Enemy; nor were the other Servants less pleased, for he had often done them all ill Offices with the Marquis. Every one wished he might break his Neck by the Way, or be hanged at the first Gallows he should meet. Our Rogue had hardly been gone two Days, before a Merchant,

chant, with whom the Marquis used to deal, came to ask him if he would keep the Stuffs, and the Gold and Silver Lace which he had sent for by his *Valet de Chambre*. My Master answered, that he did not know what he meant by such a Question, but that he had turned away his *Valet* two Days before for several Rogueries he had committed. The Merchant immediately found that he was cheated, and as the Marquis would not reimburse him one Penny, because he had not sent for any such Goods, he was obliged to retire very much mortified at the Loss of above twenty Pounds, to which he said they amounted.

CHAP. IV.

Mirandor applies himself to Reading; his Opinion of some French and Dutch Poets; his Rencontre with the Lawyer.

IN the mean while I pursued my Studies at another's Expence, and had made such Progress that I could at last understand a *Latin* Author, and even compose a Letter tolerably well in that Language. Our Tutor, besides his Skill in several other Sciences, could likewise make pretty good Verses in *French* and *Dutch*. This gave me an Inclination to exercise my Talent a little in Poetry, and he was very willing to instruct me in the Principles of Versification.

Verification. Altho' 'tis usually said that one must be born a Poet, to be capable of writing good Verses, he advised me to apply my self to reading some good Authors in this Art. The *French* were *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Quinault* and *Corneille*; and altho' the latter does not rigorously observe that Rule in his Plays which forbids the lengthening out the time of the Action above twenty four Hours, his Verses are noble and fine, though in my Mind they don't come near the Delicacy or Spirit of the first. My *Dutch* Authors were *Vondel*, *Vos*, *Huygens* and *Cats*. 'Tis true, the Verses of the latter are not very full of Energy, and are often flat according to the Taste of my Countrymen, who affect to avoid Pauses between the Hemisticks; however he has some Thoughts and Expressions that discover the Richness of his Genius.

I had some other *Dutch* Poets, most of them new, which pleased me well enough, although their Works were fit only for Grocer's Shops. These Gentry being puffed up with their having invented and rummaged up some obscure Terms, either new or obsolete, which they call the Quintessence of fine Poetry, think themselves great Doctors in this Art, and are impudent enough to compare themselves to our best Poets, altho' they are miserable little Dabblers, who don't know so much as the first Elements thereof. Undoubtedly if these pitiful Scribblers were to fill any Post about *Parnassus*, they would hardly deserve to be admitted to clean the Buskins of the Muses, or to be Grooms to *Pegasus*. They would stand in Need of good Recommendations before *Apello* would allow them
even

even this Honour. Nevertheless these Poetasters have the Assurance to attack even *Vos* himself, and make Glosses and Commentaries upon the Tragedy of * *Tam* and *Aram*. They say this Piece would be passable, if the Author had wrote with the same Fire at the End as at his first setting out; and if his poetical Vein had not caught cold and frozen upon Mount *Caucasus*, or in the icy Waters of the *Tanais*. They don't even spare *Kondal*, and say 'tis Pity that Poet cramps his Rhime so much, and uses so many obsolete Terms. Since then they dare speak thus of these great Masters, what will they not say of others? Who would not rather burn his Pens and Paper than see his Labours expos'd to the perverted Judgment and foolish Criticisms of these Bunglers in the Art? Nevertheless there is no Country in the World so fruitful of such Sort of Genry as *Holland*. They are devour'd with the Itch of appearing in Print, tho' their Imagination should furnish them only with some wretched Ballads, which to please the Mob they get sung upon the Bridges, and at the Corners of Streets. What is yet worse than all is, that this Itch of Rhiming has taken such Root in my Countrymen's Brains, that Numbers of them are mad enough to write French Verses. What know but three or four Words of the Language, and pretend to turn Poet! It surpasses Imagination! What Reader, who would have the Patience to stoop to peruse such flat Works, written in an abominable Style, but must burst with suppressing his

A famous Dutch Tragedy.

Indignation?

Indignation? To proceed yet farther, how many Women shall we find, who being willing to enter the Lists, and join with the Cry, will pretend to make Verses whilst they are spinning or knitting? Does not this cry out for Vengeance? Can one decry so noble an Art more effectually? And don't these Madwomen deserve to be thrown headlong into the River, to destroy this Race, and extirpate entirely a Heresy which has taken but too deep Root in our Country? But let us resume our Spirits, and give over Criticism.

One Day as I was going along the Street about some Business, I met by chance the Lawyer my last Master. As soon as he perceived me, he advanced towards me very fiercely, and without moving his Hat, tho' I had pull'd off mine, call'd me impertinent Puppy, and impudent Rascal, asking me, why I disgraced him so all over the Town, and told all the World what had passed in his House, after having promised never to divulge it. He added, that I was the most ungrateful Animal in the World, since I forgot so many Benefits which I had received from him, after he had taken me from the Dunghill. He concluded with telling me, that if I did not mend my Manners he would make me smart for it. Being shocked with his Threatnings, and yet more with the fine Titles wherewith he honour'd my growing Greatness, I clapt my Hat on briskly, and answer'd him with more Fierceness than he had costed me, that I thought him a very pretty Fellow to dare call me Rogue, me whom he had never found in any Roguery; that that Title

fitted him better than any one else, that without rehearsing all the Occasions wherein he had discovered his Villany, he should call to mind the Adventure of the Ladder, when he would have scal'd his good Neighbour's House: that as to the Ingratitude wherewith he taxed me, I did not know that I was beholden to him for any Favour, unless 'twere for having staid with him till I was in danger of being starved to Death. I added, that if I had been inclined to disgrace him, I might have publish'd a hundred scandalous Things whereof I had never opened my Lips to any one, and that without breaking my Promise; that what I had related of his heroick Deeds, with Regard to the most sordid Avarice, had been only to the Marquis, who perhaps had diverted himself with telling them *ratione thori* to his Wife, and she *ratione officij* to her Friends, which was what I could not prevent; and in fine, that in one Word as well as a Thousand, I laughed at him and all his Threats. I had no sooner spoken these last Words, than my Lawyer would have given me a good Box on the Ear; but seeing the Blow coming, I wheel'd about, and felt only the Wind. Hereupon I lost all Patience; the Affront he would have put upon me made all my Blood boil within me. The Romances I had read having given me a Relish of Chivalry, and thinking my self as valiant as *Amadis de Gaul*, or *Orlando Furioso*, capable of facing that terrible Gyant *Ardan* of *Canilia* with the Dog's Head, I told him with an Air and Tone that would have daunted the most daring Pillar of Chicane, that if he did not retire

tire immediately, or durst open his Mouth once more, I would drub him so soundly that he should ruin himself in Plaisters and Balsams. Thereupon clapping my Hand upon the Guard of my *Toledo*, this terrible Posture made the poor Devil fly as fast as his Legs could carry him, only muttering a little between his Teeth, so that I lost Sight of him in an Instant. I knew that the Marquis did not employ him any longer, because he had discover'd that he held a Correspondence with his Adversary, and had received Money of him to neglect his Business. This made me so brisk, believing he would not have the Impudence to complain to my Master, who in all probability would have treated him but scurvily, had he dar'd set Foot in his House.

About this Time our Tutor courted the Daughter of a rich Citizen, a Woollen-Draper, who liv'd over against us. As he was a handsome Man, in good Circumstances, and a fine Scholar, he soon obtain'd the young Woman in Marriage, and consequently was obliged to leave the Marquis. My Master would have got us another Tutor, but he who was going to leave us, told him, that we had made such Progress in the Languages, that we had no longer any need of a Preceptor, and that it would be better to send us to some University to pursue our Studies, the rather because we were of a competent Age, *Belindor* being eighteen Years old, and I twenty. The Marquis follow'd his Advice, and resolved to send us to *Louvain*, being willing his Son should study a little of the

Law there, as foreseeing that after his Death he would be involv'd in many Suits.

CHAP. V.

Mirandor goes with Belindor to Louvain, and falls in Love there.

IT WAS about Winter when we made the Preparations necessary for such a Journey, and the Marquis would have me attend his Son, in Quality of an Inspector of his Actions, so good an Opinion had he of my Conduct. Hereupon he presented me with fifty Crowns, to cloath my self suitably to that Rank, and gave us a Footman in whose Fidelity one might repose a Confidence, and who had served in the Family even before *Belindor* was born. The Marquis was resolved likewise to accompany us, in order to recommend us to a Professor with whom he was intimately acquainted, and with whom he intended we should board. In fine, we set out in a Coach, and arrived next Morning at *Louvain*, where we went directly to the Professor's, with whom the Bargain was soon made, and the Day after the Marquis having recommended to me to be very careful of his Son, returned to *Brussels*. The Professor, who was then Rector of the University, began a Lecture upon the *Institution* the very Week of our Arrival, on Account of

Us and some other Students who join'd Company with us; we also agreed with a fencing and dancing Master, that we might retain what we had already learnt.

One Sabbath Day as *Belindor* and I went to hear Mass at the *Jesuits* Church, by chance I kneel'd down by the Side of a Woman in Years, and a young Damsel who were both in mourning. When Mass was done the young one happening to let fall her Prayer Book, I catch'd it up, and presented it to her very respectfully. But how great was my Confusion, when turning to thank me with an admirable Grace, she gave me a Look which pierced me to the Heart? Never did I behold any thing so handsome, she was an Abstract of all that is most wonderful in Nature. I was smitten to that Degree, that I remain'd motionless, without thinking of following her to know her Lodging. I had spent too much time in reading the surprizing Effects of Love in Romances and other Books of that Kind, not to have a Heart susceptible of that noble Passion. However, as violent as it was, I did my utmost to conceal what pass'd in my Soul from *Belindor*, lest he should one Day suffer himself to be seduced by my Example.

Nevertheless my Pain was too violent, and my Friend too clear sighted not to observe my Disquiet and Melancholy. Accordingly he often ask'd me the Reason, but I could not prevail upon my self to reveal the Mystery to him, wherefore I only said that I was a little Indisposed. I did not fail going next Day, and several Days successively, very devoutly to the Church

Church where I had lost my Liberty, in Hopes of meeting there my Charming Unknown; but my cruel Stars were resolved to make me feel the whole Weight of my Chains, before I should enjoy the Blessing I so ardently sigh'd for. 'Twas in vain I continually trotted up and down the Town in order to discover my Fair One; my Labour was all to no Purpose.

In the mean while Love worked his usual Effects on me; all that used before to please me, became indifferent and even burthensome to me. I neglected my Studies and my Exercises; I could not relish even the most delicious Dishes, I could swallow nothing. My former Gaiety and good Humour was obscur'd by a Cloud of Sorrow and Melancholy. I fled all the World, and Solitude alone had any Charms for me. Retiring into my Chamber, or walking out of Town to the most unfrequented Places, I us'd to indulge my Passion at Liberty; then did I remember all I had read in Romances. I imitated those chimerical Heroes, and vented my Complaints either under some shady Oak, or by the Side of some murmuring Stream; nay I often drew my Sword, and clapt the Point to my Breast, but did not pierce it, for I had not yet quite lost my Reason. Then I blamed myself for having sometimes doubted whether an amorous Cavalier could travel some hundred Leagues without eating or drinking, only by the Force of thinking of his Mistress; for I was persuaded that I could not only imitate them, but even surpass them in that Article, and could easily run over all the Deserts of *Lybia* and *Arabia* without taking the least Nourishment.

rishment. To say all in one Word, I was metamorphos'd into an errant *Don Quixote*, and if I was not as mad as any one in *Bedlam*, 'twas more Thanks to my Stars than my Reason.

This Indisposition of the Mind was soon follow'd by that of the Body; for I had such a violent Fever without Intermission that the Physicians thought me in great Danger. *Belindor* nor our Professor knew not what to think at first, they suspected something that was very distant from Truth, altho' it had some Relation to Gallantry. But the Mistress of the House, who had still some Remains of Beauty, and was no Enemy to youthful Pleasures, wherewith those who take in Boarders will sometimes amuse themselves, although they are Professors Wives; this good Woman, I say, thinking she had more Penetration than the rest, fancy'd I might possibly be fallen in Love with her. She entertain'd this Thought, because I had always been very affable, and very officious in every thing that concerned her, and had often mention'd Love, and fetched deep Sighs in my Reserves. As she was too compassionate, and had too tender a Conscience to let a young Man like me dye for Love of her, she resolv'd to contribute towards my Cure. Accordingly one Day when she was alone with me, in an Interval of my Fever, she sat down on my Bed-side, and thus accosted me: "Dear *Mirandor*,
" You are too slow in revealing your Secret to
" a Person who has as great a Value for you,
" as you can have for her, and who is inclin-
" ed to refuse you nothing that can contribute
" towards your Cure." Thereupon without
G 4 farther

farther Ceremony she fell about my Neck, and gave me some Kisses, which made me comprehend of what Nature the Cure she mention'd was. But as I had read in my Romances that Impudence and Immodesty were always detested, and that a perfect Lover never was unfaithful to his Mistress, nor even subject to the least Temptation, even altho' the handsomest Princess in the World had lain naked by his Side, I resolv'd to observe religiously the Steps of these great Heroes of Chivalry. Wherefore I answered her that the Fever had still left me Judgment enough to turn my Eyes from an Object from whom I could receive no Relief without Breach of the conjugal Vow made by a Wife to her Husband, and that I believed her too virtuous even to let such things enter her Thoughts; that therefore I was persuaded she had only talk'd so to try me, and see if I was capable of having such Inclinations; and I assur'd her that if in my Reveries I had let slip any Word which discovered an amorous Inclination, it must certainly proceed from the Violence of my Fever, which had made me light-headed.

An Answer so unexpected surprized the Woman extremely; so that she did not at first know what to reply. But at last having recovered from her Confusion, and finding she was grossly mistaken, she answered like a subtle Jade, that she esteem'd me a thousand Times more than ever, on Account of my Reservedness and Chastity, and she own'd she had discourag'd me thus, only that she might judge better of my Heart, and rally me afterwards about the

the Words that had escaped me in my Reservations; that besides she was not so foolish to believe she had either Beauty or Merit enough to make any Man either fall in Love with her, or so sick as I was.

Here she ceased, to hear my Reply, but at last finding that I seemed as if I had not regarded what she said, she rose up and went away without speaking a Word more. I observed very well in the Sequel, on several Occasions, how much she was ashamed of having been mistaken, and her Rage against me for not espousing her Sentiments, and being correspondent to her Desires: And indeed what can be more shocking to the Sex, than to have their Offers rejected, when they have once run the Hazard of making Advances?

As my Sickness encreased every Day, and I began to look like a Shadow, *Belindor*, who was moved with my Condition, and began at last to suspect the Nature of my Distemper, address'd himself one Day to me thus: "Whence comes it, *Mirandor*, that you conceal so long from a Friend like me the Reason of your Melancholy? If either my Blood or my Fortune can be any way assistant to you, or relieve you, speak, open your Heart, I shall be always ready to spend either the one or the other for your Service." After such an obliging Offer, fearing I should render my self unworthy of his Friendship, if I should hide my Secret any longer from him, I made him this Answer: "Think not, generous *Belindor*, that I conceal any thing from you, for Fear of your being indiscreet, or that you would

“ not espouse my Interests; no, it is only Shame
“ has prevented me; I durst not discover my
“ Weakness to you. ’Tis true I am con-
“ vinced of your tender Friendship; but what
“ Relief would your Blood, which you offer
“ with so much Goodness, be to my Pain? No,
“ nothing in the World can give me any Con-
“ solation.” Thereupon I told him my meet-
ing with an Unknown in the Church, with
whom I fell in Love at first Sight, and what
Pains I had taken to discover where she lived;
and I concluded by telling him that my Life
and this Passion would both have the same Pe-
riod, and that very shortly. *Belindor* being
surprized at such a Declaration, would have
made me sensible how great my Folly was in
attaching my self in such a Manner to an Un-
known, at first Sight, without having previously
enquired after her, and how much I should
deserve to be laughed at, if this incomparable
Nymph should by chance be of the Order of
those Ladies who open the Cabinet of their good
Graces to all Comers and Goers for a Trifle;
wherefore he begged me to moderate my Pas-
sion ’till some News could be heard of her,
and promised to that End to go every Morn-
ing to Mass, and run through all the Streets in
Town to find out the Haunts of this adorable
Nymph, whom he very much suspected of be-
ing a Lady Adventurer. “ Hold, *Belindor*,
“ cry’d I, with a Romantick Enthusiasm, don’t
“ judge rashly of the most perfect Beauty that
“ ever enslaved a Heart, and don’t believe that
“ the Heavens would form such a Miracle to
“ be an Object of Unchastity and Disgrace,
“ the

“ the Modesty and Bashfulness which are en-
“ graven in indelible Characters on her Face
“ speak enough in her Favour. As to the Pains,
“ added I, you are willing to take to find her
“ out, I believe they will be of no Significa-
“ tion; for suppose you succeed, what Com-
“ fort shall I receive from thence? I have not
“ so far lost my Senses, to dare flatter my self
“ that this fair One, who in all Appearance is
“ of a rank superior to me, and to whom I
“ shall never have the Assurance to mention
“ the Meanness of my Extraction without dy-
“ ing with Shame, will ever listen to me,
“ much less return my Passion, without which
“ my Life will be a Burthen to me. There-
“ fore I conjure you, dear *Belindor*, by the
“ Friendship you have for me, if you would
“ any ways contribute to my Cure, beg rather
“ of Heaven that a speedy Death may put an
“ End to all my Sufferings.” I pronounced
these last Words with such a lamentable Tone,
that *Belindor* could not help being moved, find-
ing plainly that all he could say to me, instead
of giving any Ease to my Distemper, did but
serve to increase it.

About three Days after, *Belindor* entering
my Chamber, ran to embrace me, and said
with a great Transport of Joy: “ *Mirandor*,
“ be of good Cheer, and rejoice; I don’t doubt,
“ if I may judge by the Description you made
“ of her, but I have found your Charmer; and
“ if I am not mistaken, I have good News
“ to tell you. He added, that passing thro’ a
certain Street he had seen my Unknown at a
Window, and that whilst he was taken up in ob-
serving

serving her well, he saw a Student come out of the House, whom he had often met at the fencing School, and that having accosted him, he demanded who that young Damsel was; that the Student told him that she was his Cousin, and that her Father who had been Steward to some great Noble had dy'd lately; that this fair One, who was about eighteen, was called *Isabella*; that she had a Brother who study'd Physick, and in fine, that she was very rich. *Belindor* added, that the Student had offered, if he pleased, to bring him acquainted with the Brother. 'Tis impossible to express my Joy at this News, especially considering that my Charmer was not of such a good Family, and that consequently I should meet with fewer Obstacles to surmount in endeavouring to get Possession of that amiable Person. Wherefore passing from that Time from Death to Life, and from Despair to Hope, I could perceive I recovered Strength every Day.

As soon as I was able to stir out, I begged *Belindor* to accompany me to the Student's, to desire him to bring us acquainted with his Cousin. But as soon as we arrived there I had the Mortification to hear, that having received News of his Father's Death, he was set out for *Mechlin*, to which place he belonged. Being disappointed of this Assistance, *Belindor* shewed me *Isabella's* Lodging, before which I passed and repassed several Times that Day, but had not the good Fortune to see her. Next Morning at Day break, being impatient, I went again to the same Place, where I staid so long that at last I had the Advantage of seeing

ing at the Door the same Person I had met in the Church, who was giving some Orders to her Servant. At this charming Object I lost my Senses entirely; and that the Reader may judge that I had not an ill Taste, never did I see any thing so handsome; my Eyes were quite dazzled. She was of a middling Stature, and her Shape small and delicate. Her Hair, which served as so many Chains to my Liberty, surpassed the Rays of *Phæbus* in Brightness. Her large blue Eyes which were so lively and sparkling, they would have kindled a Flame in a Heart of Ice, excell'd the finest black Eyes in Lustre and Vivacity. Her Mouth and Lips, a Description whereof would require I know not how many Volumes, and whose Carnation would foil the shining Purple of King *Solomon's* Ceremonial Robes; her Lips, I say, seem'd to me two Pieces of the finest Coral that ever adorned the alabaster Neck of our Country Maidens of *North Holland*; and they were moistened with a *Nectar*, altho' I had not yet tasted it, compar'd to which the sweet Honey of *Athen's* would have seem'd as bitter as the Pills of *Dr. V...* These fine Lips served as a Bastion to two Rows of such transparent Pearl, that those which come to us from the East, and from *Sidon*, seem in Comparison thereof as yellow as Saffron. Her Ivory Neck, whose insnaring Folds were so many Springes not to be avoided by the most resolute and indifferent, or so many Intrenchments wherein the Loves kept in Ambuscade, excell'd the Swan in Whiteness. At the Bottom of this Field of Alabaster one might see two little ivory Mounts, whose

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dazzling

dazzling Whiteness was set off by some blewish Veins, and which by their convulsive and natural Motion seemed to beg my Assistance, to deliver them from the Prison wherein they were confin'd by a white sattin Gown bordered with black; which at the same Time concealed two Rubies that were worthy, not for their Bigness, but for their Beauty, to adorn the Turban of the Great *Mogul*. But to what Purpose should I make a longer Description of this charming Individual?

*Noscitur ex istis & cetera posse placere,
Quæ bene sub tenni condita veste latent.*

I shall say no more then of the rest of the Perfections of this adorable Person, lest I should disparage them by my feeble Efforts; and besides I never had the good Fortune to cast the Anchor of my Desires upon the charming Coasts of this Ocean of Pleasures; and moreover, a too particular Description would only excite certain immoderate Desires in every Reader who is susceptible of amorous Convulsions. Therefore I shall not conduct the Curious any farther than I went my self.

As I passed then before this charming Object, I made her such a profound Bow, that I was in danger of falling with my Nose into the Dung which a Horse had just dropt, and was then reeking. The Paleness of my Looks, which I had not recovered since my Illness, disguised me so at first that the Fair One did not recollect me, but on my returning back a Moment after, and making again a profound Scrape, the Curtesy she made me with a most gracious

gracious Smile made me judge that I was not altogether unknown to her. However I durst not accost her, tho' I had a strong Inclination to it; wherefore I contented myself with looking back every Minute, by which she might easily judge that my Heart wore her Chains.

Being come to the Corner of the Street, I saw the Servant come out, perhaps on some Message; however I made no Scruple of accosting her, and asking where her Mistress had been so long that I had never seen her either in the Street nor at Church. She answered, that her Mother, who was a very rigid Woman, and watched her narrowly, seldom permitted her to appear either at the Door, or Window, and that besides she had been indisposed several Days. The Maid, who lov'd prating, added, that her Mother, at the Sollicitation of her Son, who wanted to be sole Master of all the Estate, was resolved to put her Daughter into a Nunnery. These last Words were to me like a Stroke of Thunder. "O Heavens! cry'd I
" out then with Transport, what that Beauty
" which deserves the Homage of the whole
" Universe, shall she be born to Slavery, to
" die to the World, and spend her Life in an
" inaccessible Prison!" The Servant, whom I shall call for the future *Leonora*, easily apprehended by this Exclamation, that I was fallen in Love with her young Mistress, and she was entirely persuaded of it, when I told her that I had been sick to death for not having been able to find her out, as she might see by my Face which was still pale and dejected. Hereupon I conjur'd her to intercede with her Mistress

tress in my Behalf, and promised to reward her handsomely if she procured me an Opportunity of speaking to her. She answer'd, that it was impossible to be done at their House, because the Mother never suffer'd the Daughter out of her Sight, and that in the mean while, till an Opportunity should offer, I might venture a little *Billet doux* which she would call for to Morrow at my Lodging. An Offer so obliging made me immediately draw my Purse-strings and give her a Crown, which she took after some little Ceremonies for Form sake, and squeezing my Hand, protested, that 'twas out of good Will to me, and not for Interest, that she offered me her Service to be assistant to me in my Amours, that she should be ready Night and Day to execute my Commands, and that I need only write a Line, which she would call for next Morning, and endeavour to get me an Answer from her Mistress that very Evening. Having told her my Lodging, I left her as contented as if I had obtain'd the Empire of *Japan*; and on coming Home, and finding that *Belindor* was to stay with one of his Friends, I lock'd my self in my Chamber, took Pen in Hand, and writ a most passionate and poetical Epistle, with which I won't trouble the Reader.

Leonora did not fail coming next Day, as she had promised; accordingly I gave her the Verses, and she with a low Curtesy told me she hoped next Morning to bring me some good News from her Mistress. The Night following seem'd to me an Age, and I spent it in terrible Disquiets; next Morning betimes
the

the Servant returned, to inform me that her Mistress was charm'd with my Verses, that she had certainly a great Inclination for me, and that she had expressed a great deal of Compassion on hearing that I had been so dangerously ill on her Account. This News rejoiced me to that Degree, that I was within an Ace of taking *Leonora* round the Neck, and pay her for it with a Dozen of Kisses; but my Love being conscientious and delicate put a stop to a Motion so impetuous, and so contrary to the Rules of Chivalry. I did better in giving her a Crown, which undoubtedly was more meritorious; accordingly she promised in a short Time to help me to an Interview with her, after which she went away, leaving me the most contented in the World.

CHAP. VI.

Mirandor has a Quarrel at the Play-house, the Consequences thereof; he hears News of his Family.

A Company of French Comedians happening to arrive at *Louvain*, and having obtained Liberty to play during Lent; *Belindor* one Day propos'd going to see them, that it might in some Measure dispel my Melancholy. Hereupon I agreed, and he sent his Footman to keep two Places. The same Day we were invited to Dinner by two young Gentlemen of *Brussels*,

Brussels, with whom we had contracted Friendship; the Cloth being taken away, Cards were called for; *Belindor* was forced to play, and had so much good Fortune that he durst not leave Play when 'twas Time to go to the Comedy. Whereupon he desired me to go before and let his Footman keep his Place, and he would not be long after me. As soon as I got thither, I saw that a certain Gentleman whom I took for a Student, and who was in Company with a Lady, would have obliged our Footman to give him our two Places. I would not at first meddle in this Affair in respect to the Lady, and knowing besides that our Footman who was *French*, and a sturdy Fellow, would give him his Hands full. In vain did the Student swear and curse; the arch Rogue, without answering or looking at him, pretended to be asleep, which the other taking for a great Contempt shewn him, struck him three or four such sound Blows with his Cane on the bare Head that he stunned him, and knocked him down. I was too much attached to *Belindor* to suffer such an Affront to go unpunished; wherefore without Hesitation, I began to pay this insolent Fellow in the same Coin, having luckily a Cane likewise in my Hand; and after a good Number of Bastinado's I leap'd backwards, and immediately drew my Sword. The other being enrag'd at being so insulted in the open Theatre, flew at me likewise furiously with Sword in Hand. I saw plainly that I had no Novice to deal with, for we made such home Passes at each other, that one of us must quickly have fallen, if some Students

Students had not slept between: Nor would that have signify'd any thing, if all the Spectators, seeing the Curtain drawn, had not cry'd out with all their might, *Silence, Silence, Peace there, Peace there*: However the Cries and Prayers of the Ladies moderated our Rage the most.

The first Act was hardly over, when *Belindor* enter'd, and came and sat by me, and seeing by my Air that something extraordinary had happen'd, he demanded earnestly the Reason of my Emotion. At first I made some Difficulty of satisfying him, for being Inspector over his Conduct, I ought to have endeavour'd to prevent all Misfortunes; but at last reflecting that perhaps the Students would despise him if he did not resent such an Affront done to his Livery, I thought my self obliged to make him a Recital of all that had passed. As he was hasty and passionate, 'twas with the greatest Difficulty in the World I hinder'd his going and caning the insolent Fellow upon the Spot; however he swore he would attack him on his coming out of the Playhouse, altho' he was in Company with a Lady, and pay him the Sum total of the Strokes he had given his Footman with Interest. 'Twas in vain I set before his Eyes the Regard and Respect due to the fair Sex, and advised him to demand Satisfaction after a handsomer Manner; he bid me very sharply not stun his Brain, if I would not lose his Friendship. I was obliged then to hold my Tongue, being heartily vex'd I had not concealed from him what had passed, and dreading some Misfortune which without Doubt would be imputed to me. As

As soon as the Play was done, he went out without speaking a Word to me, and I follow'd to assist him in Case of Need, and we took our Stand near the Door that we might not miss our Man. At last the Gentleman appear'd with his Mistress, and walk'd by us with a Footman before him, with a Flambeau in his Hand; *Belindor* follow'd, and I accompany'd him *nolens volens*. As soon as we arrived at a Street where very few pass'd near the Convent of the *Capuchins*, *Belindor* accosted him, and demanded what provok'd him to insult one in his Livery so insolently. The other answer'd fiercely, that he was not then in a Humour to give him an Account thereof; and that if he thought himself offended he would give him Satisfaction when he would. This Answer made *Belindor* lose all Patience, wherefore without deferring it a Moment he began to lay on my Gentleman soundly with his Cane, after which he drew his Sword and the other did the same. But the *Valet* of the latter putting himself in a Posture as if he would have assisted his Master, I gave him such a Stroke in the midst of his Face with my Fist that I stunned him, and fell'd him to the Ground with his Flambeau. In the mean while *Belindor* press'd briskly upon his Enemy, and had at last the good Fortune to disarm him, after which, taking his Sword, he presented it to the Lady, whom I had kept by my Side, that no Accident might befall her, saying: "Here, Madam, is a Sword which your Guide is unworthy to wear any longer; I surrender it to you, to use it as you please; and in the mean while

while beg your Pardon for having done in your Presence an Insult which he drew upon himself by his Brutality. This said he gave it her, whilst his Antagonist, ready to burst with Spite at hearing such a severe Raillery, only answered, *Sir, Sir, that's enough; I know you, and we will learn in a short time to know one another better.*

Next Morning before we were stirring our Footman came to inform us that a Student desired to speak with us; whereupon we got up with all speed, and ordered him to be brought in. After having saluted us very civilly, he gave a Letter to *Belindor*, which was directed to us both, and which he said came from the Person with whom we had an Affair the Night before; whereupon opening it he found it indited in these Terms.

Gentlemen,

“ **T**HE bloody Affront you both put up-
 “ on me last Night in the Presence of a
 “ Person for whom all the World, except
 “ your selves, has a Respect, is but too fresh
 “ for you to have so soon forgot it. Where-
 “ fore, as you certainly are not ignorant to
 “ what the Point of Honour obliges us, you
 “ will not be surprized that, in Order to re-
 “ ceive Satisfaction, I expect to see you Sword
 “ in Hand at nine this Morning at the Place
 “ where the Bearer, who shall be my Second,
 “ shall conduct you. You need not fear my
 “ making use of any other Advantage against
 “ you than that of my Courage.

Belindor

Belindor had scarcely read these last Words before he burst out a Laughing, and turning to the Bearer of the Letter said to him: "If your Friend has as much Courage as he would insinuate in his Letter, it must be own'd that he knows how to counterfeit admirably, for last Night he gave me not the least Proof of it. And as for your Part, Sir, had not you presented me this Note with so much Civility as you did, you should be taught how 'tis usual to answer upon the Spot to the sending of a Challenge, and how they treat those who run the Risque of being the Bearers. However, without refusing to make a Trial of this Courage which is so much bragg'd of, you may tell your Friend that we will be ready to follow you, as soon as you come to conduct us." Hereupon the Student went away, and returned very soon to tell us that his Friend was already gone before, with only his Footman in Company, and that we might do the same. But as *Belindor* had been informed that his Enemy was of *Louvain*, and had a great many Friends, he insisted that his Second should assure him upon Honour that he should have no more with him; which the Student swore, and added, that if he was not persuaded his Friend was a gallant Man, and incapable of any base Action, he would have been careful how he had offer'd him his Service. Thereupon he presented us a Ribband, which was the Measure of his Enemy's Sword, that we might take one of the same Length. But *Belindor* answered, with an Air of Indifference, that we would make use of the same as we always

ways wore; and that altho' they were shorter than the Measure, an Inch of Courage lengthen'd a Sword above half an Ell.

Upon this we went out together, and being about a Quarter of a League from the City, we saw behind a little rising Ground the Person who waited for us, sitting upon the Grass, and having only a Footman with him who held his Arm. He was in a Waistcoat, with a Cloak thrown over it, and his Hair ty'd up with a black Ribband. At our Approach he rose up, and began to walk up and down with a fierce Pace, whilst *Belindor* was pulling off his Coat, that it might not hinder him in the Encounter. I then told the other Second, that my Friend desired, that during their Engagement we would not draw to beat down their Swords, but that at our Entreaty they might stop to take a little Breath; and I added, that after they were satisfy'd, we to observe a Decorum might take a Dance together. He consented thereunto; and whilst we were thus talking, I perceived his Friend draw a great Stick from under his Cloak, wherewith he was going to strike *Belindor* on the Back, to revenge himself for the Blows he had received from him. And he had accordingly done it, had I not seized his Arm, and taken the Weapon from him. *Belindor* being incens'd at such an Action, immediately lifted his Cane, and gave him some smart Strokes about the Ears, whereupon our two Champions soon had their Swords drawn. The Combat was very fierce; *Belindor* was animated by the Insult which was going to be put upon him, and the other exasperated by the fresh Caning he

he had received. If I would imitate *Ariosto's* Style, or that of some other Romance, I might say, that the Thrusts they made at each other were so terrible that the Earth trembled for five Leagues round; and the Fire which issued from the Clashing of their Swords would have burnt up the whole *Black Forest*, from one End to the other, with a Thousand other fine Things of the same Nature; but being resolved to be an exact and faithful Historian, I shall only say that the Victory was long doubtful. For altho' *Belindor* was nimble and understood how to use a Sword very well, the other was much stronger, and did not want Courage; insomuch that altho' they made very home Passes at each other, it was long before either could gain any Advantage of his Adversary. At last *Belindor*, when his Enemy would have made a Volte had the good Luck to give him a Thrust in the right Arm, which entered at the Wrist and went out at the Elbow; and as the Sinews were hurt, he was obliged to drop his Sword, and beg his Life. *Belindor* granted it, on Condition he should not say a Word of this Combat to any one whatever, to the End this Affair might not come to the Knowledge of the Professors, who had very lately prohibited Duels, on Pain of Expulsion or corporal Punishment. This the other promised, tho' he would not hear any Reconciliation mention'd, which *Belindor* offer'd him very generously: He only said, they should meet again once more. I then proposed to the other Second to measure our Swords likewise a little; but his Companion's Lot having taken away his Appetite, he reply'd, that

that the Quarrel not concerning us, we might be very well excused from fighting, and that besides it was not the Custom in those Parts. Wherefore *Belindor* and I being content with the Honour we had acquired, returned very quietly to Town. I was very much rejoic'd we had got out of this ugly Broil so fortunately; otherwise I should for ever have forfeited the Marquis's Favour; or else I should have been obliged to leave the Town, and so be deprived of the Sight of my charming *Isabella*, which would have been the greatest Misfortune that could have befallen me. I was likewise very glad that all who were upon the Field of Battle, both Masters and Servants, would keep the Secret; and as to those who saw the first Scene at the Playhouse, we only told them that we were reconcil'd, and that the other, who did not appear at any publick Places, was gone a Journey.

In the mean while my Thoughts were all upon my fair One, and I contrived all manner of ways to entertain her in Private; but to obtain this was very difficult, for her Mother very seldom suffered her to stir abroad without her, neither would she give Entrance at Home to any Gallant, of any Rank whatever. Wherefore I was forced to be contented with passing often by the House, and saluting my Mistress in a respectful Manner, when I had the good Fortune to see her at her Window, or at the Door; and when she perceiv'd me, she would return it by a very gracious Curtesey, which was to me a great Consolation. But as the Sufferings of Love are too painful, when one

can't ease one's Heart by revealing them, I resolv'd to express my Passion in a Song, and to sing it my self one Night before my Charmer's Window. As I understood somewhat of Musick, and had a pretty good Voice, two Musicians were sufficient to accompany me; one with a Lute, and the other with a Viol *de Gambo*; when I sung her a Song, the Air whereof was very fine; but for the Verses, that is another Case.

As soon as I had done singing, the Window was open'd, and I saw *Leonora*, who thank'd me in her Mistress's Name for the Honour I had just done her, but begged me not to continue, for fear her Mother, who was very delicate upon that Article, should awake. As the Will of *Isabella* was a Law to me, I retir'd, altho' I had compos'd another Song, and reserved it for another Occasion.

Next Morning I met *Leonora* in the Street, who told me that her Mistress was mightily pleas'd with my Musick, and that she desired a Copy of my Song, which, as I had it about me, I gave her. She inform'd me also that her Mistress was to go with her Mother to a Country-House of her Uncle's, about half a League from Town, to see her Brother who was fallen sick there, and that she would stay two or three Days. This News chagrined me very much; however as I would not let slip the least Opportunity of seeing my lovely Charmer, I went out of the City Gate thro' which she was to pass, where I had not walk'd long before I saw her with her Mother in a Calash; and she saluted me with such an obliging Smile,
that

that I return'd into the City as contented as a Monarch.

Being near the Gate, I happen'd to cast my Eyes upon the Centinel, whom I thought I had seen somewhere; and upon considering him well, remembered he had been formerly journeyman Taylor to my Father, and that I left him at Home when I quitted the House. Being desirous of hearing some News of my Mother, and all the Family, I made my self known to this Soldier, who was extremely surprized at seeing me in such a handsome Dress, and did not recover till he had crossed himself several Times, and said as often *Jesu Maria*. He told me then that my Mother, instead of expressing the least Regret at my Loss, wish'd that I might break my Neck for having robbed her of some Money. He added, that she grew so lazy, and had at last run so much in Debt for her Belly, that her Creditors had seiz'd all her Goods, even to her Beds and Chairs, which had oblig'd her to give over Shopkeeping, and dismiss all her Workmen; that from that Time she had prostituted her self to all Comers, and that after being got with Child by a Soldier, who would not marry her, she follow'd the Regiment and serv'd as Trull to all the Scum in the Army; and that at last having contracted a Distemper, which was the Fruit of her Debaucheries, some charitable Persons had got her into an Hospital, where she had ended her Days miserably. He told me moreover, that my next Brother had left the House two Days after me, and that from that Time no News had been heard of him; that two of my Sisters, and one Bro-

her were dead ; and that a certain Counsellor who had been long our Neighbour, and was Godfather to one of my Brothers, had taken his Godson for his Clerk ; that one of my Sisters was waiting Woman to one of the first Ladies in *Utrecht* ; and that another was Seamstress in our Town, and liv'd pretty well. In fine, he concluded his most edifying Account by telling me that for his Part he inlisted when he was drunk.

All this News surpriz'd me extremely, especially my Mother's scandalous Life, and melancholy End, which made me shed some Tears, altho' she did not deserve them. As I was fearful lest this Soldier should mention me to any one, whereby *Isabella* might come to hear of the Meanness of my Birth, I gave him a handsome Present to drink my Health, and desired him to be as silent as Death upon that Article, and come to me when he wanted any thing, both of which he promised upon his Word.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

The Progress of Mirandor's Amour; how he revenges himself of the Patrole, for an Affront done him.

THE Absence of *Isabella* was a very sensible Mortification to me; my only Comfort was in passing and repassing before-her Door, and like the most passionate of Lovers in saluting her Window as if it had been her self. At last, as soon as she returned, *Leonora* came to inform me, and tell me that her young Mistress had obtained leave of her Mother to go that Night to the Play-House with one of her Friends, that they would send a Footman to keep two Places, and that she

she advised me likewise to have one kept for me by them, that I might have Opportunity to speak to my Mistress. Being charm'd with this Advice, I thank'd the good Girl a hundred Times, and did not fail sending our *Valet* to the House with Orders to place himself by a Footman who wore such a Livery: This done, I got good Provision of Oranges, and Sweatmeats of all Sorts, and went betimes to the Play-house. In fise, in a short Time the two Friends enter'd and took their Places; let any Person, who has ever felt the least Spark of Love, judge if I had not then Reason to be in an Extasy, and whether I would have changed Conditions with the happiest of Monarchs. I saluted my fair One with the profoundest Bow that was ever made at the Academy of *Rochefort* at *Paris*, after which I remain'd motionless as if I had been petrify'd. For a long while I could not tell how to begin the Conversation; at last having recovered my self a little, I said, with more Emotion, and with a more trembling Voice, than a Criminal going to be hang'd, that I durst not have flatter'd my self that Heaven would have been so favourable to me, as to place me by the brightest Star in the Firmament, and that from that Moment I should esteem my self the happiest of Mortals. " If, reply'd she, " you found your Felicity upon a Thing of " so little Value, it will be easy to satisfy " you: But whatever Wit you may have, what " can one judge of the Taste of a Man, who " makes his Happiness consist on being near " an Object so little deserving such Homage?

Just as I was ready to answer a Compliment so witty and polite, the Curtain was drawn up, which obliged me to Silence. During all the first Act the Ladies never turn'd their Eyes off the Stage; and as soon as it was finish'd, I open'd my Confectioner's Shop, and fill'd their Laps. Then what with munching, and what with taking Courage, I told *Isabella* in the liveliest Terms I could invent, how much I had languish'd and suffer'd since the happy Moment I had first seen her at Church; and I had the good Fortune to express my self in so tender and patherick a Manner, that she seem'd to be moved. She exclaimed very much against her Mother's Severity, who would seldom suffer her out of her Sight, but depriv'd her of the most innocent Pleasures, and even designed in a little Time to put her in a Convent, to which she had not the least Inclination. Hereupon I blamed such a Tyranny extremely, and curs'd a hundred Times this Madwoman, who after having indulged her self in her Youth to a Satiety of the Pleasures of Life, would not let her Daughter so much as taste them.

Here the Beginning of a new Act interrupted our farther Discourse; the Play was the *Cid* of *Corneille*, which Tragedy pleas'd the Ladies infinitely, particularly *Isabella's* Friend, who said she should be glad to read it. As I had all this Author's Works, I begged her to give me leave to present them to her, and send them next Day by my Footman. She answered, that as she had never deserv'd such a Civility, she would not lay her self under an Obligation which she did not know how to repay, and that

therefore 'twas sufficient if I would have the Goodness to lend them her ; and that if the Book was not too large for me to carry my self, she should be better pleased if I would bring it to her my self. Hereupon she told me her Name, which was *Dorothea*, and that she lived two Doors from *Isabella*. I reply'd, that I should be proud to make use of the Liberty she was so kind to grant me, not to receive any Thanks for such a Trifle, but to pay her my Respects, and assure her of my Obedience. I was ravished with this Offer, because by *Dorothea's* Means, I might have an Opportunity of seeing my *Isabella*, whose Mother sometimes suffer'd her to go alone to this Friend's.

When the Play was over, I offer'd *Isabella* to accompany her Home ; but she being willing to excuse her self civilly, because her Footman would take care of her, *Dorothea*, who was willing to favour me, laughed at her Delicacy, and taking me by the Arm, placed me between them. No, till that time I never was sensible of such a Pleasure ; not so much because I was between two handsome Women, as because my Mistress squeez'd my Hand softly from Time to Time. And I was in such an Extasy, that I was often within an Ace of crying out in an amorous Enthusiast, just as I had seen *Rodrigo* in the Play: *Appear you Navarrois, Moors, Castilians, &c.* All that I ever read in Romances came then crowding into my Head. I should have defy'd all the *Orlando's*, *Amadis*, and *Don Quixotes* to single Combat ; nay I even thought my self brave enough to face and lay under Foot the most terrible Giants

ants that ever were mentioned in the genuine Histories of Knight-Ernantry.

I thought the way very short from the Play to *Isabella's*, where *Dorothea* was to stay to Supper. Being arrived there, my Charmer excus'd herself for not desiring me to walk in, for fear of her Mother; but told me, that if I brought the Books I had promised next Day to her Friend's, she might chance to drop in likewise. I went away then the most contented in the World, and informed *Bolindor* of all that had passed, after which I went to Bed, but could not shut my Eyes all Night, so much I wished for the Hour of *Rendezvous*. At last, after a long Impatience, the Moment so much desir'd arriv'd, and I went to *Dorothea's* with *Corneille's* Works, where I was receiv'd with all the Civility imaginable. *Isabella* enter'd soon after, and I saluted her very respectfully, but being innocent and a Novice at the Trade, durst not advance to kiss her. She observed it, and being willing to pity me, approached so near, that I must have been as stupid as a Stone had I not made use of such Advances. I gave her a Kiss then trembling, but that so significantly, that she could not forbear blushing. Thereupon we enter'd into a Conversation the softest imaginable, wherein she gave me plainly to understand that I was not indifferent to her. The Result of this first Conference was, that I should pretend Love to her Friend that I might come thither the more frequently, and have more Opportunities of seeing her without giving Umbrage to her Mother. At last she got up, and promised to be there again next

Day, whereupon being now once enter'd, I ventured to give her a Kiss of my own Accord. I staid afterwards above an Hour with *Dorothea*; and in Obedience to my Charmer began to lay Siege to her. She took it all for Gospel, and I found by her Answers, that the Garrison was so weak within, I should soon bring the Town to capitulate. Our Interviews lasted several Days without any Disturbance, during which I made an entire Conquest of my dear *Isabella's* Heart.

One Night on my Return to my Lodging, the Footman told me that *Belindor* staid to sup with the two Gentlemen of *Brussels* whom I before mention'd, and that he had ordered him to tell me as soon as I should come Home to go to them thither immediately. I thought it proper for me to go, for fear my Refusal should provoke *Belindor*, wherefore I went, and arrived there before Supper was served up. We were treated very handsomely, and drank plentifully, neither would they let us part till Midnight, and even then the two Masters of the Feast would accompany us, to walk and take a little Air by the Light of the Moon, which shone very bright. As we passed along a little Street which was in our Way, we found our selves surrounded on a sudden by six or seven Soldiers, who demanded our Swords, and would have made us Prisoners. Being surpriz'd at such a Compliment, which we had no ways deserved, not having committed any Disorder in the Street, we stood upon our Defence, being with our Servants as strong as they. The Corporal seeing us in that Posture, order'd his
Men

Men to fall upon us with their half Pikes such an Entertainment not being very agreeable to us, we did our utmost to revenge our selves of them for this Insult. *Belindor* being exasperated to the last Degree, attack'd them so briskly that he soon laid two of them at his Feet, and the others were just going to betake themselves to Flight, when unfortunately for us the Watch came up at the Noise. Then not being able to resist fifteen or sixteen we were forced to surrender, after receiving several more Blows with their half Pikes.

We were carry'd then to the Guard, where we were obliged to pass that Night; at break of Day *Belindor* wrote to the Rector of the University, where we lodg'd, to tell him that without having committed the least Disorder we had been barbarously misused, and besides were made Prisoners. In the mean while the Corporal having look'd us in the Face by Day light, and seeing that we were not the Persons he designed to have seiz'd, ask'd us a Million of Pardons for having insulted us by Mistake, which *Belindor* did not fail inserting in his Letter. But whatever Authority or good Will our Professor had for us, he could not get us releas'd so soon as he could have desired, because one of the Soldiers that were wounded died the same Night. Wherefore the Captain of the Watch demanded a good Sum of Money, and insisted on our finding him a Man in the Room of him that was killed. At last the Corporal having assur'd him that he had been mistaken we were set at Liberty, and the Rogue was condemned not only to make the Captain

Amends for his Loss, but also to dance eight Times to the Beat of Drum, that is to say, to run the Gauntlet as often. This Punishment was an extream Pleasure to the Students, of whom he was a great Persecutor, seizing and beating them as often as he could catch any of them, even for the most trivial Offences. However the Affront this Brute had put upon us was too outrageous for us to be contented with the Chastisement inflicted on him by the Judges; wherefore we swore to be revenged without any One's being concerned therein but our own Company, for fear that the Secret getting Vent, we should bring our selves into some new Broil. Hereupon we consulted a long while what Method to take; at last having thought of one, I told the Gentlemen in Council that I would take the whole Affair upon my self, and would engage very soon to give them Satisfaction.

I went then with *Belindor's* Servant and bought sixty Ells of Sackcloth, and I ordered him (he having formerly been a Journeyman Taylor) to make it all up into one large Sack, the Mouth whereof was to be answerable to the Size of a Gate that was in a certain Street, thro' which the Patrole us'd to pass every Night, and not to take any Notice thereof to *Belindor* or the two Gentlemen. The Sack being made, and having informed my self what Hour the Corporal was to go his Rounds, we all repaired to that Gate, with all the necessary Implements

Then I declared my Design to the Company, who were very impatient to see the Effects thereof. The Sack was twenty Ells long, and at the

the Mouth which was of the same Size as the Gate, were two strong Cords which one might pull and draw it close like a Purse. Our Footman then nail'd the Sack round the opening of the Gate, in such a Manner that on pulling the Cords the Sack should get loose and close. At the Bottom of the Sack I had put two Loops wherein we ran two long Sticks to raise and keep it open, so that one might enter it full speed and upright as one goes under an Arch. Every thing being put in Order, I placed *Belindor* with his Footman on one Side of the Sack, and the two Gentlemen on the other, whilst I waited the Corporal's Arrival at the End of the Street. As soon as I heard him at some Distance, being willing to draw him our Way, I began to strike the Stones with my Sword, and break some Windows. Hereupon he and his Gang directed their Steps towards me, intending to maul me according to their usual Custom, and hearing me run they pursued me towards the Sack, by the Side whereof I passed.

The Night was so dark that our Enemies did not discover the Trap, but all of them enter'd the Sack very fairly, and being come to the End tumbled one over the other. Then we drew the Cords, and the Sack closing, we laid upon it soundly with good Cudgels, without deferring our Vengeance any longer. We soon heard the Lamentations of our Prisoners, without knowing which of them had most Reason to complain; for they who were uppermost felt a Shower of Blows fall upon them, and the others no doubt felt no less, because

the stamping with their Feet of those who trod upon them made good Part of the malignant Influences, which fell as thick as Hail upon their Companions, light upon them. This Dance and this mournful Musick lasted till we were weary of beating Time to it; besides, being at last moved with Compassion for these poor Prisoners in this enchanted Castle, whose doleful Complaints would have melted the Heart of the most barbarous *Iroquois* or *Cannibal*, we open'd the Sack, just enough to give Passage to the Captives one after the other. Each strove to be the first to get out of this infernal Den; it was only those who were lam'd who were the slowest. Coming out of this Cage, all of them were obliged to leave their Spoils, that is their Swords and half Pikes; and as a farther Token of our Favour to Mr. Corporal, he was presented by each of us with half a Dozen Cuffs on the Ear, and as many Kicks on the Breech; after which he fled from us halting, as if the Devil had been at his Heels.

Their first Care without doubt was to take Refuge, some at a Surgeon's to get their Wounds and Contusions dressed, and others to drink Spruce Beer to cure their Bruises, chear their Hearts and recover themselves from their deadly Fright. When this batter'd Troop were thus marched off without Beat of Drum, we retired with our Sack, and the Spoils of our Enemies, wherewith we erected a Trophy in our Chamber to eternize such a glorious Victory. The Fame of this comical Adventure was soon spread all over the Town, and serv'd for a Diversion in all Companies, without their being
able

able to suspect the Authors of this Tragi-Comedy. And the Captain of the Watch being scandalized at his Subaltern's suffering his Arms to be taken from him, had him well drubbed, and discharg'd him.

CHAP. II.

*He is attack'd in the Night by an Unknown,
who discovers himself.*

IN the mean while I saw *Isabella* every Day at *Dorothea's*, of whom both of us seem'd the fondest in the World, so that the poor Creature was perswaded that my visiting there so frequently was wholly upon her Account. One Night as I was returning Home pretty late, and passing thro' a little Street, I received such a Thrust through my Body with a Sword, that I not only had not Strength enough to pursue my Enemy, who saved himself by the Darkness of the Night, but also dropped down in the Street. Fortunately for me a Citizen passing that Way, and hearing my Complaints, stopp'd one who carry'd a Lanthorn, and seeing my Condition, help'd carry me to a Surgeon's to have my Wound dressed.

Having recover'd my Spirits, they enquired my Lodging, whither they convey'd me in the most deplorable Pickle in the World. As soon as *Belindor* saw me all over cover'd with Blood,

without giving hardly any Signs of Life: " Ah
 " dear *Mirador*, cry'd he, what are you go-
 " ing to leave me? Can I live without you?
 " No, I will, I ought to follow you; Life
 " cannot but be hateful to me without you.
 " But if I must survive you, at least tell me
 " before you leave me, what perfidious Wretch,
 " what Villain has dar'd attempt your Life,
 " that I may immediately take a just Revenge
 " of him." 'Twas almost in these very Words
 that the tender *Belindor* expressed the Share he
 took in my Misfortune. But finding that I made
 him no Answer by Reason I was too weak,
 he fell upon me all drown'd in Tears, think-
 ing that I was past all Hopes.

His Despair encreased when upon asking the
 Surgeon what he thought of my Wound, he
 received no other Answer than a Shrug with
 his Shoulders, which made him judge the Wound
 was mortal; and indeed the Thrust was quite
 through my Lungs, so that whenever I fetch'd
 my Breath, I was in inexpressible Torture.

At last having recovered my Spirits a little,
 by the Care that was taken of me, *Belindor* a-
 gain conjured me to tell him the Name of the
 Assassin, but I could only inform him of the
 Place where I met with the Misfortune. Af-
 ter he had again begun his Lamentations, he fell
 into a profound Musing, which however did
 not last long, for rising on a sudden, he cry'd
 out in a Sort of Transport: " No, no, dear
 " *Mirador*, your Death shall not go unreveng-
 " ed; I know the Traitor, Heaven has reveal-
 " ed him to me, it must be the Student with
 " whom we had lately a Quarrel out of Town.

The

“ The Wretch thought he could not revenge
 “ himself on me more effectually than by rob-
 “ bing me of my dearest Friend ; but though I
 “ don’t know the Abode of the base Wretch,
 “ I will make such strict Search after him, that
 “ in the End I will find him out.” He would
 have gone that Moment to execute his Design,
 if his Tenderness to me had not obliged him to
 stay with me in the Condition I was then in,
 for fear I should dye whilst he was running a-
 bout the Town. Wherefore he spent the whole
 Night by my Bedside, tho’ I would fain have
 persuaded him to have gone to Bed.

That whole Night I was in continual Pain,
 and the Surgeon returning betimes next Morn-
 ing to take off the first Dressing, after putting
 on his Barnacles, and considering well the Depth
 and Suppuration of the Wound, this Imp of St.
Cosmus began to conceive great Hopes of my
 Condition ; accordingly his Care, his Ointments,
 and Balsams, but above all my Youth, and
 the Goodness of my Constitution restored me
 by Degrees to my Health. Some Days after
 this melancholy Catastrophe, *Leonora* came to
 visit me from her Mistress, who had been in-
 formed of my Misfortune, and delivered me
 this Letter.

“ Dear *Mirandor*,

“ **T**HE fatal Thrust which has wounded
 “ you has done a double Murther, for it
 “ has pierced my Heart ; judge by that of the
 “ greatness of my Love. I find that I shall
 “ die with Grief if Heaven in Compassion does
 “ not

“ not prevent my Death by your speedy Cure;
 “ since then my Life depends upon your Re-
 “ covery, neglect nothing that may contribute
 “ to the restoring your Health, and the Pre-
 “ servation of my Life, if you desire one Day
 “ to enjoy your faithful

Isabella.

Never did the great *Æsculapius* invent a more
 healing Balsam, than these Lines were to my
 Wound; it both gave me Life and Strength.
 However Excess of Joy had almost spoiled all
 the Work, or, to speak less trivially, had al-
 most sent me to walk for ever along the Banks
 of *Acheron*. But being at last recover'd, I re-
 turn'd *Isabella* a thousand Thanks for sympa-
 thizing so far with my Misfortune, and as weak
 as I was I resolv'd to write to her. I would
 at first have epistoliz'd her in Verse, as think-
 ing that Style more energick than Prose. But
 not being able to conjure up any poetical Flights,
 as if the Gipsies the Muses had been of Intel-
 ligence with my Wound, and had made their
 Escapes thro' the Hole drill'd in my Body, I
 chose the Method that was least troublesome.
 Having then Paper and Ink brought me, I wrote
 the following Letter.

“ Lovely *Isabella*;

“ THE sorrow you express at my Misfor-
 “ tune would render my Wound incurra-
 “ ble, if the tender and comfortable Expres-
 “ sions in your Letter did not give me the great-
 “ est Relief imaginable. I should be unwor-
 “ thy

“ thy of possessing so inestimable a Blessing as
“ you have made me hope for, if I did not
“ do my utmost to prolong a Life which may
“ one Day bring me to perfect Happiness. How-
“ ever I am not entirely out of Danger; but
“ by the good Effects your dear Letter has al-
“ ready produced in me, I believe that if you
“ continue every Day to give me the same Con-
“ solation, it will prove a more effectual Bal-
“ sam than all the Ingredients in the Apothe-
“ caries Shops. Don't then, my Dearest, de-
“ prive me of it, if you desire the speedy Re-
“ covery of him who will sooner cease to live,
“ than to be your faithful

Mirandor.

Accordingly *Leonora* carry'd this Letter to her Mistress, who had the Complaisance to write to me frequently, which had such a good Effect, that in a Fortnight they assured me I was out of Danger, so powerful is the pleasing Thought of possessing a Person so amiable. 'Twas then to these flattering Ideas I ow'd my Cure, rather than to the Surgeon's Balsams, Ointments or Plaisters, who to inhaunce the Value of his Skill, almost stunned me with extolling in the choicest Terms of his Art, his wonderful Remedies, and the unheard of Cures which he alone was capable of performing.

In the mean while *Belindor* was still fully persuaded that the Student with whom he had fought was the Author of this Assassination. Whereupon after much Enquiry he found out his Lodging, but was informed that he had been absent some Weeks, which obliged him to de-
fer

fer his Revenge to another Time. But how great was our Surprize, when about three Weeks after my being hurt, a little Boy brought me this Letter.

“ ’TIS impossible, miserable Wretch as
 “ you are, to express my Rage and Des-
 “ pair at hearing that you recover, and that I
 “ have miss’d my Aim. I intended to have
 “ revenged my self on you for the Injury you
 “ did in doing me ill Offices at the Marquis’s,
 “ and to have made my self amends with your
 “ Blood for the Loss of my Ease and Fortune.
 “ But tho’ you have escap’d again this Time,
 “ don’t flatter yourself too much, I shall com-
 “ pass my Ends sooner or later, for I will
 “ follow you to the remotest Corner of the
 “ World. Never shall I rest till I have sat-
 “ isfied my Rage in your Blood, after which the most
 “ cruel Punishment will not appear dreadful to
 “ me; for after having deprived me of all the
 “ Comforts I formerly enjoy’d, Death of any
 “ Sort is a hundred Times preferable to the
 “ miserable Life I lead through your Means.
 “ Therefore give not your self so much Trouble
 “ to preserve a Life which you only prolong a
 “ little to increase your Sufferings the more;
 “ for you shall no ways escape the Vengeance
 “ of your ever irreconcilable Enemy

La Fleur.

How great was our Astonishment on find-
 ing that the Assassin was the same *Valer de*
Chambre who had always persecuted me at the
 Marquis’s! Wherefore having enquired of the
 Bear-

Beater who was the Person who had given him the Letter, and where he was ; the Boy answered, that a Stranger, whom he described so that we no longer doubted but it really was *la Fleur*, had given it him in the Street, order'd him to deliver it to a Student, who lay wounded in that House, and promised to pay him for his Trouble as soon as he should return with an Answer to the Corner of a certain Street where he would wait for him. Hereupon *Belindor*, being no longer Master of himself, took his Sword, and ran immediately to the appointed Street with his Footman and the Boy, but finding no Body, return'd Home disconsolate. A Moment after he went out again to communicate this Letter to the Governor, but whatever Care was taken to find out the Villain, they could hear no News of him, though they search'd all the Taverns and Alehouses in the Town.

This Adventure made *Belindor* and me resolve never more to separate, and to go always well arm'd, knowing well that we could not be too much upon our Guard against the Threats of a desperate Wretch who has nothing to lose but a Life which is render'd odious to him by his Misery.

CHAP. III.

Dorothea being jealous disturbs Mirandor's Amours; he fights his Mistress's Brother, and kills him; Isabella's Death.

AT last I recover'd entirely; and as soon as my Strength would suffer me to venture out, went in a Coach to *Dorothea's* who was rejoiced to see me, and *Isabella* being inform'd by her Friend's Servant that she desired to speak with her soon, came to meet us, and was infinitely glad to find me there. Hereupon *Dorothea*, who imagin'd that the whole Design of my Visits was on her Account, was very much surprized at our mutual Expressions of Tenderness to each other, and 'twas not till then that she suspected we both deceived her. If she would have done Justice to *Isabella's* Beauty and Merit, which were infinitely superior to hers, 'twas no more than she might have reasonably expected. 'Tis true, *Dorothea* had some Charms, was well shap'd, and witty; but *Isabella* surpassed her in all Respects; besides my Charmer had a much better Fortune, which is now a Days the strongest Loadstone to attract Lovers. For *Dorothea's* Father, who was still living, was only an Attorney's Clerk, whereas *Isabella's* had been Steward to a great Nobleman. 'Tis true I should have been but too happy, had I lov'd *Dorothea*, for her Birth was vastly superior to mine; but I was smitten with the other, and Love will hearken to no Reasons.

My

My Passion was too violent for me to be contented with only the Sight of my Mistress, and she too virtuous to grant me any thing that was contrary to the Rules of Honour; besides my Flame was too pure for me to require of a Person, for whom I had so much Respect, any Thing that was in the least repugnant to Modesty. Whilst I was in this Dilemma, between my Desires and my Reservedness, I took Courage one Day to speak to her in a more pressing Manner than I had an Opportunity before of doing, because the jealous *Dorothea* would never leave us alone. Wherefore her Mother happening then to call her about some Business, I took Advantage of her Absence to address my Mistress thus, though with an extreme Emotion: " Is it necessary, " lovely *Isabella*, for me again to assure you " of my Tenderness and Passion? no, I don't " doubt but you are already convinced of the " Sincerity and Violence of my Love. On the " other Hand I have the Pleasure to see that " you make greater Returns to my Flame than " I ever durst have hop'd for. In the mean " while what have I suffered! and what do I " still suffer! I am between Hope and Fear; " how dreadful a Situation is that for a Heart " so passionate as mine! And what would become of my Love if I did not expect to see " it one Day made happy in the Possession of " the dear Object, which on one Hand makes " all my Joy, and on the other all my Pain " and Disquiet? I flatter my self with the Hopes " of this Happiness, and I swear—— 'Tis enough *Mirandor*, cry'd she, interrupting me,

“ I am sufficiently persuaded of your Love,
“ and know what Returns it deserves. I wish
“ Heaven! added she sighing, would allow
“ me to follow my Inclinations! you should
“ have no Reason to complain of my Unkind-
“ ness. But alas! I am under Subjection to
“ an imperious Mother that has not the Com-
“ plaisance to comply with any of my Desires,
“ and I have an unjust Brother, who is every
“ Day teasing her to have me confin’d in a
“ Nunnery, without doubt that he may alone
“ be Possessor of all our Estate.

I was just going to answer her, when I perceiv’d *Dorothea*, with her Ear close to a Sash Door, which look’d out of another Room into ours, and whence she might hear all our Discourse. This was a great Mortification to me, for I well judg’d that we should be soon deprived of the Pleasure of meeting any more at her House. As soon as she found she was discover’d, she enter’d the Room, but strove in vain to conceal the Perturbation of her Mind; some Tears which forced their Passage, in Spite of her Endeavours, shew’d sufficiently how much she was enrag’d at being made a Property. In short the Consternation was general, no Body spoke a Syllable, but all look’d on each other; at last *Isabella* was the first who broke Silence, by rising and taking leave of her Friend, and at the same Time she whisper’d me to be the next Day at the same Place. I went away likewise immediately to avoid *Dorothea*’s Reproaches, who seem’d surprized at such an abrupt Departure, and made no Answer when I said I would do my self the Honour to visit her next Day.

I

I returned home then reflecting upon *Isabella's* Declaration; but as tender as it was, I could not however flatter my self with the Hopes of surmounting the Difficulties that opposed my Happiness. I had still Judgment enough to comprehend that the Mother would never give her Daughter to a Stranger, who had neither Estate nor Business, and who besides was of such a mean Extraction that he would have been ashamed to own it. I consider'd likewise that her Brother of whom she stood more in awe than of her Mother, would never suffer her to be marry'd, especially to an Unknown, and such a one as me, and that he would easily find the Means to bring his Mother over to his Side, even if she should be inclin'd to favour me. These Thoughts threw me into a profound Melancholy, without my being able to resolve on any Thing, or know what Measures to take. At last after having long puzzled my Brains, I determin'd to go to *Brussels* to the Marquis, and beg him, as he was an intimate Friend of the Governor's, that he would be so good as to sollicite some Employment for me; for I thought if I should obtain one, *Isabella's* Mother would not so much scruple granting me her Daughter; and if I did not succeed, I flatter'd my self, considering the great Kindness *Isabella* had for me, that I could persuade her to leave her Family, and retire with me to some remote Corner of the World. Being got Home, I told *Belindor* all that had passed, and inform'd him of my Design to go to his Father, which he approv'd, and promised me all his Interest.

Next Day I did not fail going to *Dorothea's*, whom I found in high Words with *Isabella*, but they were silent as soon as they saw me enter. I saluted them very respectfully, without discovering that I overheard them, but was received very coldly by *Dorothea*, who went out without speaking one Word: As for *Isabella*, she would not tell me the Subject of their Difference, but I easily comprehended that 'twas on my Account. Hereupon I acquainted her with my Design of asking her in Marriage, as soon as I had obtained some Employment, whereat she seemed to be pleased; but when I demanded whether, in Case her Mother should refuse me, she should have Courage and Love enough to follow me, and be marry'd elsewhere, she was very much surpris'd, and could at first make no Answer. At last on my pressing her to declare in Favour of Love, she reply'd, that she found in her self Tenderness enough for me to incite her to undertake any thing, but that for fear the Grief for her so doing should be the Death of her Mother, and enrage her Brother, she could wish she might not be reduced to such a fatal Extremity. This Answer made me judge that it would not cost me much Pains to persuade her whenever it should be a proper Time.

After spending some Moments more in Conversation by our selves, we desir'd the Servant to tell her Mistress that we begg'd the Favour of her Company; but she answer'd, that she was gone out, and had order'd her to tell us that she went because she would not constrain us. This Reply was very disagreeable to us; where

wherefore *Isabella*, knowing her Rival's malicious Temper, durst remain no longer alone with me, but obliged the Maid to continue with us till her Mistress should return; and *Dorothea* staying too long, my Charmer rose, and told me as she went out that she would find some other Place where we might meet, that we might no more be expos'd to her Rival's cool Reception. This Separation was a cruel Wound to me; my Heart was quite oppress'd at it; I even bled some Drops at my Nose, as a Pre-sage of the Misfortune that was going to befall me.

Hereupon I went out, and following with my Eyes my Sun which was going to be eclipsed, I saw *Dorothea* in Discourse before her Door with *Isabella's* Mother, who as soon as her Daughter came up to her gave her a sound Box on the Ear. Never did a Thunderstroke stun any one more than this Action surprized me, to see such a shocking Affront given in publick to the Person I ador'd. Had it been any other but a Mother who had committed such an Outrage, they should have dy'd that Instant; but what could I do, I was obliged to keep within the Bounds of Respect? However not doubting but the jealous *Dorothea* was the Cause thereof, I resolv'd firmly to be one Day fully reveng'd for it.

Whilst I was buried in these Thoughts, and turned my Eyes as I walk'd every Moment towards my dear *Isabella*; Oh! fatal Rencounter! why did not the Earth open that Instant and swallow me up! rather than plunge me for ever in such exquisite Despair! I was awaken'd

from my Meditations by a sound Blow given me on the Head with a Sword, which was follow'd by these Words: *Ah! Traitor, how glad am I to find you here!* This Stroke and the Words surprising me, I immediately turn'd about to punish the Insolence of the Wretch who had dar'd insult me thus in the Sight of my Mistress; and was amaz'd to find it was the same Student with whom *Belindor* fought, and whom I had never seen since that Time. Hereupon being transported with Fury, I drew my Sword, and, being animated by *Isabella's* Presence, attack'd him so briskly that I made him retire, and at last gave him a Thrust that made him drop. Not being satisfy'd with this Advantage, I was going in a Passion to give him an hundred Stabs, when I found my Arm seiz'd, and heard *Isabella's* Voice crying to me: *Hold, Barbarian, you kill my Brother.*

Her Mother, who was also come up by this Time, fell with her upon my Enemy's Body, the one calling him her unfortunate Son, and the other her unhappy Brother. These Names were to me like so many Thunderstrokes. What, must the Man whom I had always look'd upon as my Enemy happen at last to be my dear *Isabella's* Brother! Oh! fatal Misfortune! Oh! unhappy Accident! I was so much confounded that I stood immoveable like a Stone. At last recovering my Spirits I would have open'd my Mouth to have justified myself, but both Mother and Daughter struck me dumb, by calling me Villain, Murtherer and Assassin. Not knowing then either what to say or do, I would have thrown my self at my Mistress's Feet, and offer'd

offer'd her my Sword that she might pierce my Heart; but she order'd me sternly, in a Tone that made me tremble, to be gone as soon as possible, and never more appear before her. Upon this I was obliged to obey, and remove in spite of my Teeth from my dear *Isabella*, and begun to walk, without knowing whither, or even putting up my Sword (so great was my Trouble) for which Reason I was follow'd by a Multitude of People. My Consternation was so great that it deprived me of all my Courage, and of any Thought or Desire to take Refuge any where, and shelter my self from Justice: Whereupon some Archers coming up at the Noise, soon surrounded and took me Prisoner. Fortunately for me, that very Moment *Belindor* and the two Gentlemen his Friends got thro' the Crowd to see who the Student might be that was said to have kill'd a Man, and finding it was me were almost at their Wits End. However *Belindor* without consulting long, resolv'd what to do, and immediately gave one of the Archers such a Blow on the Face that he fell'd him to the Ground, then drawing his Sword he rush'd upon the others, but as they were seven or eight he must certainly soon have dropped, if the two Gentlemen had not seconded him. Their Example drew some more Students, who seeing their Comrades engag'd with the Archers, took their Part, put our Enemies to Flight, and set me at Liberty.

After this signal Service *Belindor* came and embraced me, and ask'd what was the Matter. " Ah, dear *Belindor*, reply'd I, dread the " Justice of Heaven. Why did you come to

“ the Assistance of a Wretch who deserves to
 “ suffer the heaviest of Punishments. After
 “ having killed the Brother of the Person I love
 “ better than Life, I must perish, I must run
 “ upon my Death, and they must exercise the
 “ most inhuman Tortures upon me.” Here-
 upon I would have escaped from them to run
 and deliver my self into the Hands of Justice;
 but *Belindor*, who saw my Despair, stopt me,
 and by the Assistance of the two Gentlemen
 forced me into a Convent where I might be in
 Safety. He would even spend the Night with
 me, for fear I should attempt any Thing against
 my Life, and he begged one of the Gentlemen
 to go and see in what Condition the wounded
 Man was. In the mean while he made use of
 all imaginable Means to compose my Mind and
 comfort me; but ’twas in vain, my Grief was
 too lively and too fresh. The Gentleman soon
 return’d, and told us with a serene Countenance
 that the wounded Man was still living, and that
 there was Reason to Hope that his Wounds
 were not mortal, as he had been informed by
 the Surgeon’s own Mouth. This was con-
 firmed to me some Moments after by one of
 the Fryars, who went thither at my Request,
 which unexpected News was a great Easement
 to my Grief.

As there is no Despair which is not attended
 with some Hope, I still flatter’d my self that if
Isabella’s Brother recover’d, I might be restor’d
 to my Mistress’s Favour, especially when she
 should be informed that without having any way
 drawn it upon my self I had been attack’d after
 so insolent a Manner. These Reflections hav-
 ing

ing somewhat compos'd my Mind, I suffered my self to be put to Bed. The good Fathers had prepar'd one for me and *Belindor* (who resolv'd absolutely not to quit me) in one of the handsomest Apartments in the Convent. However I could not close my Eyes all the Night, so much did my Heart fluctuate between Hope and Despair.

As soon as 'twas Day, one of the Fathers came to tell me, that a Servant desir'd to speak with me, and that she was at the Gate of the Convent, because her Sex were not allowed to enter their House. Hereupon I went immediately to see who wanted me, and found 'twas *Isabella's* Maid, by whose Looks I judg'd she was come to bring me some ill News. " Ah, dear *Leonora*, cry'd I, make haste and tell me what brings you hither. In the miserable Condition to which I am at present reduced, is there any Room for me still to hope? What can you hope, reply'd she, after having kill'd your Mistress's Brother? 'Tis about two Hours since he expired, and ----." At these Words my Strength fail'd me, and I fell in a Swoon into the Arms of *Belindor* who had followed me, and was a good while without giving the least Sign of Life. At last my Spirits being a little recover'd by the Assistance of the good Fathers, *Leonora* continued thus: " Yes, *Mirandor*, he is gone, but before his Death he shew'd a Generosity that you would never have expected from an Enemy. He complain'd of *De-rothea*, who had revealed to him the Correspondence you had with his Sister, and had pressed him mightily to put some Affront upon

“ you ; he added, that in Complaisance to her
“ he had waited for you in the Street, but that
“ as soon as he found you to be the same with
“ whom he had quarrel’d at the Playhouse, his
“ Passion prompted him to give you a Blow
“ with his Sword. He also begged his Mother
“ and all his Relations not to give you any
“ Trouble, because he was the Aggressor, and
“ the Cause of his own Misfortune. He as-
“ sur’d them that he should not dye at Peace
“ if they would not swear to intercede with
“ the Judges not to molest you. He likewise
“ added to his Sister, that if you really lov’d each
“ other he desir’d his Misfortune might not oc-
“ casion any Rupture between you, but rather
“ that she would cherish her Affection, because
“ he had discover’d all Manner of good Qua-
“ lities in you ; then after giving some other
“ Orders he expir’d in the Arms of his Rela-
“ tions. As I heard of your Place of Refuge,
“ continued *Leonora*, I came without my Mis-
“ tress’s Knowledge to apprize you of all that
“ passed ; and I believe what I have informed
“ you will be sufficient to compose your Mind,
“ since all Hopes are not lost, but on the con-
“ trary, he being dead who would have oppos-
“ ed you most, you will not find much Diffi-
“ culty in being restored to *Isabella*’s Favour,
“ who certainly loves you as well as ever ; as
“ I very well observed Yesterday by her Fear
“ and Apprehensions lest you should have the
“ Misfortune to fall into the Hands of Jus-
“ tice.

Here *Leonora* ended, upon which I could not
forbear embracing her for Joy, and begged her

to tell her Mistress that this fatal Accident had struck me to the Soul, and that I should always be ready to spill the last Drop of my Blood to compensate for the Crime I had committed. In fine, after promising to come from Time to Time to bring me News of her Mistress, *Leonora* went away, and left me infinitely easier than I had been the Night before, tho' I had just been informed of a Death whereof I had been more apprehensive than of my own.

That same Day *Belindor* went to the Governor of the City, who had always been a great Friend of his Father's, and solicited for me so effectually, and proved my Innocence so fully by the last Words of the deceas'd, that three Days after I was at full Liberty to appear in publick without Fear of being apprehended by the Magistrates. However I was obliged to give Bail, tho' it was only for Form, for the Relations of the deceas'd did not molest me, as they had promised him.

In the mean while I bent all my Thoughts on making my Peace with *Isabella*; and not daring to appear before her, was obliged to have Recourse to writing; wherefore whilst I waited *Leonora's* Return, I compos'd a Letter which expressed my Sorrow, my Despair, my Love and Innocence in the liveliest Colours. Never did I write any Thing more tender and more pathetick, I can scarce forbear shedding Tears even at present when I think of it. On *Leonora's* coming to see me, I deliver'd it to her, with a Charge to give it to her young Mistress when she should find a proper Opportunity, and come and inform me what Effect it produced.

Accordingly she returned next Day, and told me that *Isabella* bewailed my Misfortune as much as her own, that her Mother used her very ill, and continually call'd her her Brother's Murtheress, which affected her so much that she was taken very ill that very Night, and could not even get up that Morning. She added, that if her Mother, who was a very Devil, and had no Moderation, continued misusing her in that Manner, she would not long survive her Brother. How dreadful was this News to a Heart so tender as mine! Sometimes I detested her Mother's Cruelty, sometimes I blamed my self as being the sole Cause of all her Misfortunes; Life itself was burthenfome to me, I could have killed my self if that would have expiated my Fault; in fine, after many Lamentations I dismiss'd *Leonora*.

My dear *Isabella* was continually in my Mind, I was in the utmost Agonies for fear of her Health; I thought I saw her before me, with her Hair dishevell'd, and her Face pale and dejected, shedding a Flood of Tears over her Brother's Corpse, and accusing me of his Murther, and of having pierced her Heart with the Sword dy'd in his Blood. *Leonora* not appearing in three Days put me in a terrible Consternation, not knowing to whom to address my self to hear News of *Isabella*, nor daring to approach the House. At last the fourth Day she came with Sorrow in her Face, and throwing her self upon a Chair, quite out of Breath, so fast had she run she endeavour'd to recover herself, but when she attempted to open her Mouth her Voice was interrupted by her Sobs and a torrent of Tears

Tears, the melancholy Forerunners of the News I so much dreaded. Whereupon I said to her precipitately: "Dear *Leonora* stay, don't yet pronounce the Sentence of my Death, give me Time to pay in Tears what I owe to the Memory of my dear *Isabella*, which done I will not survive her a Moment. Ah, unhappy *Mirandor*, cry'd I, like a Person in Despair, how happy had you been had you had the Comfort to kiss her dying Lips, and receive her last Sigh, and assure her of my Fidelity. I should have been satisfied to have followed her, after I had heard my Pardon pronounced by her fair Lips. If that will be any Comfort to you, said *Leonora*, interrupting me, know, that I am come by her Order to tell you that she forgives you her Brother's Death with all her Heart, and even her own, which without doubt will not be long, for I left her dying. She likewise assures you that Death is only a Terror to her as it separates her from you for ever; and begs you to be comforted, and not give your self over to Despair, and to shew that she lives and dies your tender Lover, as a Proof of her Affection, she sent you this Present, which she desires you to keep for her Sake." 'Twas a gold Watch which she had always worn by her Side, which I accepted with as much Joy as my Trouble would then suffer me to entertain. Seeing that *Leonora* was getting up to be gone, I made at last a Shift, but not without putting the greatest Constraint imaginable upon my self, to bring out these Words: "Go then *Leonora*, tell my dear *Isabella*, that

“ the cruel Fates which force us to be separated in this World, shall not hinder me from following her in the next. Yes I will follow her, my Life is a Burthen to me; I am going to dye too -----.” Here I was seized with a fainting Fit, and had fallen if *Leonora* had not supported me. At her Cries *Belindor* came to my Assistance, and ’twas with much ado they brought me to my self. In the mean while *Leonora* made haste to her Mistress, who seem’d as if she had waited her Return to give up the Ghost; for she had hardly informed her of what had passed before she closed her lovely Eyes for ever.

That same Day the News of *Isabella*’s Death was spread all over the Town; which Stroke, tho’ no more than I expected, affected me so much, that I ran like a Madman up and down the House, and told every one laughing that *Isabella* was dead, which made *Belindor* fear I had entirely lost my Senses. At last recovering my Reason, I made such melancholy Lamentations, that whoever heard me could scarce forbear shedding Tears with me. I was in such Despair that I took a firm Resolution to spend the rest of my Days in the Convent where I had before taken Refuge. In vain did *Belindor* use his utmost Arguments to deter me from such a Design; what persuaded me the most was, that *Leonora* came to tell me, in the Name of her Mistress, who, alas! was now no more, that she begged me, if I would shew that her Memory was always dear to me, and that I had a Regard for her Commands, to compose my self, and endeavour to preserve a Life which
had

had been so precious to her. These Words, but much more the length of Time, contributed very much to appease my Sorrow, and make me not take any strange Resolutions; so that when *Isabella* was buried I went to see the Proceſſion, tho' the Sight was almost Death to me. For above a Fortnight after, my Love, or rather my Phrenzy, carried me every Day to water her Tomb with my Tears, and make the most doleful Complaints over it. My Grief was too lively not to affect my Health at last, accordingly I fell sick, but in fine, what by Time, the Remedies prescribed, and my Youth, I recover'd.

C H A P. IV.

Belindor and he quits Louvain. Mirandor's Reflections upon his Friend's Amour with Diana, and upon the Poets.

IN the mean while Winter having given Place to Spring, and all Nature, whereof I was an Individual, having recovered new Strength, *Belindor* received a Letter from his Father, which informed him, that having at last gained his Law-suit he intended to leave *Brussels*, and return to *Ghent*, where all his Estate lay, and that believing his Son had Learning enough for a Gentleman who had an Estate sufficient to live at his Ease, he would have him leave *Louvain* and

and come and keep him Company; which News was very agreeable to me, because that since my dear *Isabella's* Death *Louvain* was become insupportable to me. Accordingly the Marquis came in his Coach to fetch us about a Fort-night after, wherefore having settled our Affairs, paid our Debts, and sent our Baggage to *Ghent*, we set out with him.

Although the Marquis had a very fine House in the City, he chose rather to spend the Summer in a Country-seat which he had within half a League of *Ghent*. There I often went into the Gardens to think upon my deceas'd Mistress. About a Quarter of a League from the Marquis's liv'd an old Gentleman who had formerly been a Captain of Horse, and was a great Friend of my Master's, so that they often visited each other. This Gentleman, whom we shall call *Clarimont*, was a Widower, and had an only Daughter who was cry'd up all over the Country for her Beauty, her Riches, and a hundred fine Qualities whereof she was Mistress: Her Name was *Diana*. *Belindor* in his Youth had been brought up with her, by Reason of the Nearness of the two Families, who had always been Friends; and such a tender Affection had taken Root between them, that eight Years absence, which *Belindor* had spent at *Brussels* with his Father, had not been able to cancel it, but it was rather increased thro' their vehement Desire of seeing each other. Next Day after our Arriyal *Belindor* permitted me to accompany him to visit her, and nothing could be more tender than their Interview. I found her handsomer than I expected, but thought she must give the

the Preference to my deceas'd *Isabella*, whom I could not yet blot out of my Memory. *Belindor* himself was surpris'd at her Charms, which he found beyond his Expectation; and to express how much he was surpris'd thereat, told her gallantly that he ask'd her a thousand Pardons for the Wrong he had done her in drawing her Picture to me in such faint Colours; and that her Charms infinitely surpass'd the Idea he would have given me of her lovely Person. The Reception *Clarimont* gave him was not less courtly; he said he was rejoic'd to see him so tall, so well made and so polite. The two Lovers had both a good Fancy and good Sense; wherefore they soon discovered that they were deserv'g of each other, which changed their first Inclination into another that was infinitely stronger, and more serious.

From that Time *Belindor* did not one Day fail visit'g his fair *Diana*. Then I saw the great Advantage the Rich have over the Poor, in making Love at their Ease. A rich Man goes boldly with his Head erect, and don't know what it is to languish and pine away by Degrees; His Riches make him haughty, and authorise him to go and visit his Mistress without fear'g the Repulses of the Parents, being assur'd soon to enjoy the Object of his Desires. But whoever is in Disgrace with Fortune, has no other Consolation than to pass five or six Times a Day before his Mistress's House, as I found by woful Experience; and if he has the Advantage to see her some Moments by Stealth, how great is his Joy! how happy does he think himself in having his Labour and his Pains so well recom-

recompenced! and if the Parents discover any private Interviews, a rigorous Order is given to the Mistress never more to see such a Person, with Threats if she disobeys of shutting her up in a Nunnery, or between four Walls for Life. But it is quite different with a rich Lover; the fair One's Parents caress him a thousand Times, and shew him all Manner of civility, and even instruct their Daughter what Course to take to engage her Lover more and more. Besides, when there is any Fair (which is a sorrowful Time for a Lover that has no Money) one whose Pockets are well lin'd can give his Mistress palpable Proofs of his Tenderness, by treating her, or making her a Present of some Lace or some other Piece of Gallantry, which compleatly wins his Charmer's Heart, procures him a thousand tender Kisses, and very often something else that is yet much sweeter. But the other is forced for Shame to hide himself like a Snail in his Shell, and dares not appear, but pretends to be sick, or else absents himself till the Holydays or Fair is over. However if the necessitous Lover happens to be favour'd by the Muses, having no other Coin at his Disposal, he exercises his Talent that Way, and is ravish'd with being able to present his Mistress with some Verses in her Praise. He never troubles his Head about this Production's having made him almost sweat Blood for it; he thinks himself well paid if he but knows that his Lines are accepted and read, tho' he should afterwards find his Master-pieces in the Kitchen in the Hands of the Scullion who rubs the Irons, or perhaps wipes something yet nastier with them.

them. For we don't live now in *Ovid's* Time, where Ladies Favours were paid with scrawl'd Paper. Accordingly he says,

*Pauperibus ego sum Vates, quia pauper amavi,
Cum dare non possem munera, verba dabam.*

But at present this Money is not current; the fair Sex laugh at it, and not without Reason; for not a Baker in the *United Provinces*, nor elsewhere, will give a Penny Loaf for a hundred Sonnets and Madrigals, even tho' the greatest Poet of our Age were the Author. For all this Truth, this Trade is grown so common, that amongst the rest our good City of *Amsterdam* swarms with Poetasters; every Porter makes Verses, and they have all the Impudence to set their Names at the Bottom of their Master Pieces, every one appears in Print. 'Tis a Pleasure to hear them rumble over their Verses, and repeat them with the most ridiculous Enthusiasm. But notwithstanding I blame them, they are nevertheless good for something, for they abundantly supply the Grocers and Chandlers Shops, who buy them like blotted Paper for a Penny a Pound. Accordingly very lately a Man of Credit assur'd me that he had seen all the Works of that great and celebrated Poet *John Vander Stok* at a petty Cook's Shop, who swore that he had paid but seven Pence for the whole six Pound which the Book weighed. But let us leave this Digression, and return to our Subject.

CHAP. V.

How Diana got rid of Don Roderigo who had declared himself her Lover.

BELINDOR's free Entrance and good Reception at *Clarimont's* soon made *Diana's* Admirers see that this new Comer would supplant them: Wherefore they thought proper to retire, and leave the Field of Battle to him. However there was one who resolv'd to dispute it with him; it was a *Spaniard* who had some Time resided at *Ghent*. He called himself *Don Roderigo di Braccamonte*; and not only pretended to be ally'd to the Houses of *Castile* and *Arragon*, but also to the *Austrian* Family. He had formerly, as he said, been General of the Gallies to his Catholick Majesty, and had been in several bloody Engagements with the *Turks*, especially one Time, when the Fight was so hot that the Heads, Arms, and Legs of the Enemy were carried away pell mell with the Blood thro the Scupper Holes of the Vessel he commanded. This *Spaniard*, who was ready to burst with Pride and Arrogance, and thought he alone was worthy to possess *Diana*, would come without Ceremony, or even giving any Notice into her very Bedchamber. He had even the Impudence one Day to forbid her seeing any other Adorer, and swore if *Belindor* did not cease his Visits, he would sacrifice him to his just Resentment. Nevertheless he durst not utter a Syllable whenever he met his Rival. The ridiculous Behaviour of this Pappy

was too tiresome to *Diana* for her not to contrive some Way to get rid of his Impertinence. One Day then she said very seriously to her Lover: "You can't doubt, dear *Belindor*, but
" that your Visits are very agreeable to me;
" the Manner wherewith I always receive you
" may convince you of it; however, I never
" see you come but my Joy is infinitely disturbed, for I have discover'd that you have
" formidable Enemies, and that your Life is
" in great Danger." *Belindor*, in a Surprise at such a Prologue, desired to know who it was against whom he must be upon his Guard, for he did not know that he had an Enemy in the whole Country. "'Tis, reply'd she, one
" of the bravest and most intrepid of Mortals,
" as he has approved himself on a hundred dangerous Occasions, whence he has extricated
" himself with Honour by his Force and his
" Courage. Therefore, reply'd *Belindor*, I shall
" have much ado to defend my Life against so
" redoubtable an Enemy that thirsts after it.
" But I beg you name me this valiant Hero,
" that I may be upon my Guard, and he mayn't
" dispatch me on a sudden unawares. You
" have no Need to fear that, answer'd *Diana*
" in the same Tone, for he has Courage enough
" to attack ten such as you, and Strength enough
" to oblige them all to beg their Lives upon
" their Knees." This Discourse vex'd *Belindor*, who saw with Chagrin that *Diana* had such a mean Opinion of him, and ran down his Courage so much. Wherefore she finding that he grew out of Patience, burst out a Laughing, and to restore him to his Temper told him, that
the

the Person she spoke of was that ridiculous *Spaniard* who came so often to teaze her, and had threaten'd him terribly. *Belindor*, being incensed against this Rodomontader, told his Mistress that if she would give him leave he would give this original Ass a hundred Bastinadoes the first Time he came to see her. But she begged him not to meddle with him, being resolved to reserve to her self the Pleasure of being reveng'd of him, and not doubting but the Affront she design'd him would be more cutting than if 'twas done by a Man. *Belindor* then having promised to be assistant to her in any Thing, and *Diana* being on the Point of discovering her Design to him, our illustrious Hero entered as usual without giving any Notice. 'Twas a good Diversion to our Lovers to observe the *Spaniard's* humble and serious Look when his Eyes met *Belindor*, and how fiercely he ey'd his Rival, whenever he did not observe him. *Belindor*, who was pleased with these different Scenes, and had a Mind to divert his Charmer, sometimes look'd on him, and sometimes turned his Eyes off to make him knit and unknit his Brows, and raise and fall his *Mustachios* as often: In the mean while *Diana* had much ado to refrain Laughing. After this Farce had lasted almost two Hours, *Don Roderigo* not being able to contain himself any longer, and being ready to burst with Spite because *Belindor* would not leave him the Coast clear, was at last obliged to take leave that he might reach the City before the Gates were shut. Hereupon *Diana* pray'd him to return next Day at the same Hour, because her Father, as she said, wanted

to

to speak with him. Which he promised with the greatest Joy imaginable.

As soon as he was gone *Belindor* having pressed his Mistress to tell him what Course she intended to take to mortify the *Spaniard*. She at last said: "'Tis beneath you, dear *Belindor*, to trouble your self with such a despicable Fellow, let me alone, I shall find a Way my self to be revenged on him for his Impertinence. I am resolv'd to disguise my self in Man's Cloaths, and affront him on the Road as he is coming hither, and even to attack him to see if he has so much Courage as he brags of. Wherefore, added she, I would have you be here to Morrow about two in the Afternoon, when my Father will be gone to dine at *Ghent*, and let your Footman bring me one of your Suits of Cloaths, after which we shall have fine Sport." *Belindor* being surpriz'd at such a bold Design, and at the Danger to which his Charmer would expose herself, did his utmost to deter her from it, representing to her the Weakness, and Unskilfulness of her Sex, but all his Reasons were in vain, he was forced to acquiesce, for fear of displeasing her by too long a Dispute. Being informed of this whimsical Design I would willingly have been a Spectator of the Comedy; but was refus'd that Pleasure.

Next Day *Belindor* did not fail visiting his Mistress, and having carry'd with him one of his handsomest Suits, and going into the Garden to leave her at Liberty to disguise herself, saw his Amazon appear a little after, who in this new dress seem'd a thousand Times more charming

ing to him than ever. She was perfectly disguised, for a white Perruke which cover'd her black Hair alter'd her so as not to be known by any one. *Belindor* being struck with this metamorphos'd Cavalier's good Mien, thus accosted her: "I see very well, Madam, that you are not less formidable in this Dress, than in your own, and that you are born to conquer Hearts in whatever Habit you appear." To which *Diana*, being impatient to put her Project in Execution, made no Answer, but taking him by the Hand they went out together at the Garden Door, and walk'd across some Fields to a little Wood which *Don Roderigo di Braccamonte* must necessarily pass. Hereupon *Belindor* hid himself behind some Trees whence he could see all that passed without being discovered, whilst the new Cavalier walk'd along the Road, waiting for her undaunted Adversary with great Impatience.

In the mean while *Belindor* trembled for fear any Accident should happen, and resolv'd to run to his Amazon's Assistance in case of the least Danger: At last the Gentleman appear'd, which *Diana* perceiving went strait up to him. As it had rain'd very hard, the middle of the Road was almost unpassable on Foot, and there was only a narrow Path which was something firmer; there it was our Champions met Face to Face. As *Diana* wanted an Opportunity to begin the Farce, she would not give an Inch of Ground, and the other not being willing to daub his clean Shoes, and besides being too proud not to dispute the Way with any one whatever, she watched her Opportunity, and with a good Thrust

Thrust with her Elbow made my Gentleman
step into the middle of the Mud. Not being
satisfied with this Advantage, she said to him
with as much Fierceness as she could put on
for her Life: "Where did you learn, you in-
solent Rascal, not to give Place to your Bet-
ters? And you, reply'd *Don Roderigo*, shak-
ing the Dirt off his Feet, what Devil incar-
nate put it in your Head to use in such a brut-
ish Manner *Don Roderigo di Braccamonte*,
Cousin German to his Catholick Majesty,
and General of his Gallies, without fearing
lest this Arm, that has destroy'd so many
thousand *Turks*, should sacrifice you imme-
diately to his just Revenge?" Hereupon with
one Hand twirling his Whiskers which shaded
his whole Phiz, he clapt the other upon the
Guard of his extirminating Sword, whose Hilt
was surrounded with as many Iron Lattices as
the Prisons in the *Bastile*, or, to render myself
more intelligible to my Countrymen, as the
Raspbuis of *Amsterdam*. In this dreadful Pos-
ture he gave the young Cavalier such a terrible
Look that any one but himself, who knew the
Original, would have died with Fear. *Diana*
seeing her Enemy's Motion, immediately drew
her Sword, and as he seem'd in no Hurry to
do the same, she had the Boldness to give him
several Strokes about the Ears, after which she
stood upon her Guard, expecting him to draw,
and bid him give her then some Proof of his
great Bravery. But seeing that he let go the
Hilt of his Sword, and turned as pale as Death,
she even ventur'd to threaten to run him thro'
the Body if he did not immediately unseat.

Upon

Upon this the poor Devil finding that his Enemy was resolved absolutely to rip him up, and being without doubt afraid of his Skin, thought proper to abate somewhat of his Pride, and said to her in an humble soft Voice: " Brave Cavalier, if Heaven did not incline me more than usual to Compassion, on Account of your Youth, you would already have been number'd among the Wretches who have fallen by my Arm, and whose Carcasses have fatten'd most of the Church Yards in *Europe*; but I should sully the Glory that adorns me, if I should stoop so low as to set my Force in Competition with your Weakness. A Victory that costs but little is unworthy of me; wherefore rash Youth fly away, hide your self, lest I should annihilate you only with my Looks, and be satisfied that you have escaped the all destroying Arm of *Don Roderigo di Braccamonte*. But methinks rather, reply'd *Diana*, that 'tis a Blot never to be wip'd off, for such a terrible *Drawcan-sir*, the Scourge of Infidels, to suffer such bloody Affronts from a weak beardless Youth, and to bear being cuff'd about the Ears without daring to draw his Sword to chastise his Insolence. But as I find your Courage stands in Need of being rouz'd, let me see if I can't stir it up with a few Strokes more." Thereupon without farther Discourse she began to lay on our Hero afresh with sound Blows with the Flat of her Sword. *Don Roderigo* seeing his Enemy's Resolution, for she continued currying his Hide soundly, said to her with a trembling Voice: " 'Tis not for want of Courage, brave

" brave Cavalier that I don't revenge my self
 " for the Injury you do me without Reason,
 " but because some Years ago I made a Vow
 " to St. *James* of *Compostella* never to draw
 " my Sword on the Day on which I had the
 " Misfortune at *Madrid* in a Passion to kill
 " my own Brother and fifteen Gentlemen.
 " Wherefore to do Penances, and to put a
 " Bridle upon my Courage, having made such
 " a Vow, I will not break it for any Consi-
 " deration in the World, or for any Affront
 " whatever." Hereupon our valiant Amazon
 seeing there was no way to make this Coward
 draw, obliged him to present her his Sword
 with one Knee upon the Ground, and to swear
 that he would never pass that Way any more, be-
 cause the Earth was too good to be trod on by
 such a Coward, on pain of being can'd to the
 Devil. This done, *Diana* gave him a kick on
 the Breech, and then suffered him to rise and
 return back. During this Scene *Belindor* was
 so surpriz'd at the Cowardice of this Original,
 that when *Diana* came up to him, and ask'd
 him how he lik'd this Comedy; he only an-
 swered her by crossing himself, and shrugging
 up his Shoulders. They returned then to *Gla-*
rimont's, and *Diana* having quitted her *Meta-*
morphosis, *Belindor* told her, that she was very
 formidable on all Accounts, since both her
 Sword and her Beauty subdued every one that
 durst come before her. " I can do no more
 " with the one than the other, answered *Diana*;
 " but what I am assured of is, that I have put
 " our Braggart in such a deadly Fright, that he
 " will never more dare come again to disturb
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“our Pleasures.” However she was mistaken, for some Moments after *Don Roderigo* entered quite out of Breath, having been at the City to fetch another Sword, and after making a low Bow thus said to *Diana*. “Madam, A very
“extraordinary Adventure, which just happen’d
“to me, was within an Ace of depriving you of
“your most faithful Servant *Don Roderigo di*
“*Braccamonte*, if my intrepd Courage had not
“added Force to my Arm against an insolent,
“formidable Enemy, who was altogether un-
“known. What sort of an Enemy was it
“then, replied *Diana*, and how was he made?
“He was, answered *Don Roderigo*, a Giant
“with a tawny Complexion and black Hair,
“who surpass’d the terrible *Euceladus* in Sta-
“ture, and the invincible *Achilles* in Strength.
“But what was the Subject of your Differ-
“ence, said *Diana* interrupting him? As I was
“on the Road, continued the other, to come
“and pay you my Respects, and was crossing
“the little Wood that is near this Place, I
“heard a lamentable Voice calling out for
“Help. Thereupon I made up to where the
“Noise was, and saw a Man who was going
“to ravish a Country Maid; upon which, with-
“out consulting long, I drew my Sword to
“prevent so infamous an Action. The Man
“being enraged that I came to disturb him,
“immediately flew to his Arms, and if I at-
“tack’d him briskly, he defended himself as
“bravely; I own I never met with an Enemy
“who gave me so much Trouble. Very well,
“reply’d *Diana*, and what was the Issue of
“this terrible Encounter? How, Madam, re-
“sumed

“ fumed he, can you be ignorant of the end
“ of a Combat wherein my invincible Arm
“ was concerned? I prefs’d him fo home, that
“ at laft I forced him to beg his Life upon his
“ Knees, prefent me his Sword, and promife
“ that he would not wear it any more for two
“ Years.” When *Don Roderigo* had thus
finifhed this impertinent Story, *Diana* being
provoked at him, bid him follow her into the
Garden, and being entered into the Clofet where
fhe had changed her Clothes, fhe accofted him
in the manner following, which he was far
from expecting. “ How dare you, Coward as
“ you are, appear before me, and tell me fuch
“ Flams; me who am acquainted with the
“ Ifsue of the Combat which you would have
“ me believe was to your Glory? It was with
“ me you had the Quarrel; it was I made you
“ leap into the Mud; and it was I who oblig’d
“ you to deliver up your Sword upon your
“ Knees. And that you may not doubt of
“ what I tell you, fee there, added fhe, fhe-
“ ing him the Clothes and the Peruke, there is
“ the Equipage of the valiant *Achilles* who met
“ you, and was willing to be an Eye-witnefs
“ whether your Deeds were answerable to
“ your Words. Although your Impudence,
“ continued fhe, deferves you fhould be treated
“ like the vileft of Men, yet I will have pity
“ on you, and keep my juft Indignation within
“ Bounds, provided you never pretend to ap-
“ pear again in my Prefence, on pain of being
“ beaten out by my Servants, in the fame man-
“ ner as they ferve the baselt of Mortals.”
Never was Criminal in a greater Confternation

at the Sight of the Gallows, than was our *Spaniard* at the Sight of these Clothes, and at hearing such an intelligible Compliment. Wherefore being convinced he only had this unfortunate Rencounter with a Woman, he durst not lift up his Eyes for Shame ; and not having a Word to say, made a low Bow, and returned to *Ghent*, leaving *Diana* his Sword to serve for a Trophy.

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

*News of Father Andrew; a Sicilian Count
tricks the Marquis; why he is seiz'd.*

ABOUT the same Time the Marquis heard from *Brussels* that that devout and holy Man, *Father Andrew*, who had formerly so much frequented his House, was fled from his Convent, and had carry'd off a rich Merchant's Wife of that City. Hereupon the Marquis, altho' he before suspected him of being much given to the *Flesh*, comprehended then very well what Sort of Blessings he used to bestow upon the deceased *Marchioness*.

In the mean while *Belindor* continued constantly visiting his dear *Diana*, and the two Fathers seeing they had an Inclination to each other, which was not displeasing to them, at last resolved to unite their Families more strictly by the Marriage of their two Children. But as *Belindor* had expressed a great Desire to see *France*, and make a Tour to *Paris* to see that Court, and perfect himself in his Exercises, 'twas thought proper to defer their Marriage till the next Spring. This Resolution being communicated to our Lovers, obliged them to embrace tenderly and swear an inviolable Fidelity to each other. As I was a Witness of it, such a Sight could not fail renewing in my Mind the melancholy Remembrance of my Love. However I was obliged to be comforted, my dear *Isabella* was no longer amongst the living, and there was no likelihood of her returning again, knowing that since the Times of the Apostles we have had no Instances of such Miracles; wherefore I was forced to rest my self contented.

The Marquis had contracted a Friendship with the Governor of *Ghent*, and they often visited each other. One Day then when the Marquis was gone to Town, the Governor stay'd him to Dinner, telling him that he would procure him good Company, for a young *Sicilian* Count who had a great deal of Merit was to be his Guest that Day. Accordingly the Marquis was charm'd with the Count, who was a very fine shap'd Cavalier, and besides a great many other fine Qualities was a perfect Master of *Latin, Italian, Spanish, French* and *English*.

English. He said he was of the illustrious Family of *Loretti*, and related to the *Savelli*, *Colonna's* and *Justiniani*. He informed the Company during Dinner that his Father who was one of the first Rank at *Messina*, had lost his about a Year before for being in Arms against the King of *Spain*, and that his Mother had been condemn'd to perpetual Imprisonment, but that being resolv'd himself not to take up Arms against his Catholick Majesty he retir'd to *Madrid*, and that the King as a Reward for his Loyalty, and to attach him more effectually to his Service had made him at first an Officer in his Guards, then Knight of the Orders of *Calatrava* and *Alcantara*, and at last great Marshal of the Kingdom of *Naples*, and that his Majesty knowing that he lov'd Travelling had given him leave to visit the *Low Countries*. He also shewed Letters from several Grandees of *Spain* that were written in his Favour to the Duke de *Villa Hermosa* Governor of the *Spanish Netherlands*; amongst others there was one written and sign'd by the King's own Hand, wherein his Majesty order'd all his Generals and Ministers to acknowledge the Count in the beforemention'd Qualities, and to shew him all the Honours, and do him all the Service imaginable. Accordingly the Governor of *Brussels* did his utmost to procure this young Nobleman all Manner of Pleasure, and to render his Residence in that City (where he had been but two Days) agreeable. As for the Marquis he was so charm'd with the Count's Wit and good Grace that he invited him to his Country Seat, and begged he would do him the Honour to

come and spend some Time there with him, for he was very desirous of his Son's being acquainted with a Cavalier of such distinguished Merit. Accordingly the Count did not fail coming two Days after to visit the Marquis, who receiv'd him with all the Respect and Regard due to his Rank and his Birth. As I then supply'd the Place of a Steward, I prepar'd the handsomest Apartment for this Nobleman, as well as others for his Retinue which consisted of five Persons; this done, I went to Town with a Footman to buy whatever was most exquisite and rare, I had even Orders to send Musicians. Besides to render the Count's stay in the Country more agreeable, the Marquis invited several Gentlemen and Ladies in the Neighbourhood; *Clarimont* and *Diana* were of the Number. Accordingly our House was soon filled with fifteen or sixteen Guests, without counting the Servants in Livery, who on such Occasions follow their Masters very cheerfully, tho' very often without Orders, to do them Honour, and swell their Train; but above all for the Pleasure of cramming on free Cost. When Dinner was set upon Table no Body wanted much entreating to eat and drink heartily; the Conversation was as diverting as possible, and the Count said a thousand merry Things; which made the Ladies laugh so heartily, that when they rose from Table one might judge by some Traces upon the Floor that they had left their Drawers at Home. After Dinner was over a Consultation was held how to spend the Afternoon, upon which they were divided in their Opinions. The Ladies knowing that Musicians

ans had been sent for, could have wished for a Ball, that they might shew their Agility to the Count, upon whom each of them cast a Hawk's Eye; some of the Gentlemen proposed Hawking, because the Marquis had very good Hawks, and that would be a Diversion to the Ladies; others again, whose Joints were too much benumm'd by old Age either for Dancing or Riding, and who lov'd a good Table better then a trotting Horse, seem'd very much inclined to empty the Marquis's Cellar; but at last Hawking would have carried the Day, if the Count had not excused himself from making one at that Sport; alledging, that as he was but just recovered from a long Sickness, he was yet too weak for such a violent Exercise, and propos'd playing at Cards. All the Company understood themselves too well not to acquiesce immediately with that young Nobleman's Proposal, the rather, because they were all good Players; wherefore after naming all the Games to choose one, the Count fix'd upon *Basset*. The Marquis and *Clarimont* were of the Company, and they began at first at small Game, but the Ducats and Pistoles soon flew about.

In the mean while *Belindor* having a Mind to pass his Time more agreeably went into the Garden with his dear *Diana*; and the other young Gentlemen who had not engaged at Play took each his Lady, and led them likewise into the Walks. At last Night coming on, the Company was oblig'd to part; wherefore after having thank'd the Marquis, they all took Coach and went Home.

However the Gamesters were too intent upon their Play to break up so soon, so that the Marquis was at no great Pains to persuade them to spend the Night with him, some hoping to recover what they had lost, and others to double what they had won. In fine, they play'd so long that in the Morning they were obliged to leave off, not being able to hold up any longer for sleep. The Count was Fortune's Darling, for he won above three hundred Pounds, whereof the Marquis lost twenty, and *Clarimont* thirty; as for the others they bled more freely. The Count promis'd to give them their Revenge when they pleased, which however was but a small Comfort to them, finding they had been well pluck'd, and that the same Lot might very well befall them again. Two Days after *Clarimont* invit'd the Count the Marquis and *Belindor*; I follow'd the Company; and most of the Gentry whom the Count, had eas'd of their Money at Play did not fail being there likewise, in Hopes of recovering their Losses. But the good Folks were mistaken in their Reckoning, for this young Son of Fortune carried off a great deal more than before; so that at last they were cur'd of desiring to encounter any more with so terrible a Gamester.

In the mean while the Count and *Belindor* contracted together so strict a Friendship; that his Lordship promis'd him that if he had an Inclination to Marriage he would give him his Sister, who had above thirty thousand Pound in ready Money, besides Land and other valuable Effects, whereof she was Mistress. But *Belindor* lov'd his dear *Diana* too sincerely to
accept

accept such an Offer : besides she had a Fortune sufficient to content a Man that was more solicitous after Riches than he; wherefore he thanked him for the Honour he did him in such a Proposal.

After the Count had been about three Weeks with the Marquis, they resolved to go and pay a Visit to the Governor of *Ghent*, where they were very well received, and after Dinner sat down to play. The Count was again the Mission of Fortune, for in less than two Hours he won above thirty Pounds, and in all appearance had not stopt there; if the Play had not been interrupted by the Arrival of the Governor's Nephew, who was just come from his Travels, upon which he had been absent a long Time. The Governor, being rejoiced at this News, rose up to go and embrace his Nephew, being follow'd by all the Company, except the Count who was busy in pocketting his Money. The Governor soon returned into the Room leading his Nephew by the Hand, whom he presented to the Count, who, as soon as he set his Eyes upon this new Comer, changed Colour. But his Confusion was considerably heighten'd when this young Cavalier approaching him, as if to embrace him, whispered him in the Ear, but so loud as to be heard by all the Company, *Servitore, Signor Ladro, come ti trove qu' à?* that is to say: *Your Servant, Mr. Thief, what do I find you here?* To which the Count made no Reply, as if he had not heard him. The Marquis thought this Compliment very unpolite; and believing that the Governor's Nephew had taken this Nobleman

for some other, was very glad he had not minded him; wherefore for fear he should say some new Absurdity, he enquired in haste of him of his Travels; to which the other in Amazement made no Answer.

In the mean while the Count went out of the Room, as if to make Water; whereupon the Marquis ask'd the young Gentleman the Reason of the Compliment he made the Count, whom undoubtedly he did not know. "What," answer'd he, in a Surprise, does he pretend "to pass here for a Count? That you may "know what sort of a Man you have made "your Crony, be assured, added he, that he "is Son to a Cocker at *Venice*; and that I "have seen him publickly whipt there for his "Rogueries, and his Back adorned with the "Arms of the City. Since that I met him in "England, where he said he was a *Sicilian* "Count, and a Favourite of the King of *Spain's*. "But as he knew me, having seen me in some "Companies at *Venice*, where he had found "the Means to introduce himself, before his "Extraction and Tricks were found out, he "did not think himself safe at *London*, where- "fore he made haste from thence, after having "cheated the *French* Ambassador at Play of "above four hundred Pounds, and trick'd "a Merchant of four hundred Pounds more "by a false Bill of Exchange. As I see, con- "tinued he, Cards upon the Table, I suspect "that he has likewise eas'd you of a good "Sum; wherefore if you would recover your "Money, I advise you to send in all haste and "seize him." The Company were horribly

mortified at having been made the Bubbles to this Rogue; and as he did not return into the Room, judged that the Gentleman had told Truth. Hereupon the Governor immediately gave Orders to shut all the Gates of his Palace, but it was too late, for the Servants informed him that the Count had just taken Horse, and was gone, with a Promise to return instantly.

Upon this the Governor presently dispatch'd several Troopers after him, with Orders to seize him dead or alive. In the mean while the Marquis was inconsolable, for having us'd such a Villain with so much Civility, who after having sharp'd him out of his Money, had made his Escape upon his best Horse, which he had lent him to come to *Ghent*. What mortified him the most was the Railleries of the young Gentleman, who congratulated him upon his having contracted a Friendship with so illustrious a Count, who was willing to condescend so far, as even to lodge under his Roof, and grant him the Honour to play with him. *Belndor* had his Turn; for his Father told him that he was very sorry the Count was withdrawn, perhaps never to return more, because he would be obliged to stick to his *Diana*, and his Marriage with that illustrious Nobleman's Sister must inevitably vanish into Smoke. Some of the Troopers who were sent in Pursuit of the Count, happening to take the Road to *Mons*, found five Leagues from *Ghent*, in the middle of the Way, the Marquis's Horse just ready to expire, so much had the Runagate fatigued him; whereupon they easily judg-
ed

ed that the Count was not far off. Whereupon they separated to follow him different Ways; and two of the Troop turning down a narrow Lane, saw the Gentleman about a Quarter of a League off walking as fast as possible. However they soon overtook him, but yet he wou'd not surrender himself Prisoner, and threaten'd to kill the first that approached him. Seeing then that they still advanced to seize him, he fir'd upon one of them and made him fall from his Horse; whereupon his Comrade seeing that, he seiz'd the other Pistol, was beforehand with him, by breaking his right Shoulder with a Shot of his Carabine. The Count then not being able to defend himself any longer, was obliged to submit to the Trooper's Mercy, who fasten'd him, with his Arms and Legs ty'd behind him, and arrived next Day at *Ghent*. As soon as he was brought before the Governor, he had the Impudence to tell him, with the Air of a Person of Importance, that he was very much surpriz'd they should treat a Man of his Rank so ill, and that he would make him repent, whosoever it was, that had given Orders for seizing and putting such a bloody Affront upon him. Hereupon the Governor causing his Nephew to appear, ask'd the Cheat if he knew that Cavalier, to which he answer'd, that he had never before either seen or known him. Upon which the young Gentleman, without designing to make him any reply, told his Uncle, that it was no Wonder a Rogue, who made a Profession of tricking all the World, should have the Impudence to maintain his Imposture. The Governor

vernor then ordered him to shew him the Letter which he said was sign'd by his Majesty; and that to the Duke *de Villa Hermosa*, which he refus'd, bidding him take care what he did, and threatening to complain to his Catholick Majesty, if they offered him the least Insult. However, they laugh'd at him, took away his Letters and his Cross of *Alcantara* by Force; after which the Governor told him, that he would venture falling under his Majesty's Displeasure, but that he did not doubt receiving Orders in a short time to hang him like an errant Rogue, which said, he had him thrown into a Dungeon. There let us leave him till the Arrival of his Majesty's Answer, to whom the Governor sent an Express to inform him of the whole Affair.

C H A P. II.

Don Roderigo *writes to Diana, and sends a Challenge to Belindor, who gives him a bitter Pill to swallow.*

ONE Day when *Belindor* was with his Mistress, a Boy came to *Clarimont's*, and desired to speak with the Lady of the House; whereupon being call'd in, he presented a Letter to *Diana*, and went away without telling who sent him, though he was ask'd. *Diana* having opened it, found inclos'd therein another address'd

address'd to Belindor: The Contents of her's were as follow;

Madam,

IS it possible that the Heavens, which had heaped their most precious Gifts upon you, even to Profusion, can have ceas'd inspiring you? How great is your Impudence! how great your Folly! Congratulate yourself upon Heaven's having protected you, although your Temerity rendered you unworthy of its Favours, since you durst question the Force of my Arm, and the Greatness of my Courage. O fortunate DIANA! to happen to make an Essay of my Valour upon a Day, when, not to infringe my Vow, I would not have drawn my exterminating Sword, to have prevented the Confusion of Nature. And how great was my Happiness! that my Blade yet smoking with the Blood of so many Enemies, whose Thread of Life I have cut, was not plung'd in your Bosom! Although the Ignorance of your Sex might have serv'd me for an Excuse, yet in shedding your Blood, those Trophies, those Pyramids of Glory that have been erected to my Honour, would have been destroyed, and withered for ever. However, to punish you, my Indignation shall fall upon your Lover; and as I leave the Country in two Days, before I depart, that unworthy Rival shall feel a little Spark of my Anger, whose terrible Ardor is capable of consuming in an instant, Things the least susceptible of Conflagration. Then shall you in vain try to expiate your Fault by a Flood of Tears. Begin then to weep; nay despair; your Lover is undone; I have pronounced the Sentence

Sentence of his Death, unless your Affection prevents your delivering the inclos'd Challenge into his Hands. Adieu.

Don Roderigo di Braccamonte.

This Letter, so larded with Rhodomontades, made our Lovers burst out a laughing, where-with having diverted themselves some time, they were surpriz'd at the Impudence of this Bully, who durst still brag of his Valour, and write such an impertinent Letter. At last *Diana* opened the other, that it might serve them as a fresh Comedy, and read therein this fine Challenge:

Although my Glory can receive no fresh Addition by a Victory which my invincible Arm can assure me the first Thrust of my Sword, and that it is disparaging myself to put my Courage in Competition with your Weakness, I have however resolved to open your Mistress's Eyes by your Destruction. She has resolved to see if my Courage is equal to the Character given of it by Fame throughout the Universe: Well, she shall have that Satisfaction. Don't fail then to meet me in the Field to Morrow at eight in the Morning; I will wait for you on the North-side of the Wood that is half a League from your Seat. Bring a Second along with you, though I shall be alone. But what do I say? Rather come attended with as many Friends as you can get together. The more Witnesses there are, the more Admirers there will be of my Valour. Come then accompanied with a hundred, with a thousand; for 'tis sufficient for me to extend my Arm

Arm five or six times to annihilate even a greater Number ; besides, having still some Remains of Compassion, I am willing to grant you the Favour of having your Friends to receive you in their Arms, and pay you the last Honours. However, don't attribute your Death so much to my Thirst after human Blood, as to the Imprudence and Rashness of your Diana.

Don Roderigo di Braccamonte.

After our two Lovers had read these two excellent Letters over and over several times, which they could scarce do for laughing, *Diavo* at last said to *Belindor* : " Well, my Dear, what do you
 " resolve on ? Shall you have Courage enough
 " to face this terrible Destroyer of Mankind ?
 " If you should dare draw your Sword against
 " him you must inevitably perish : Who would
 " not lose his Life, reply'd *Belindor*, in a Quar-
 " rel for your sake ? However, added he, I
 " don't think it is in any great Danger ; for I
 " will lay my Life that he has only stuffed his
 " Letters with these Rhodomontades to ter-
 " rify me beforehand, and intimidate me so as
 " to make me not come to the Place appoint-
 " ed. But, continued he, one must be quite
 " destitute of common Sense to take the *Gas-*
 " *conades* of this Bully for Gospel. He be-
 " lieves, like a Fool as he is, that his Courage
 " and his Strength lies in his two *Mustachios*,
 " as *Samson's* did in his long Hair. Where-
 " fore, to see the Proof of it, I will go to-
 " Morrow to the *Rendezvous* with *Mixandor*,
 " who shall be my second, and if I then meet
 " with the least Resistance from him, I shall
 " not

"not then disbelieve *Ovid's Metamorphosis*.
 "What, said *Diana*, interrupting him, would
 "you deprive me of the Diversion? No, *Belindor*, if you will shew you esteem my
 "Friendship, have no other Second but my
 "self. But, replied *Belindor*, how will you
 "get out without your Father's knowing it?
 "And how will you be able to disguise your
 "self a second time from *Don Roderigo*? Let
 "nothing put you in Pain, return'd *Diana*, I
 "know that my Father will go a hunting with
 "your's to Morrow Morning at break of Day;
 "then I will take your green hunting Suit,
 "with a Peruke of another Colour than that
 "I wore before; and I am sure no one will
 "know me in that Dress." *Belindor* had too
 much Regard for his Mistress to oppose her in
 any thing, though it grieved him that she should
 require any thing inconsistent with her Sex, and
 which might turn to her Disadvantage if di-
 vulged. Wherefore he answered, that her Will
 should always to him be a Law, and only de-
 sired she would let me share the Diversion.

On his return Home, he did me the Pleasure
 to read me these two Letters of the *Spaniards*,
 which I found so singular that I took a Copy
 of them to divert my Friends. Next Morning
 at Day-break the Marquis sending to ask his
 Son if he would go a hunting, he excused him-
 self on Pretence of a violent Pain in his Head;
 then as soon as the Hunters were gone he dress'd
 himself, and mounting each of us on a good
 Horse, we went as fast as possible to *Clari-
 mont's*, not forgetting the green Suit of Clothes.
Diana impatiently expected us, and was soon
 ready;

ready; and for my part I was charmed with seeing her in this hunting Dress. For after she had tied her Hair up with a Ribband, and put on a Peruke and her Boots, she seemed one of the finest shap'd Cavaliers I had ever seen in my Life. Being then armed at all Points, we all mounted on Horseback, and rode away without being perceived by any of the Domesticks, most of whom were in Bed to take their fill of Sleep during their Master's Absence.

When we were got half Way *Diana* stopt short, and looking fixedly upon *Belindor*, bid him return back full gallop, because he had forgot the most necessary Article. *Belindor* being surprized ask'd what that was. "It is a Confessor," replied *Diana*; for depend upon it you can never parry the fatal Thrust of your invincible Adversary." *Belindor*, after laughing heartily at this unexpected Sally, answered: "I have no need, Madam, of any other Confessor than yourself; if I must die I shall repeat what I have already confessed to you above a thousand times. And what have you confess'd to me, said *Diana*? That I shall love you till Death, returned he. If that is true, returned she, you will soon cease loving me, for your Death is not far off. However it be, I shall always love you," cried *Belindor*; and to speak in the *Braccamontine* Stile, when the terrible Blade of my valiant Enemy, guided by his ever victorious Arm, shall pierce my Bosom, and cut the Thread of my Life, my last Sighs, my last Words will be, Dear *Diana* I die your Lover.

We

We cross'd the Wood, thus diverting our selves at the Expence of our *Spaniard*, and every one having their Jest; when we heard the Cry of the Dogs, and the Sound of a Horn, which made us judge there were Hunters not far from us. Soon after we saw the Hounds appear which we knew to be the Marquis's; whereat *Diana* was in a great Confusion, fearing lest her Father should know her in that Equipage, and be very angry at her doing an Action so unbecoming her Sex. As we were consulting what Road to take to avoid meeting the Hunters, we saw the Marquis and *Clarimont* riding directly up to us, and *Diana* was ready to fall from her Horse, on perceiving her Father. She was just upon the Point of returning full Speed; but *Belindor* stopt her, and told her he knew a Way to disguise her so as not to be known by her Father or any one whatsoever. Hereupon he draw out of his Pocket two Spectacle Glasses, fastened in green Sattin, which he usually wore when a hunting, or on a Journey to keep the Dust out of his Eyes. She was obliged to fix them before her Eyes, it being too late to take any other Resolution, because the Hunters immediately came up to us. They were surpriz'd at seeing *Belindor* on Horseback, after having refus'd to hunt because he was not well; but he by an uncommon Presence of Mind prevented all their Questions, and told them that that Gentleman, shewing them *Diana*, whom he had formerly known at *Louvain*, and who was then come from *Ghent*, made him a Visit that Morning as he pass'd by; and that as he was an intimate Friend.

Friend of Mr. Such-a-One (naming a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood) he had begged him to accompany him thither, not knowing the Way, and that he was willing to do him that little Service, although he was not very well. Thereupon the Marquis made a hundred Compliments to this unknown, and begged him to do him the Honour to spend some Days at his House when he came from his Friend's; which said, *Diana* thank'd him for his obliging Offer and we left our Hunters. She thought she could not thank *Belindor* too much for the Service he had just done her, wherefore to testify her Gratitude the better to her Lover, she permitted him to steal half a dozen Kisses, as a Reward for his Ingenuity.

At last we arrived at the fatal *Rendezvous*, where *Belindor* must infallibly have lost his Life, if our *Don's* Actions should prove answerable to his Threatnings, but were very much surprized at not finding our *Drawcanfir* there, though it was later by half an Hour than the Time he had appointed. "I believe, said *Diana*, our *Hector* has overslept himself; you must own, *Belindor*, added she, that we deserve more to be laugh'd at than he, since we have taken the Pains to come hither upon the Defiance of a Man whom we knew by Experience to be the greatest Coward upon Earth. Patience, Patience, Madam, replied *Belindor*, one may be mistaken; perhaps he will come but too soon to give me my Death's Wound. In the mean while, till we see what will happen, let us sit, and repose ourselves upon the Grass. We

did so, and sat down at a Place whence we might discover all the Road whereby our *Don Quixote* must necessarily pass. One Hour was already spent, and a second almost out, when being out of Patience at waiting so long in vain, and just upon the Point of retiring, we heard a certain Noise in a very shady Oak like that of a Man striving to stifle his sneezing with his Handkerchief. Being curious of knowing what it might be, we went up to the Tree, where we were very much surprized to see the Figure of a Man whom we could not at first discern plain enough to distinguish who it was, by Reason of the great Number of Branches and Leaves. But going quite round the Tree we at last saw through a Place less leafy than the rest, that it was *Don Roderigo di Braccamonte*, who finding himself discovered gave a great Cry, and began to tremble at such a rate, that we thought every Minute he was going to fall and break his Neck, which he must have done had he tumbled, for he was perched very high. This unexpected Sight surpriz'd us to such a Degree, that without speaking one Word we looked sometimes at each other, and sometimes lifting up our Heads cast our Eyes upon the Inhabitant of the Oak, who did not speak any more than ourselves, but with Hat in Hand took all the Pains imaginable to make us a thousand Bows, though without budging from his Place, as inconvenient and uneasy as it was. *Belindor* was the first who broke Silence, and ask'd why he had not spoke before and come down, since he might see from where he sat that we had waited for him about two Hours.

"Because,

“ Because, Sir, said my Gentleman, I had nothing to say to you. How, had you nothing to say to me, replied *Belindor*? Why then did you make me come hither? Was it not to cut one another’s Throats? Did you not write me Word so in a Letter? I answered the other, Did I write to you? Would I fight with you? O Heavens! cry’d he, where is your Justice! Why sleeps your Thunder! Why don’t you immediately crush those Wretches, who daring to abuse my Goodness, have endeavour’d to set two such good Friends at Variance? Make haste and annihilate those who are envious of our Friendship, those Pests of human Society. It is not true then, said *Belindor*, that you sent Yesterday a Letter to *Diana* by a Boy, with another inclos’d in it for me, wherein you challenged me to meet you here at eight in the Morning, to fight with you. No, dear Sir, reply’d *Don Roderigo*, I protest to you, on the Word of a Man of Honour, that I neither know what you mean by this Letter nor this Combat; and I swear to you *per todos los Dios*, that if I knew the Villain who contriv’d that Treachery, I would stab him a thousand times to his perfidious Heart, without giving him Leisure to confess before he expir’d. But, reply’d *Belindor*, what did you come here for? How came you perch’d on the Top of this Tree? I will tell you, return’d the other, and you shall hear a very extraordinary Adventure. Know then, noble Sir, continued he, that as it was a very fine Morning, I had a Fancy to take a Walk in the Country. I had

“ had hardly got a Pistol shot out of Town,
“ when I met with some Gentlemen on Horse-
“ back, and immediately knew one of the
“ Company to be one of my most mortal Ene-
“ mies, with whom I had formerly had a Duel
“ near *Toledo*, and whom I had fetch’d from
“ his Horse with a Pistol-shot, and thought
“ dead : Hereupon I was very much surprized
“ this Morning to see him living. He likewise
“ remember’d me ; and whispering something
“ to six Cavaliers who were with him, they all
“ fell upon me Sword in Hand. Any other
“ but myself would have been overpowered by
“ their Number ; but without being in the least
“ surpriz’d, I laid my Hand upon my Sword,
“ and drew it, and at the Sight of this terrible
“ Blade, which I made glitter in their Eyes,
“ the Lightning.”——He would have con-
tinued speaking, but the Motions he us’d to ex-
press this Action made him slip from his Seat.
Fortunate for him he cling’d with his Hands to
the same Branch, which by the Jerk he gave it
in falling broke. The poor Devil had infallibly
broken his Neck had he drop’d to the Ground,
but by the greatest Good-luck he met another
Branch by the Way, whereof he laid hold,
and whereby he hung with his Legs dangling
in the Air, without being at first able to fix
them any where. After having played a good
many Gambols, the Fear of falling lower, and
even of being too near *Belindor* there, though
he was still above thirty Foot off, forced him
to make one last Attempt ; wherefore having at
length got footing on another Branch, he climbed
like a Cat to the very Top of the Oak, and
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fate aside an Arm that was strong enough to bear him. Then having taken Breath a little, he went on thus: "As soon then as I began to handle my Sword, and had made these Madmen feel the Force of my Arm, such a pan-nick Fear seized them, that each of them placed his Safety in his Heels. My Adversary was at a Stand whether he should follow their Example, but finding that I press'd briskly upon him, and was just ready to cleave him from Head to Foot, he at last took the shameful Resolution to fly as fast as possible. Being vexed at seeing him escape my Vengeance, I ran after him; but Fear adding Wings to his Speed, he soon took Refuge in this Wood, where I lost Sight of him. It was for this Reason that I mounted this Tree, to try if I can recover him any where, being resolved not to come down till he appears, for he must be obliged to come out of the Wood this Way to return to the City. Therefore, Sir, continued he, I conjure you to retire from hence, because should he come and see you with me, he perhaps will have the Insolence to say that I have begged the Assistance of another's Arm, to overpower him with Numbers; which, as you may very well judge, will be an irreparable Injury to my Honour.

As much provok'd as *Belindor* was against the *Spaniard*, he could not however forbear laughing at a Story so well invented to hide his Cowardice. However, as he wanted sadly to have him within reach, that he might drub him soundly, he begg'd him to come down, and
promis'd

promis'd to lend him a Horse to pursue his Enemies. But the other answered, that having sworn not to quit the Tree the whole Day unless he saw his Enemy, it was always his Custom not to break his Oath for any Consideration whatsoever. Hereupon *Belindor* finding plainly that he must take another Course to make him quit his Nest, told him that he should reckon him the greatest Coward and Poltroon upon Earth, if he did not come and give him Satisfaction. "Softly; softly, good Sir, replied our *Don*. What, do you forget your self so far as to use such injurious Expressions to me? To me, I say, who am the very Quintessence of Valour? It is very unpolite to dare insult a brave Man like me in that manner; let us leave that to the Mob, and as for us Men of Quality don't let us be guilty of such mean Actions. Therefore, added he, let what I have already declared to you suffice; that is, that I neither know what you mean by these Letters, nor this Quarrel. Let it rest there. No, no, answered *Belindor*, who wanted to see an end of this Comedy, I am not satisfied, Mr. Braggadochio, I am resolved you shall come down this instant, and make me feel *this little Spark of your Anger, whose terrible Ardour is capable of consuming in an instant Things the least susceptible of Conflagration*, as you say in your Letter; for I am resolved not to leave this Place in three Days, unless we first measure our Swords. O Heaven! O cruel Stars, under which I had the Misfortune to be born, cried out our desperate

“ *Spaniard*; will you never suffer my Arm, fa-
 “ tigated with so many Massacres, to have one
 “ Day’s Repose? Or am I come into the World
 “ to be the Scourge and Persecutor of Man-
 “ kind? Must the valiant and invincible *Don*
 “ *Roderigo di Braccamonte* be handed down to
 “ Posterity in the Chronicles and tragical Hi-
 “ stories as a Destroyer, and as the most cruel
 “ and Blood-thirsty of Tyrants? Although at
 “ the same time he is inclined to Compassion
 “ and Clemency, and desires nothing more
 “ than to leave the Universe at rest. Stop
 “ then for once those Torrents of Blood which
 “ have so often dy’d both the Earth and Seas:
 “ Set before the Eyes of this inconsiderate
 “ young Man the tremendous Precipice upon
 “ which he is going wilfully to run, and shed
 “ your most benign Influence upon him, and
 “ give him more peaceful Thoughts.

Hereupon *Belindor*, seeming to be in a great
 Passion, ordered him to come down as fast as
 possible without so many Words, and swore
 that if he did not obey speedily, he would fetch
 him down with his Pistols. *Don Roderigo*
 then finding that he gained nothing by Humili-
 ty and fair Speeches, thought he must terrify
 his Enemy by false Rhodomontades. Where-
 fore having turned up his Mustachios, and put
 on the Air of a Man who is in a Rage, and
 his Patience quite worn out, after spitting sever-
 al times over his Shoulders, he brought forth
 these terrible Words.

“ Were all the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apo-
 “ stles, and holy Martyrs, who have laid down
 “ their Lives for the Faith, to arise and swear
 “ by

“ by their Souls and their Salvations, that by
 “ Reason of your Innocence and Simplicity
 “ you are incapable of apprehending how tre-
 “ mendous the Thunderstrokes will be that
 “ fall upon you, if I descend from hence and
 “ prevail upon myself so far as to break my
 “ Oath, if I say they should swear it I would
 “ nevertheless believe them, I do you more
 “ Justice; and am persuaded that you have Pe-
 “ netration enough not to be ignorant that if I
 “ give Reins to my Fury you will be consum-
 “ ed in an instant, and my formidable Arm
 “ will mince you into Pieces, that will neither
 “ be so large or so heavy as the Chaff that is
 “ blown before the Wind. Fly then from
 “ hence this instant with your vile Compani-
 “ ons, before your continual Laughter draws
 “ me from my present Moderation and Pity,
 “ and I make you feel the fatal Effects of my
 “ Anger and Indignation.” *Belindor*, not at
 all mov’d at this Harangue, answered him in all
 the most select Terms which his Cowardice
 deserved, and concluded with swearing, that
 if he did not make haste he would force him
 to come down faster than he went up. The
 poor Devil seeing that his Affairs went very ill,
 tried another Method to get rid of this trou-
 blefome Company, wherefore he address’d him
 thus. “ I can’t comprehend what Phrenzy has
 “ possessed you, and what Witchcraft has de-
 “ prived you of your Senses. You seek a
 “ certain Death, whereas you ought to use all
 “ the Means imaginable to prolong your Life.
 “ You are of an illustrious Family, an only
 “ Son, rich, endued with all the Perfections

“ of Body and Mind, and beloved by the most
“ charming Person in the World, with whom
“ you might have lived the happiest and the
“ pleasantest of Lives. But in fine, added he,
“ I find my Anger begins to prevail; prepare
“ then to receive your Death’s Wound.”
Thereupon he gave a great Cry, and came
down a little Way, but soon stopt to see if
Fear had not already put his Enemies to flight;
but seeing they did not stir from the Place, and
that *Belindor* had even drawn his Sword, he
soon seiz’d on the same Branch, when he made
this charitable Speech. “ Young Man, if I
“ had not the good Fortune to be Master of
“ my Passions, and if I did not pity your In-
“ nocence and Weakness, the terrible Atropos
“ would already have made use of my Sword
“ to cut the Thread of your Life: But what
“ *Barbarian’s* Heart would not be moved to
“ Compassion in Consideration of your Youth?
“ Would it not be inhuman to crop so tender
“ a Bud? No, no, amiable Cavalier, although
“ my Arm finds every Day full Employment
“ for the Grave-diggers, Heaven forbids it me;
“ never was I sensible of so much Good-will
“ or Pity for any of my Enemies as yourself.
“ Therefore if you are not the most ungrate-
“ ful of Mankind, thank Heaven; and by way
“ of Acknowledgment impose upon yourself
“ a Vow of making a Pilgrimage Barefoot to
“ *Loretto*, or *St. James of Compostella*, and
“ offer some thousand Tapers in all the Churches
“ in Christendom. I repeat it then once more,
“ be gone from hence, before the Serenity of
“ my Goodness be changed into Hail, Thun-
“ der

“ der and Lightning to blast you in a Mo-
“ ment.”

Here he ceased, to see what Effect these Words would produce in the Mind of his Enemies, but they were of no more Efficacy than a Clyster would be to a Man who had been dead twenty four Hours: For *Belindor* being used to the Poltroon's Rhodomontades, and, finding that *Diana* was diverted with the Farce, was resolved to put the finishing Stroke to his Confusion. Wherefore he said: “ As I am
“ convinced you are the Author of the two
“ Letters, and that you hid your self in this
“ Tree only to see whether I should have Cou-
“ rage enough to meet you here, that if I had
“ not, you might have made your Brags of it,
“ I have nothing to do but to invent a Punish-
“ ment suitable to your Insolence. An hun-
“ dred Bastinadoes are the little Pieces of Gal-
“ lantry wherewith they usually treat such as
“ you are, and which you have doubly deserv-
“ ed: But I don't think even that sufficient to
“ cure you of that inveterate Habit of telling
“ on all Occasions the most foolish, insipid,
“ and ridiculous Rodomontades in the World:
“ However you are not worth my stooping to
“ exercise my Arm upon such a mean despi-
“ cable Object. These then are the Conditi-
“ ons I impose upon you, which I insist shall
“ be immediately perform'd: First, your two
“ Whiskers upon which you found your fool-
“ ish Vanity are forfeited, you shall cut them
“ off your self, and present them to me upon
“ your Knees. Secondly, you shall deliver me
“ your Sword, acknowledge your self unwor-

“ thy to wear it, and confess that you are the
“ greatest Coward and Liar upon the Earth. Fi-
“ nally, you shall ask Pardon of these Gentlemen
“ who are with me for having written two
“ such impertinent Letters, and for having given
“ us the Trouble of coming hither.

These so unexpected heavy Conditions made the poor *Spaniard* see that he would get nothing by his *Gasconades*; he was just at his Wit's End; Wherefore as he kept a profound Silence, and made no Attempt to come down, *Belindor* took his Pistols and swore he'd shoot him thro' the Head if he did not move immediately, and accordingly put himself in a Posture to do so.

What could he do in such a melancholy Extremity? Wherefore having maturely weighed the Shame he must undergo if he came down from the Tree, and the Danger he incurr'd in staying there any longer, he began in a sorrowful Tone to ask *Belindor* Pardon, and beg he would not use him ill. This being promised, he at last began to come down, but very slowly. As soon as he was landed, all dejected and trembling like a Criminal whom the Hangman is just ready to turn off the Ladder, he was obliged to kneel down, in which Posture *Belindor* presented him the Scissars to cut off his Whiskers, threatening immediately to shoot him if he did not do it. This was a very bitter Pill for the good Man to swallow; but the imminent Danger wherein he was, allowed him no Time for long Consultation: Wherefore he was forced to obey, and presented *Belindor* with a trembling Hand those two great Cutlasses wherewith he had chined
so

so many Thousand Men; he also deliver'd his *Toledo*, and fulfilled all the Conditions impos'd on him. After which we mounted and left poor *Don Roderigo di Braccamonte* in the most exquisite Despair.

This pleasant Adventure furnish'd us with Diversion on the Road; we all went to *Diana's*, because her Father staid to dine with the Marquis, and there refreshed our selves after our Fatigue. However, this Comedy seem'd too diverting to us not to let the Marquis and *Clarimont* come in for a Share; wherefore we soon informed them of it, but they could not have believed it, had not *Belindor* shewn them the Sword and two Whiskers of this Destroyer of Mankind.

CHAP. III.

The Sicilian Count escapes from Prison. The Havock Love makes in the Heart of an old Cook; and the scurvy Trick Mirandor plays him.

IN a little Time the Governor of *Ghent* receiv'd Letters from *Spain*, which informed him, that the Count after whom he enquired was neither known by the King, nor any one at Court; and he was order'd to punish the Impostor according to his Deserts. Hereupon the

Prisoner was brought to Justice, where he continued to affirm that he was the same Person as he at first pretended; upon which they would have confronted him with his Servants, but they had the Precaution to withdraw themselves as soon as their Master was seized. They were forced then to put him to the Torture to make him squeak, which was no sooner done than he confessed not only what the Governor's Nephew had said of him, but a thousand other Rogueries, the least of which deserv'd hanging. Thereupon his Sentence was soon passed, and he was condemn'd *nemine contradicente* to be hanged by the Neck on the highest Gibbet about Town, to have his right Hand wherewith he had cheated so many People at play cut off, and then left to feed the Crows. As to the Money found in his Lodging, which amounted to above a thousand Pistoles, what this Sharper had tricked them of at Play was restored to the Governor, the Marquis, and others, and for the rest of this sham Count's Spoils the *Fiscal* jealous of his sacred Rights would have claimed them. However the Governor disputed them with him, resolving to come in for a Share, that he might drink to the Health of the future Knight of the Hempen Order. At last they agreed together as well as they could, after which they sent him a Father Confessor, who told him his Doom with a great deal of Christian Charity and Eloquence.

The Day of our illustrious Count's *Apotheosis* being come, the Marquis and his Friends resolved to see the Ceremony. I likewise made One, and we went all to the Governor's, whose
Palace

Palace look'd upon the Place where this great Act was to be celebrated. At the usual Hour the Masters of the Ceremonies of *Pluto's* Empire, that is to say, the Sergeants, Yeomen, Sheriffs Officers, Bum-Bailiffs and their Followers went gravely to deliver the Criminal from Prison, and some Thousands of Spectators waited their Return with Impatience. As soon as these Envoys of the infernal Monarchs open'd the Prison Doors they were terribly confounded at finding the Nest empty, and the Bird flown, for the Count having filed off his Irons, and broke thro' the Wall, had made his Escape the Night before, to laugh at all them who would give themselves the Trouble to come and wish him a good Journey into the other World. At this News the Governor sent every Way to endeavour to retake the Runagate, but whatever Search they made they could not discover the least Traces of him; so that the great Master of the Hempen Order was enraged that this new Knight had thus wiped his Nose, and given him the Dog to hold; and in fine the whole Multitude of curious Spectators were obliged to return like Fools as they came.

About the same Time the formidable Tyrant and Conqueror of Hearts *Cupid* play'd some of his Dog Tricks at the Marquis's; for he took it in his Head to pierce the Heart of our old Cook with so many Arrows that he made it like a Sieve, and the poor Fellow was stark mad for Love of a Servant of *Clarimont's* who was as old as himself. She had been Nurse to her Master, who was then about fifty. This wither'd Hag had a Mouth that reached from

one Ear to the other, and her Lips were so fallen in that one might plainly see that there was not so much as one Tooth to serve them for Supporters. In the middle of her leaden Face was stuck a Nose so long and so sharp that one would have sworn it was placed there to represent the Boltsprit of the *Argonauts* Vessel. And for a farther Addition to her Beauty she had upon her Back a certain Excrecence which our Naturalists call by the Name of Hunchback. These were the Charms which enchanted our Cook to that Degree that he could no longer live separated from his *Nonpareille*. As for his own Part, as he had retain'd some few *Latin* Words, which he had pick'd up by Chance in his younger Days, he was so proud of them, that till that Time he had never been able to find a Mistress which he thought worthy of him. As he was none of the greatest Conjurers, and his Folly was pretty diverting, he had insinuated himself so far into the Marquis's good Graces, that besides the Office of first Inspector of the Kitchen, he had honour'd him with the Dignity of privy Counsellor of his Table, I mean of a Buffoon, a Post he had fill'd with Honour about twenty four Years. He had also been a little in the Wars in his younger Days, but as nothing is to be got there but Labour and Blows, he had made Interest for, and at last obtained the civil Employment of a Cook, in which he was grown so expert, that I have often heard him say, that he would undertake to make, as well as the most famous Cook in *Europe*, either Mustard and Onion or good Carrier's Sauce : Such uncommon Talents were

were not however capable of softening the Heart of his Insensible. This Resistance, instead of curing him of his Passion, only nourished a Fire which consumed him by Degrees; for *venit amor ferior quo ferior*, that is, when old Men are once wounded, they love like Fury, because dry Wood burns better than green. Several Yards of Ribband of all Colours, where-with he was stuck out from Head to Foot, a clean Shirt which he put on once a Fortnight, whereas before he shifted but once a Month, his continual Resveries and Distractions, with the Mistakes he committed every Moment in putting sometimes Pepper into his Meat instead of Salt, sometimes Salt instead of Sugar, all these amorous Symptoms were undeniable Witnesses which discovered the melancholy Situation of his Heart. *Belindor* and I were the first who knew the Nature of his Distemper; however in vain did we turn and wind and question him every Way, it was impossible to get him to confess it.

One Day when I was gone to do something in the Kitchen, I found behind the Dishes a greasy Paper, whereon were some Verses, which deserve not to be communicated to my curious Readers; though they were an absolute Master-piece of Culinary Poetry.

As Love, the great Maker of *Metamorphoses*, can make a Coward a Hero, a Miser an Extravagant, a Clown a Courtier, and change an Ass into a Doctor or a Counsellor, a Rustick into a Man of Gallantry and Politeness, and a Fool into a Wit, I was not at all surprized that he had transformed a Cook into a

Poet. Love makes our Pen, and guides our Hand, and can turn a *Vander Stok**, into a *Vou-del*†. It must be own'd that Love is a great Master; I could not have believed that our Cook could have been capable to have produced such a Master-piece. I immediately transcribed these Verses, after which I laid the Original where I had found it. It was an absolute Feast for *Belindor* and *Diana* to whom I shewed them; but as we were ignorant who the fair One was that had caus'd such a Conflagration, I was charg'd to leave no Stone unturned to find her out, because they knew I was in the Cook's Favour, and besides had some Authority over him, as being Steward to the Marquis.

Having then order'd him one Day to go with me into the Garden, I said to him very seriously: "Master *Simon* (for that was his Name) I am too much your Friend not to interest my self in every thing that concerns you. I have observed for some Time that you have been very absent and melancholy, wherefore after having well examin'd your Actions, I don't doubt but it is Love which has caused this Alteration; you have given your Heart to some pretty Girl who perhaps repays you with Ingratitude. You will make but an ill Return for my Affection if you conceal any longer your Distemper, and the Name of the fair One who has touched your Heart. Tell me her Name, and be assur'd I will do my utmost to render your Amours successful." At these

* A Dutch Poet of the lowest Rank.

† Another Dutch Poet whose Works are the most in Vogue.

Words our Lover smiled upon me graciously ; then looking down he began to consider, without doubt what he should answer. At last fearing I should laugh at him, he deny'd that he had any Inclination that way, but 'twas with a very confus'd Air. Wherefore to incourage him, and remove that Scrupulousness. " 'Tis
" a Folly, continued I, to be asham'd to discover a Thing that all Men of Sense esteem
" a Virtue. For added I, Love is a certain
" Sign of a great and noble Soul, which only
" is delighted with amiable Objects ; 'tis an Inclination which all Men have suck'd in with
" their Milk. The cruellest of Monsters have
" given Way to this soft Passion, all Nature
" loves, nothing is Proof against *Cupid's* Darts.
" You your self, tho' you disown it, have felt
" his Power. I have too evident Proofs to
" doubt of it one Minute." Thereupon I drew out of my Pocket a Copy I had taken of his Verses, and told him where I had found them. At this Sight, the poor Man was at a Nonplus, and seeing that his Obstinacy in persisting to deny it would be to no Purpose, he at last confessed with a deep Sigh, that indeed he was in Love, and had often been upon the Point of making me his Confident, but that the Fear of my discovering it to *Belindor*, of whose Rallery he was afraid, had always prevented him. After having promised then to keep his Secret, he told me, that the Person who held his Heart in Chains was *Clarimont's* Kitchen Wench, and begged me if I had any Value for him, to speak to his Charmer to endeavour to move her, and afterwards to ask her of *Clarimont*.
He

He added, with Tears in his Eyes, that he had often declared his Love to her, but that she had always heard him with the greatest Indifference, without regarding, or having the least Complaisance for his great Expences on this Occasion, to keep himself neat and dress handsomely; and that in fine, having spent all his Money, he had been obliged to have recourse to the only Means that was left him to touch the Heart of this inhuman Tygress, which was Poetry, in Hopes that his Verses would produce a better Effect than his Sighs and Prayers. Then he ask'd me what I thought of that little Piece, and whether the Verses, the Rhime, and the Cadence did not shew him to be a good Poet. I answered, that I was charmed with it all, and that if he would cultivate his Genius, his Verses would infallibly excel the most sublime Compositions of our best Poets, and that though I was sensible of his Wit, I at first doubted whether he was the Author.

Hereupon I left him and went to *Belindor*, whom I informed of all that had passed; and he was very much surprized that a Man of his Age should be susceptible of a Passion that was so much the more ridiculous, as the Object of it was a very Scare-crow. What astonished us the more was, that the old *Megara* should be so very coy, and repulse a Man in such a manner who was a thousand times better than her. Upon this we resolved to play our Cook some Trick which might divert us, and at the same time cure him of his Folly. Several Days passed without our knowing what Course to take with him; during which poor Master *Simon* came

came to me one Morning bellowing like a Calf, and told me, that he had got his Verses delivered to his Mistress, but that without deigning to read them she had torn them in a thousand Pieces; and said to the Scullion who carried them, that she laughed at the old, stinking, greasy Dotard; adding, that if she could read, she would spend her Time better than in amusing herself about such Tales of a Tub. The disconsolate Master *Simon* added, that his Despair would without doubt drive him to some fatal Extremity, since he found there was no Way left to move this Heart of Stone, which made his Life a Burthen to him. Hereupon I tried to comfort him, and promised afresh to intercede strongly in his Favour; but he judged, that after the outrageous Slight she had put upon his Verses, all Means whatever would be fruitless.

After long considering what Trick we should play our Lover, I at last thought I had pitched upon one. A Company of Gipsies had for some Days taken up their Abode in a neighbouring Village, whence they went a pilfering on all Sides, and stole Pigs, Geese and Turkeys, &c. enough from the Peasants, to make their Residence a very Glutton's Paradise. I advised Master *Simon* then to address himself to these Gentry, not doubting but they would assist him, and find Means to procure him the Happiness after which he sigh'd so ardently. I added, that I would accompany him thither, and that we would address ourselves to the Chief of the Tribe, who was an old Woman, very skilful in Palmistry and Necromancy; that I had

had lately consulted her myself, and she had told me several things entirely surprizing, both as to what had already happened to me in the Course of my Life, and what was to befall me for the future. Our Seasoner of Ragouts being charmed with this Advice, pump'd himself dry for Compliments and Thanks to testify his Gratitude to me. As soon as he left me I got on Horseback, and went directly to the Village which served as a Place of Residence to this illustrious Troop of Knights-errant. Being arrived within a hundred Paces of their Abode, I soon found myself encompassed with a good Number of Gentry of that Order, who offered to tell me my Fortune if I would cross their Hands with a Bit of Silver. I got rid of these civil Ristraff by throwing them some Money, and asking to speak with the oldest Woman in the Company, with whom I went to an Alehouse, where I informed her of our Cook's Amours. Having agreed with her what she should say and do to him, as also at what Place and what Hour we should meet again, I left her, promising to reward her well, and giving her some Money beforehand, and at my return home, I told *Belindor* what I had done. Next Morning, at the Hour appointed, Master *Simon* and I went towards the Village where this Oracle lived, and did not fail meeting the old Hag at the Place I had agreed on with her. As soon as I perceived her, I told the poor Man that I believed our Journey would be successful, because the very Person we were going to, whom perhaps we should otherwise have seen
puzzled

puzzled to find, came so *a propos* of herself to meet us. Having accosted her, I begged her to follow us by herself, because we had something to communicate in private. Wherefore entering all of us into the Alehouse where we were the Day before, I said to the Beldame, that having heard talk of her wonderful Talents in the Art of foretelling Things to come, and even in forcing Events to happen correspondent to her Desires, this honest Man was come to desire her Advice and Assistance to cause a suitable Return in the Heart of a Person he loved to Distraction, and promised her a handsome Recompence if she effected it. Thereupon having asked Master *Simon* his Name, and that of his Mistress, she turned her Back upon us, and went into a Corner of the Room, where she mumbled over some Words and read in a greasy Book all over smoak'd with a thousand strange Gestures and Contortions. This done, she told the Cook, shaking her Head, that the Dæmon which was at her Service informed her, that it would be impossible to touch the Heart of his cruel Charmer without the Assistance of a certain Potion which he must give her to drink, after which it would be impossible for her to help loving him violently. Our Lover was ready to die with Joy on hearing an Oracle so favourable to his Passion; wherefore he ask'd at what time and how he must give it her to drink. "Therein, replied the old Hag, you will meet with very great Difficulties, if I don't surmount them by the Force of my Art. Know then, added she, that to Morrow precisely at Mid-nigh

“ night you must come alone into this neighbouring Wood, where four Ways meet. I will be there also, and I will oblige your Mistress to come likewise, though in her Sleep; there you shall give her the Liquor to drink which I will bring with me, after which she will follow you all over the World, and desire nothing more than to possess you.”

These comfortable Words were Sugar and Honey to our Dotard; but nevertheless he trembled when he thought of going alone to the Wood at that time of Night. He could have wished I might have been allowed to accompany him, but the Sorceress told him her Art would be to no Purpose, and that the Mystery being disturbed by the Presence of any one whatsoever we should be both ill-used by the infernal Spirits, of whose Assistance she stood absolutely in need. In fine, his Desire of enjoying his Charmer getting the better of his Fears, he promised to follow her Orders in every Point.

Next Morning *Belindor* and I went to meet the Gipsy, to instruct her in all that was to be done to put an end to this Adventure, and repeat the Promise we had made her of a Re-compence. All that Day Master *Simon* did nothing but beg of Heaven to prosper his Enterprize, and counted every Minute an Hour till the time of the Rendezvous. *Belindor* and I going thither about eleven at Night, soon saw the old Hag with ten or twelve others of her Gang, carrying each of them a Truss of Straw. They hid themselves behind some Bushes, we did

did the same, whilst the Mistress of the Ball waited undauntedly for the Gallant. At last he appeared, and coming up slowly and trembling to the Sorceress, she took him by the Hand and placed him in the middle of the Way, then drawing a Circle round him with her Wand, she obliged him to strip himself to the Waste and kneel down. The poor Oaf being seized with Horror at hearing the Imprecations of the old Hag was ready to die with Fear. After many Turns round the Circle and Contortions like a Person possessed, at a Signal given another old *Megara* came from behind a Tree. She made him believe that it was his Mistress, whom her Enchantments had forced to come thither, which he accordingly did, the Night hindering him from distinguishing Objects plainly. Then she exhorted him to be resolute, and not stir from thence, but arm himself with Courage, because certain furious and burning Spirits being incited by Rage and Jealousy would torment him to terrify him, and if he set a Foot out of the Circle he would be lost beyond Redemption. And to the end he might not be frightened by the Sight of these infernal Spirits, she blinded his Eyes, and advised him to stop his Ears well, that he might not hear their Cries and Howlings. These Words, and so many Precautions would have deterr'd a more undaunted Person than our Cook from such an Undertaking; but Love surmounts all Difficulties. He resolved then not to stir whatever should happen, to see the End of this Adventure; although he heartily repented in his Soul his having exposed himself
so

so foolishly. He was resolved to finish the Voyage with the Devil, since he was embark'd with him.

Every thing therefore being thus regulated, and the Sorcerers having pronounced some more Words out of her conjuring Book, her Companions came forwards, with each of them a Truss of Straw lighted in her Hand, and in the other a good Handful of Rods. They began to houl and dance around the Circle, holding the Flame near the Skin of our Pot-skimmer, and lashing him soundly in Cadence with their Rods till the Blood trickled down his Back. The Stripes he felt and the Light of the Flame which he perceived under the Bandage wherewith they covered his Eyes, made him judge that he was already at the Mouth of Hell, and surrounded by a Legion of Imps who were just ready to lay hold of him with their Fangs; whereupon he was seized with Fear to that Degree, that he fell flat with his Face upon the Ground; then we made a Sign to those Creatures to give over. Thereupon they retired to hide themselves; and their Principal, after having extinguished the Fire, highly extoll'd the Courage of the poor Sufferer, and assured him that his Mistress, after having drank the amorous Philter, was just carried away to her Bed by a little Demon, and that in a short Time she would reward his Patience and Affection by a thousand tender Embraces, provided he would undergo another little Trial, after which nothing would be wanting to crown his Happiness. But the Fear he had been put in by the Flame, and the Smart of the Lashes

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he

he had received, had made such an Impression on the Mind of the amorous Dotard, that he would not at first listen to the Proposal. But the merciless Hag, who was resolved to play him another Trick, having told him that she had brought the Skin of a certain Animal to cover him, under which he would be safe from the Attacks of a Million of the most furious Demons, if so many were to assault him; this somewhat reanimated the Courage of our Master Scullion, who ask'd, why she had not made use of that Skin before? To which she answered, that according to the Rules of the Black Art she was obliged not to use it till after the first Trial. He suffered himself then to be covered with a Bear's Skin, which the Marquis wore in the Winter when he went upon a Sledge, and which we had given this Woman. This Skin she sowed fast round his Body, ordering him for his Life not to speak a Word, nor ask her what she was going to do; then tying his Hands behind him she besmear'd his Face with Soot, in which Disguise he looked frightful.

In the mean while we could not enough admire the Simplicity of this old Fool, who gave Credit to all that the old Hag said; wherefore taking him by the Arm she led him under a great Oak, where she swore no Demon could hurt him, and his Beloved would come to release him. There she made him lie down upon his Belly, and throwing a strong Rope over one of the Branches of the Tree, she fastened his Hands and Legs together; which done, by the Assistance of her Companions, she rais'd him

him in the Air about the Height of a tall Man. Then fixing one of the Ends of the Cord to another Tree, they made him swing as if he had been one of the most expert Dancers on the Slack Rope. This Diversion lasted till break of Day, when we all retired, after having rewarded the Gipsies, leaving the poor Devil dangling in the Air, and not daring to open his Lips for fear that the hellish Sprites should come and strangle him. On our return Home we put Master *Simon's* Clothes, which we brought away with us, in his Chamber, which done we went to Bed; but let us return as soon as possible to the poor Wretch's Assistance, and see the End of this sorrowful Adventure.

After having suffered yet a great deal more, in such an uneasy Posture, notwithstanding which he durst not cry out, fortunately for him a Company of Peasants pass'd by that Place, who were going by the Governor's Orders a Wolf-hunting. As soon as he heard the Sound of the Drum, and the Barking of the Dogs, he verily believed that an Army of Demons was coming, Drums beating and Colours flying to seize and carry him to Hell. This new Fright had almost deprived him of the Remains of a Life already too much weakened by Fear, and by so many Sufferings. The Dogs were the first who discovered our Tumbler, whereupon they ran up to him on a full Cry, and would have torn him to pieces, had he not been out of their reach. The Peasants hearing the Noise of the Dogs, and thinking they had found the Wolf, followed them quickly; but how great was their Surprise at seeing such a grotesque Figure

Figure which was bandy'd to and fro by the Wind. They knew not what to think of it, nor could not comprehend how that Monster, whereof they had never seen the Fellow, came to be thus suspended in the Air. It was only by his Hands and Feet that they at last judg'd it might be a human Creature. Wherefore they took Courage and approached this extraordinary Object, and considered its Dress and whimsical Posture with the utmost Attention. In the mean while poor Master *Simon*, believing that the Dogs, who did their utmost to get at him, were of the Race of *Cerberus*, and the Peasants infernal Emissaries, durst not so much as groan for fear of being devoured. Whilst the Spectators believed he was dead, an ugly large Mastiff made such Efforts, that at last he reached our Dangler, and made him feel his Teeth so sensibly, that the poor Man thinking himself lost, sent forth such a piteous Cry, that he might have been heard half a League round. Hereupon one of the Peasants, a Man of Experience, and much respected amongst his Parishioners, because every *Sunday* he had the Honour to ring the Bell to call them to Mass, was the first who broke Silence, and had the Courage to ask this strange Phantom who he was, and who the Devil had hanged him there. The Cook durst not answer, believing it was some Imp who affected Compassion to make him speak, and get him in his Clutches. Wherefore he only fetch'd a deep Sigh, which not being intelligible enough to the Examiner, they were oblig'd to unbind his Eyes. Though some of the Company had

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perhaps

perhaps seen him before, yet his Face was then so black and disfigured that he was not to be known. The poor Sufferer was the first who knew some of the Peasants that belonged to the Marquis; upon which his Fears were a little abated, but trembling still, lest it should be some diabolical Illusion, he burst out into these mournful Complaints. "If you are the same
"cruel Spirits that being jealous of my Happiness are resolved upon tormenting me, I
"conjure you, by the Virtue of this Skin
"wherewith I am covered, and which is Proof
"against all your infernal Attacks, to set me
"at Liberty, and disappear, that I may finish
"this Adventure successfully, which in spite
"of your Teeth shall put me in Possession of
"the Beauty which has pierced my Heart: Or
"else if you are human Creatures sent in Compassion by Heaven to deliver me, make haste,
"I beseech you, and finish my cruel Torments; whereby you not only will bind me
"in an eternal Acknowledgment, but you will
"oblige the Marquis, whose Cook I am.
"Make haste then, without asking me any
"more Questions, for I can no longer endure
"the inexpressible Torments I suffer." As soon as the Company heard who he was, every one strove who should be the first to inform the Marquis of the Adventure of his Cook, and left the poor Wretch in Company with the Dogs, who by their Leaps and Bounds plainly shewed what a Mind they had to be at him. At last one of the nimblest did reach him, and set his Teeth in his Shoulder; and as the Beast, being very eager after his Prey, would not let go

go his Hold, poor Master *Simon*, not being able to use either his Hands or Feet, and being quite desperate at the Brutality of the Cur, to revenge himself of him for his Insolence, he was obliged to make use of the only Arms that were at his Disposal, that is his Teeth. However he defended himself so well with these natural Arms, and applied them so effectually and with such Fury to the Dog's Throat, that finding himself bit he began to beg Mercy in his Language, though without letting go his Hold.

The Peasants being arrived at the Marquis's, strove all of them which should be the foremost to relate this Adventure; all began to bawl at a time. Whereupon the Marquis being stunned with their Noise, and not able to comprehend any thing, at last ordered the Sexton, whom I have already mentioned, and who seemed in the most Hurry to tell him the Affair, to inform him what was the Matter.

Mr. Orator then having cough'd, spit, and hem'd, told the Marquis, with Abundance of Elegance and Presence of Mind, that as they were going a Wolf-hunting, they had found his Cook with his Hands and Legs tied hanging upon a Tree, and that they were all come to inform him of it, and know whether they should untye him or not. The Marquis in Amaze reprimanded them severely for their Stupidity in not unbinding him at first, and had the Curiosity to go himself to see what ail'd him. Being come to the Place where his poor Domestick hung, he did not know what to think of this grotesque Figure, which was engaged by the Teeth with a great Dog. As soon as the

unfortunate Cook saw his Lord, he let go his Hold, and his Adversary, by the Blows they gave him, was forced to do the same; this done they unbound the poor Man. As soon as he was let down, the Marquis being desirous of knowing the Mystery of this whimsical Adventure, enquired it of him, but our old Dotard being mortified to the last Degree at seeing all his fine Designs vanish into Smoke, and ashamed of being seen in such a strange Equivage, absolutely refus'd to open his Lips; whereupon the Marquis thinking that the Presence of so many Witnesses hindered him, retired, promising to send him his Clothes. As soon as Master *Simon* saw the same Suit brought which he wore the Day before, he crossed himself a hundred times, not being able to comprehend by what Enchantment it was found in his Chamber. On his return home the Marquis in vain pressed him to unfold the Mystery, he could get nothing out of his Mouth but that *Clarimont's* Servant was an errant Witch. Wherefore he was obliged to dismiss the Oaf, without being able to get any farther Explanation: But having related the Story to his Son, he being willing to satisfy his Father's Curiosity, he told him the whole Adventure. It was soon communicated to *Clarimont* and *Diana*, who laughed at it very heartily. Only poor Master *Simon* had no Reason to laugh, and being from that time persuaded that his Mistress was an Arch-Sorceress, he swore never more to make any Verses to her Honour.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

Belindor and Mirandor resolve on going to Paris; the Marquis being very ill of the Gout receives a Visit from a Cobbler; upon what Account.

ABOUT that Time the Marquis was informed by the continual Rains, Mills, and hoar Frosts of Autumn, accompany'd with cold, bleak, North-East Winds, that if he did not quickly leave the Country, he would soon find himself besieg'd by Snow, Hail, and Frost. As soon as these Envoys had shewn their Letters of Credence, the Marquis believed them, and without stay-
M 3 ing

ing to be bid twice, retired to *Ghent*, where he had a very fine House. *Clarimont*, who had also one near that of the Marquis's, left the Country at the same time; so that *Belindor* would have spent the Winter there very agreeably, as he might have seen his dear *Diana* as often as he would, if the Resolution had not already been taken to spend that Season at *Paris*. Count *d'Apremont*, his Uncle, was then at that Court, where he was very much esteem'd. With him *Belindor* was to lodge, and he was to bring him acquainted, and introduce him at Balls, to enjoy the Diversions of the Court and City. As he loved me too well not to desire I should partake of all his Pleasures, his Father willingly consented to my accompanying him. Whilst our Things were getting in readiness, there happened a very comical Adventure at our House, which I think myself obliged to communicate to the Reader.

The Marquis had been some Years troubled with the Gout, wherewith he was attacked four or five Times every Year with so much Violence, that the Pain often made him roar so loud that he stunned all the Neighbourhood. They, who in their Youth have been a little too familiar with *Bacchus* and *Venus*, will easily know how much an Ell that Cloth is worth. They can't be ignorant that this same Messenger will come sooner or later to reproach them for the Excesses whereof they have formerly been guilty in the Company of those two Deities. Accordingly when the Marquis was tormented with the Gout, he was so impatient and so peevish, that on every Occasion he

he would pick a Quarrel for a Fly with all the Servants who approached him. He would even sting every thing that was within his Reach at their Heads, to make them comprehend that it was not good to jest with a Person so gouty. When we found these Symptoms upon him, *Belindor* and I were cautious of approaching him, lest he should send either a Plate or a Candlestick at our Heads for nothing. One Day then, when he had a terrible itch to curry somebody's Hide soundly with a good Cudgel, I had the Prudence not to set Foot in his Room all that Day, and even to go and dine with one of my Friends. As I went out I found at the Door a Man who looked like some mean Mechanick. After he had kept me about half an Hour, I could find out nothing by his Discourse but that he wanted to speak with the Marquis. As I knew he was not then in a Humour to listen patiently to any one whatever, I advised the Man to take another Time, because the Marquis was indisposed; thereupon I left him and went away. In the Afternoon, at my Return about three a Clock, I was very much surprized at finding the same Man at the Place where I had left him. As soon as he saw me, he told me, that he had desired the Footmen several times to inform their Master of his being there, but had not had Audience to that Hour, and begged me to tell the Marquis that he had an Affair of Importance to communicate to him, which would be of as much Advantage to the Marquis as himself. Seeing the Man's Eagerness to speak to my Master, I thought his Business might be of Con-

sequence; wherefore I told my Lord, that a Stranger, who had waited above five Hours at the Gate, desired to speak with him about an Affair that very nearly concerned him, which he would not entrust with me. Hereupon the Marquis, as chagrin as he was, put a Constraint upon himself, and gave Leave to the Man to come in; upon which I went to tell this Unknown of it, who after having set his Cloak in order, which came but down to his Breech, and was all Moth eaten, followed me very gravely with long Strides, and made a dismal clattering with a Pair of large wooden Shoes lined with Cork. The Marquis having asked him what he wanted, he made the following Harangue. "Most gracious, noble and powerful Lord, the Prophet *Aristotle* (without doubt he would have said Philosopher) says very well somewhere, with Respect be it spoken, that a Man must cut his Coat according to his Cloth; and likewise, that whoever touches Pitch will defile his Fingers; *item*, that according to what Company you keep, Men will judge of you. For this Reason, my Lord, I did not make use of many Circumlocutions to inform your Servant of a thing whereof I have already begun to apprise you, and which you shall soon know more pertinently." The Marquis being surprized at such a Preamble, bid him cut short, and come to the Point without so many Words. "Yes, my Lord, replies the Fellow, I am resolved not to go so much about the Bush, for all the Importance of the Case. Since then your Excellency may have discovered, perceived,

"and

“ and comprehended *cofi comi*, by what I have
 “ already said, of what Nature the Question is
 “ I am going to propose, it is necessary your
 “ Excellency should know before I come to
 “ Particulars, that my deceas'd Father used to
 “ say, what is got over the Devil's Back is spet
 “ under his Belly; and that he was usually
 “ called by the Neighbours *Nimble Peter*, on
 “ account of his indefatigable Application to
 “ his Business. He was by Profession a Cob-
 “ ler, and had married at *Gouda*, a Town in
 “ *Holland*, the Daughter of Great *Nicholas* the
 “ Labourer. And as the Husband of his Fa-
 “ ther-in-Law's Cousin was one of the Watch-
 “ men of that Town, where with Staff in
 “ Hand he used by Night to cry the Hours, my
 “ Father by his Credit had the good Fortune,
 “ two Years after his Marriage, to be made
 “ sworn wooden Shoemaker in the City of
 “ *Rotterdam*. He was a Man worth his
 “ Weight in Gold; accordingly *Colas* the Por-
 “ ter used to say of him, that it was a Pity he
 “ was not one of the Common-Council, he
 “ knew so well how to use his Tongue. For
 “ he had had a Suit of Law with *William* the
 “ Goldfinder, *alias* the *Tom-turd-man*, which
 “ lasted for two Years, about six Trenchers,
 “ five new, and as many Spoons, which was
 “ given in Favour of my Father. Alas! if the
 “ good Man had not died so soon, I should—”

The Marquis, who was in exquisite Pain, grew
 almost mad at hearing such a foolish Harangue,
 whereof he could not comprehend the Drift;
 wherefore he interrupted him, and ordered him
 in a Passion to be gone immediately, or to tell

M 5

him

him in two Words what had brought him thither. " A little Patience, my Lord, replied the other, I have yet several Things to say to you. But to cut short, do you understand me? You must know, that I, like my Father, have followed the Trade of mending Shoes, that I am a Freeman of this City, and that I have always lived honestly by my Profession. It is true indeed that I have found much Difficulty in getting my Living ; but what can one do, good Sir ? One can't change one's Trade as one does one's Linen ; where the Goat is fastened it must brouze, and he that is cold must pump, as *Lucas* very well observes. I believe, *Rascal*, said the Marquis in a Passion, that you are crazy, and come here only to make a Fool of me. Speak quickly, and then go to the Devil. Patience is a good Plant, resum'd the other, but it does not grow in every Garden, as *Gregory* the Chimney Sweeper says well : That is to say, my Lord, you understand me? That every Thing has its Time, and that one must learn to walk before one can run ; for as the good Man *Blaise* says very well, make Haste slowly. As then, Sir, you have without doubt already comprehended that I am a Cobler or Translator at your Service, I have only to add, that as unworthy as I am, I have had the Honour a long while to serve very substantial Persons, and even the Heads of the Town, and that I have always done my Duty with a good Conscience, being resolved always to live with Honour, that no Body may ever be

able

“ able to reproach me with the least false Step.
 “ Therefore to come to the Point, this is the
 “ Case.

“ *Margaret* the Surly, who was Servant to
 “ *Giles* the Alehouse Man, gave me about two
 “ Months ago a Pair of Shoes to mend; and
 “ *James* the Waterman of *Sas van Ghent*, who
 “ had promised to marry her, told me he would
 “ pay for the mending, but that he would give
 “ me but two Pence down, and the other Six-
 “ pence two Months after, for I was to have
 “ in all eight Pence for two Soles and two
 “ Heel Pieces. I was contented then with this
 “ Bargain, do you understand me? For *James*
 “ the Waterman could bear that Expence very
 “ well, as you well know, because his Grand-
 “ father has three Stalls in the City. But that
 “ *Jade Margaret* has spoiled all the Work; for
 “ she has let the Hostler get her with Child,
 “ and was deliver’d the Day before Yesterday.
 “ Now *James*, and indeed to say the Truth
 “ he has a great deal of Reason, has not only
 “ broken off the Match with that impudent
 “ Hussy, but even refuses to pay me the remain-
 “ ing Sixpence. Wherefore, my Lord, as I
 “ know you have had many Difficulties to un-
 “ ravel amongst the Pettifoggers, and conse-
 “ quently must understand these Sorts of Af-
 “ fairs, and besides as we are both the Sons of
 “ the oldest Citizens, I have taken the Liberty
 “ to address my self to you, to beg that you
 “ would have the Goodness to give me your
 “ Advice in this important Matter, to know
 “ whether I ought to summon *James* the Wa-
 “ terman, or the Fellow that got her with
 “ Child,

“ Child, before the Judge, or else if I should
 “ attach *Margaret's* Wages, or in fine, if”
 At last the Marquis being quite out of all Man-
 ner of Patience, and not able any longer to bear
 such a foolish Discourse, interrupted him, by tel-
 ling him in these significant Words: “ I ad-
 “ vise you, Mr. *Translator*, to quit the Room,
 “ and be gone this Instant, before, as a Reward
 “ suitable to your great Merit, I have you wel-
 “ com'd with a hundred Bastinadoes.” At the
 same Time he order'd me to call three or four
 lusty Rogues of Footmen, each of them arm'd
 with a good Cudgel. On hearing such an un-
 expected Order, the good Man thinking there
 was no Time to be lost, did not stay to be bid
 twice, but without Hesitation ran out of the
 Room, and left the House faster than he had
 enter'd it.

CHAP. II.

*They set out for Paris, and lodge at Belin-
 dor's Uncle's; the Character of Count
 d'Apremont's Sons. A Love Adventure
 of a Canon of Westphalia, who is bub-
 bled.*

THE Time of our Departure being come,
Belindor did not fail going to take leave
 of his dear *Diana*. Whoever has had the same
 Tryal of parting with what he loves best, will
 not

not think it strange that *Belindor* was not only very melancholy, but even shed some Tears, and fetch'd several deep Sighs, and that his Mistress join'd in the Chorus with him. She made him promise to write often to her, and not to be long absent; but above all she begged him to continue constant, and be upon his Guard against the Glances that would be levell'd at him by the Ladies, in a Court where a young Man who is well made, polite, and gallant is soon sought after. Hereupon *Belindor* embracing her tenderly, swore an inviolable Fidelity to her, and a little after taking leave of *Clarimont*, we went into the Coach with the Marquis, who would accompany his Son as far as *Brussels*. As nothing remarkable happen'd upon the Road, the Reader, if he pleases, may take a Leap with us from *Ghent* to *Brussels*, where we arrived that Night.

Next Morning at Break of Day, as we had sent the Servant that liv'd with us at *Louvain*, to take Places for us in the *Paris* Coach, the Messenger came to tell us it was Time to set out. Hereupon the Marquis embraced his Son, wish'd him a good Journey, and recommended him very earnestly to my Care, which done, drive on Coachman. That the Way may not seem as tedious to my Reader as it was to us, I shall only say that we arrived at *Paris* about the Dusk of the Evening, very much fatigued and bruised by the jolting of the Coach, and went directly to the Count d'*Aspremont*'s, who liv'd in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain* near the *Hôtel de Luxembourg*. This Nobleman received his Nephew with open Arms, and all the Family

Family careſſed him highly. As we fortunately arrived there at Supper Time, we made amends for the bad Meals which the Coachman had made us make upon the Road, with Deſign, no doubt, that his Paſſengers not having their Bellies too full, his Jades might have a leſs Load to draw.

The Count had three Sons, the eldeſt of which was a Marquis, the ſecond an Abbot, and the youngeſt a Knight of *Malta*; which laſt was then making his Caravans in Purſuit of the *Mabometans*, and had not been at *Paris* for three Years. As much a Man of Honour, as polite, and well bred as the eldeſt was, as much was the Abbot the reverſe, being vicious and debauched, and leading a profligate Life, unworthy of his Birth or Character. There was never a Brothel whereof he was not one of the Supporters, and hardly any Quarrel whereof he was not the Ring-Leader and Incendiary. By Night he walk'd the Streets with thoſe of his Clan, moſt of them Eccleſiaſticks, with whom he committed a thouſand Enormities. They even attack'd Paſſengers, and made them deliver their Purſes, the Watch not daring to diſturb them in their nocturnal Expeditions, not ſo much in Regard to their Birth as their Character. For to wear a Band is Protection enough at *Paris* to laugh at the Wheel or the Gibbet; and this Impunity draws theſe holy Gentlemen to commit all Sorts of villanous Actions.

The firſt Thing *Belindor* did was to agree with a riding, fencing, dancing, and muſick Maſter; to all which Exerciſes we apply'd ourſelves ſo diligently, that we made more Progreſs in

in a Month, than we should have done elsewhere in a Year. The Abbot had the Art of concealing his vicious Inclinations so well under the Veil of Politeness and good Humour, that we thought him the most regular and most virtuous Man in the World. *Belindor* had so good an Opinion of him that he earnestly sought his Friendship, which he had no great Trouble to obtain, and the honest officious Abbot promised to introduce him into the most distinguish'd Companies about the Court. *Belindor* was charmed at this Offer, but had at last Reason enough to repent having placed so much Confidence in him; for he never returned Home but the Ladies had trick'd him at Play of a good Number of Pistoles. They who have frequented the fair Sex at *Paris* are not ignorant of the Ladies Dexterity that Way, and their Contrivances and Plots to bubble poor Strangers. An Adventure that happen'd much about that Time will justify what I have said.

A certain *Mof*, but one of the most rustick and unpolite, being an errant *Westphalian*, and a Canon, who was very ignorant of the Way of living, having seen very little of the World, and besides being none of the greatest Conjurors otherwise, happen'd to fall in Love with a Lady, whom he had seen dance at a Ball. Not knowing how to contrive to get Admittance to her, he did nothing for some Time but pass and repass five or six Times a Day before her Door. The Lady having at last observed this, and perceiving by the Canon's low Bows, and amorous Looks, when he saw her at her Window, that he was wounded, did not fail returning

ing his Salutes very graciously. This made the *German* over the Head and Ears in Love, notwithstanding which he neither durst visit or speak to her. The sly Baroness (for that was her Title) being desirous of finding an Opportunity to fleece this new Comer, had him dogged one Day by one of her Footmen, who informed her that the Stranger was a rich Canon who liv'd very handsomely; which last Circumstance charmed the Lady. Wherefore finding in the end that her Lover continued his Walks before her House, without making any Attempt to advance any farther, altho' she gave him all the Encouragement imaginable by her gracious Smiles from her Window, she resolv'd to set somebody at Work to decoy him. She was intimately acquainted with a young Gentleman whose whole Fortune consisted in being a Lieutenant in the Queen's Regiment; to him she discovered her Design; and begged him to go and dine for some Days at the Canon's Ordinary, and endeavour to insinuate himself into his Favour. The Officer who was one of the most sharp set, and the *Gascons*, as he was one, and those of his Order are no Fools, promised her Wonders, and did not fail to go the same Day and dine with the *Westphalian*. He placed himself then close to him at Table, and was so complaisant and so officious that he soon won the Canon's Heart. This Emissary continued the same for several Days; at last one Day he propos'd to him to take a Walk after Dinner, which was accepted with Joy. Hereupon they went together towards St. James's Street in the Suburbs of St. Germain's, where the Baroness liv'd. She

She who expected their Coming had placed her self ready at the Window, and as soon as she saw them called the Officer and begged him to walk in, because she wanted to speak with him. Thereupon the Officer took the Canon by the Hand, telling him he would not suffer him to wait in the Street, and that he was intimate enough with his Cousin to introduce a good Friend without her being offended at it. Hereat the good Ecclesiastick was in an Extasy; and his Guide conducted him strait into his pretended Cousin's Chamber, who received him very graciously, and thank'd him for the Honour he did her; to which the Canon answered the most politely he could in his broken Jargon of *French* and *Higb Dutch*. She then took the Officer aside, as if she had something of Consequence to impart to him; but 'twas only to concert Measures together how to inveigle this Novice. Their Discourse being ended, they returned to the *Westphalian*, who in the mean while had pulled out his *Pater Noster* and said mentally some *Ave Marias* for the good Success of his Amours. After having excused her self for leaving him thus alone, the Lady asked him how long he had been at *Paris*: *A Year, Madam*, reply'd he, *How*, cry'd she, *is it possible one can learn so soon to speak French so well, and behave one's self so politely?* This obliging Compliment charm'd the good Man; he took it all for Gospel, altho' both his Behaviour was very rustick, and in his Speech he was very hesitating, and as confounded as if he had befouled his Breeches. After this the Baronet's, to treat the good Canon, call'd for a Dish of Sweetmeats and

and some Bottles of Wine. Whilst they were employ'd in eating and drinking each other's Healths the Lady's Husband entered, which put our Ecclesiastick into a great Confusion, he being very much vexed that any one should come to interrupt him in his Pleasures. But he was soon compos'd on the Baron's saying he was obliged to him for the Honour done his Spouse, and begged him to do them the Favour of visiting them very often. Some Minutes after he ordered a little Table to be brought in cover'd with green Velvet and a gold Fringe round the Border, and some Packs of Cards. Then a Game at Cards being propos'd, the Canon excus'd himself, on Pretence that it did not become a Clergyman to play on a Sunday, as it happen'd to be then; tho' Devotion had a less Share therein than the Fear of losing his Money: Wherefore they were obliged to excuse him at that Time. After a pretty long Conversation, which turned wholly upon the Canon's genteel Air, Merit and Wit, the Time being come for him to retire, he took leave of the Company, with a Promise to dine with the Baroneſs next Day. This done, he went out with the Officer, who told him by the Way that he believ'd his Cousin had an Inclination to him, because he had observed that she never turned her Eyes off of him, and besides that, had desired him very earnestly to dine with her. He added, that if that was the Case, he thought him the happiest Man in the World, since she had refused to hearken even to the King himself, who had once courted her. He concluded with advising him to make some handsome Present

Present to his Cousin, to compleat his Conquest, because Money and Presents were the only Keys to a Lady's Heart. The *Westphalian*, who was the greatest Miser of his whole Nation, and did not love the least Gallantry that cost any Thing, was thunderstruck with this Counsel; and could have wished the Adviser of it at the Devil: However he promised to think of it. Being got Home, he went immediately to bed without Candle or Supper, to spare his Landlord the Trouble of inserting two Articles in his Bill, and had there Time enough to consider what he had to do. He saw very well that if he did not follow the Officer's Advice, his Love instead of advancing would go backwards; wherefore after having heartily curs'd the Selfishness of the whole Sex, who will grant nothing for nothing, and be paid for their least Favours, he resolved at last to get over that Difficulty, and make the Baroness a Present which should both shew the Excess of his Love, and the Delicacy of his Taste. Thereupon he spent the whole Night in ruminating upon this important Affair, and was at a great Nonplus about the Choice of a Present; at last he fixed upon a Lemon, whereupon he resolv'd to inscribe his Mistress's Name in Cloves, and adorn it with Rosemary. This Piece of Gallantry he thought could not but charm his fair One for its Novelty, especially when between the Name there should be represented a Heart pierced with an Arrow, and when some Knots of narrow red Ribbon were fasten'd to the Rosemary. This grand Design being formed, he gave a Groat to his Servant to buy a fine Lemon and some Cloves

Cloves. But reflecting that he did not know his Mistress's Name, he thought proper to send his Man to the Baroness's to ask it of one of her Domesticks. But as *John* (upon whom the foggy Air of his native Country had left more gross Influences than upon his Master) understood not one Word of *French*, the Canon would write down upon a Piece of Paper what he should say. Herein being at a little Nonplus himself, and not knowing well how to spell, he consulted the Dictionary, and at last made a Shift to couple these *French Words*: *Mon Maître voudroit bien Connoitre le nom de votre Maitresse*, which he wrote in *German Characters* that *John* might the easier read them. But *John* having in vain endeavoured two Hours to retain these Words in his Noddle, the Canon growing impatient bid him take the Note with him, and read it to one of the Baroness's Servants. A Footman, who open'd the Door to him, having asked his Business, the Booby made Signs to him to have a little Patience, and then began to feel in his Pockets. However he in vain search'd and rummag'd every where, he could not find his Memorandum, and was very much afraid he had left it at Home. As he continued still feeling in his Pockets, without speaking a Word, the Lady's Man believed the Blockhead had either lost his Wits, or else was come to make a Jest of him. Wherefore he was just going to lay him over the Ears with a good Cudgel which he took from behind the Door, when *John* made Signs to him again to stay a little longer. Then having scratch'd his Head soundly to recollect the Words of his Note,

Note, he thought at last he had got them, and said with the Accent of his Country: *Mon Meter foutre bien con etre de foter Metres.* The other surprized at such Gibberish, which to him seem'd insolent, and being willing to revenge his Mistress's Honour, whom he thought affronted, without consulting any longer, gave him such a devilish Blow with his Stick, that any other but a *Westphalian* would have been kill'd by it. Hereupon *John*, whose hard brawny Fists inur'd to Labour were as good as a Cudgel, finding himself so treated, seiz'd the Stick with one Hand, and with the other began to beat Time so well upon his Adversary's Jaws, that two of his largest Teeth, in Company with four others, thanking their Landlord for the good Lodging he had till then given them, fell to the Ground followed with a Mouthful of Blood; and the poor *Frenchman*, who could not have believed that such a vigorous Arm could have been found in the whole Kingdom of *France*, was quite stunned, and obliged to kiss the Ground. The victorious Master *John* not content with having fell'd his Antagonist, was going to deprive him of the rest of his Teeth, and make all his Face of a Gelly, but fortunately the other Domesticks came to the Assistance of their fellow Servant who had been so sadly maul'd. But the intrepid *Westphalian* despising this new Recruit gave the two first rassist Adventurers such terrible Strokes on the Muzzle, that the others opening their Eyes judg'd well that they must attack this *Samson* with other sort of Arms, for fear that happening likewise to loose their Teeth, they should be obliged

to give their Crusts of Bread to the Dogs. Every one then flew to his Sword to revenge the Affront done to their Comrades. But the Baron and his Wife having heard the Disturbance, came very opportunely to prevent the shedding of more Blood. Thereupon they enquired the Occasion of the Quarrel; but neither the Man who was knocked down, and who had not yet recovered his Speech, nor Master *John*, whom his Passion had made entirely forget the *French* Compliment, could satisfy them. By good Luck the Baron, who had served in *Germany* as Major of Horse, and been some Time in *Alsace*, understanding a little *High Dutch*, asked him the Reason of their Difference. Master *John* answered, that his Master having sent him to enquire the Name of the Baroness, to whom he designed to make a rich Present, and having addressed himself for that Purpose to one of her Footmen, instead of an Answer he had received a good knock on the Pate with a Stick, and because he had returned it a little, to prevent his redoubling his Stroke, the poor tender Milk-sop was not ashamed to cry out as if he had been flay'd, and that for such a Trifle. The Baron, who was in the Plot with his Wife, being persuaded that the amorous Canon intended some Present of Consequence, upon which perhaps the Name of the Baroness was to be wrought in Jewels, told it him. But the prudent *Westphalian*, for fear his treacherous Memory should play him some new Trick, had it set down in Writing, and after being ordered to remember his Master that they expected him at Dinner, he went away.

Being

Being got Home, he related all that had passed to his Master, and the gallant Canon immediately stuck his Mistress's Name upon the Lemon in a Cypher, with a Number of Cloves; he also added his own, not forgetting the Heart pierced with an Arrow, and set the whole off with some little Sprigs of Rosemary, and some Knots of red Ribbon. Having finished this Masterpiece of *Westphalian* Gallantry, he dispatched his Messenger with Orders to deliver this rich Present into the Baroness's own Hands. After having then instructed his active *Mercury* in all he was to do or say, Master *John*, instead of winged Pumps, clapt on his heavy Shoes that were armed with a thousand Nails, and just greas'd, to do Honour to his Embassy, and in this Equipage outstrip'd the Winds to execute with Speed his Master's Orders. Being come to the Baron's, the Footmen who opened the Door looked askint upon him, and not without Reason; but he, good Man, troubled his Head very little about them, either because he despised them, or because he was not a Physiognomist good enough to divine their Thoughts by their Features. In vain did he make a thousand Signs, and blunder out some Words, they understood him no more than if he had talked *Arabick*. Both the one and the others began already to sweat in their Grease, each of them thinking they were mocked, when the Baroness appeared, having heard the sonorous Voice of the Canon's Emissary. At the Sight of a peuter Plate covered with a very white Napkin; which the Messenger of Love held in his Hands, she was persuaded that it was a Present which might
very

very well be worth the whole Revenues of the amorous Ecclesiastick's Demefns and Canonicate, as well as the Profits he reaped of the Peasants, and of the Sale of Hams and Hogs wherewith his Country abounded. But, good Heaven! How great was her Surprize, when on lifting the Napkin she found that the Diamonds which she expected to see were metamorphos'd into Cloves. However she concealed her Vexation as well as she could; and if she had not hoped to make herself Amends out of the Canon's Purse, the Bearer of this rich Present had certainly been but very scurvily rewarded for his Pains. She seem'd then very well pleas'd with her Present, and gave the Bearer a couple of Shillings, which was received with such a profound Scrape, and such a Kick backward of his Foot, that a Servant who stood behind would certainly have had his Leg broke, had he not had the Presence of Mind that very Moment to cut a lucky Caper. Whereupon he escap'd with only having his Stocking torn, and the Skin a little rais'd, which made him wish the Bow-maker at the Devil.

As foggy and heavy as the Air of *Westphalia* is, and under whatever malignant Planet Master *John* was born, he had nevertheless Penetration enough to foresee, that if he made the least mention of the two Shillings to his Master, he should be oblig'd at least to pay for the Cloves, the Lemon and the Ribbon. He only told him, that his Present had been received with extreme Joy, as he found by the gracious Looks and Smiles of the Baroness. The Canon

Canon being charmed with his News, and persuaded that he had her already in his Power, did not fail going to her at Dinner-time, where he was received with open Arms, and thanked several times for his handsome Present. They pretended even to be sorry he had put himself to such an Expence, and that they did not know how to make a suitable Acknowledgment for this Generosity. They also reasoned a long time upon the fine Oeconomy of this curious and gallant Piece, which shewed his elegant Taste, and superiour Genius. The Oaf heard all these Compliments with a Smile, which shewed his Satisfaction, and made a thousand Bows without speaking one Word: Then the Officer, who had also been invited, being come, they sat down to Dinner. I shall content myself with informing the Readers, who are Admirers of nice Eating, that the Entertainment consisted of a Brace of Hares and two Brace of Partridge, a Pyramid of Ortolans, two others of Sweetmeats, two Coxcomb Pies, and several little Dishes, the Contents of which, to say the Truth, I have forgot, as well as the Names of the exquisite Wines which were not spared. After Dinner Cards were proposed; and the Canon, who was always afraid of his Purse, could not excuse himself on its being a *Sunday*, because it was then *Monday*, and the Reason is plain, because those two Days follow immediately. Wherefore he only said, that he did not understand Play; but the Officer, who was a Man of Expedients, said, that they would go Halves against the Baron and his Spouse. This he was obliged to agree to, the

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rather, because the Lady proposed only to play for a Trifle, to pass away Time. Hereupon the Baron, taking a Purle of Counters, gave fifty to each, every one of which was to go for a Crown, and they pitched upon Ombre. Not to amuse the Reader too long, I shall only say, that our *Parisians* played their Parts so well, that in less than four Hours our *West-phalian* Bubble, not having one Pistole left of a hundred he brought with him, was almost mad. The Officer cursed his Stars, and behaved himself in such a manner, that the Canon, altho' he was in Despair himself at having lost so much Money, did his utmost to compose him, and told him, that by venturing a little more they might recover their lost Money. He indeed hoped so himself, wherefore he sent his Footman to his Banker with a Note for two hundred Crowns. In the mean while the Baron offered him fifty Crowns, which he accepted, and which were soon followed by an hundred more, the Loss of which made him swear above an hundred Oaths, both in high *Dutch* and *French*. Till then every one had played their Game with so much Art, that the Canon could not as yet see he was the Bubble. But the Devil, the Author of all Discord, who always loves to create Mischief, opening at last the good Canon's Eyes, he at last perceived that the Officer told the Baron by Signs what he had in his Hand, and even that the Baroness gave her Husband a Card privately. Then his Love giving Way to his Avarice, and the Rage he was in for having lost so much Money, he swore that positively he would not only not pay

pay the Money lent him, but that he even insisted on their restoring the Pistoles they had cheated him of by such base Tricks. Hereupon the Baron judging well that he should have no other Opportunity of fleecing this Bubble, answered him fiercely, that if he did not change his Tone, he would have him well can'd upon the Spot. The Cards were thrown upon the Ground in a Passion, and the Footman coming in with the two hundred Crowns, they took them from him, and locked them up in a Cabinet. The Canon being quite desperate at seeing this Sum also sunk, wished his foolish Love at the Devil; and after uttering a Torrent of Injuries, told them, that he did not think he had had to do with Pickpockets, and if they did not immediately restore him all his Money, he would find a Way to force them to it by Law. These Affronts, and these Threats provoking the Baron, he called six or seven Footmen, and ordered them to turn the *Westphalian* and his Man out of Doors, and give each of them a hundred Bastinadoes. No sooner said than done; the obedient Footmen began to lay them on soundly, and would at last have killed them, if the Baron, out of a small Remainder of Pity, had not taken the Canon by the Arm and turned him into the Street. The Lubber *John* was not less mauled, for they returned him doubly the Principal and Interest of the Cuffs he gave them on the Chops in the Morning; at last he was dismissed, after having one Arm and two Ribs broken. Neither did his Master give him any Thanks, or make him any Amends for it, being so much taken

up in cursing his Amours, and biting his Fingers for having been so foolish to present the Baroness with such a fine Limon, and so many good Cloves. But let us return to *Belindor*.

C H A P. III.

Belindor breaks with his Cousin the Abbot. An Accident befalls Mirandor in the Streets of Paris; another that happens to a German at a Ball.

THE Abbot did by *Belindor*, just as the Officer did by the poor Canon; he carried him to Ladies of his Acquaintance, who understood perfectly well how to pluck a Fowl without making it so much as cry for it. *Belindor* always returned with his Purse empty; and the Abbot made an equal Partition of his Money with his good Friends. Although this had often happened, *Belindor* had not the least Suspicion that his Cousin was in the Plot to bubble him, until the Marquis *de Vaubrun*, the Abbot's elder Brother, who was one of the most courteous and most polite Cavaliers in France, asked him one Day, how he came to be so wedded to his Brother the Abbot, whose Conduct was so irregular? He added, that he did not doubt but that he often carried him to Places where he must necessarily lose his Money. Whereupon *Belindor* having confessed the Truth,

Truth, *Vaubrun* informed him of several of the Abbot's Tricks ; as that he in Concert with several Ladies of the first Rank, who were greedy after Money to supply their excessive Expences, strip'd the poor Novices who repos'd any Confidence in them with Impunity, particularly some raw *Germans*. He concluded with advising *Belindor* to be upon his Guard, and not be so familiar with his Brother any longer, if he had a Mind to keep his Money, and not be drawn sooner or later into some troublesome Scrape. *Belindor* thanked his Cousin very much for the important Advice he was so good as to give him, and promised to make his Advantage of it. Accordingly, soon after the Abbot having propos'd to him to go and pass some Hours with certain Ladies, *Belindor* answer'd, that he was very much oblig'd to him for the Pleasure he was willing to procure him, but that he was weary of those Ladies Company, because the Honour of their Acquaintance cost him too dear. This Reply was not very agreeable to the Abbot, who saw in the End that *Belindor* grew very cold to him, and avoid'd him, and was always with his elder Brother. He was so enrag'd hereat that he was ready to burst with Spite, and from that Time conceived an implacable Hatred against *Belindor* and the Marquis, which discover'd itself in a short Time.

I was not a little rejoic'd that *Belindor* had broken with the Abbot, for by his Means he had lost in the few Days we had been at *Paris* above a hundred Pistoles, whereof in the End I was to give an Account to his Father. The

Company of *Vaubrun* was infinitely more advantageous to him, for with him he could not avoid growing habituated in Virtue, and learning Politeness and fine Breeding. He also began again to mind his Exercises, which the Abbot had made him neglect entirely. As for my Part I apply'd my self eagerly to learn every thing that might one Day turn to my Advantage; for I foresaw very well that if the Marquis should once dye, and his Son marry, I must necessarily seek my Fortune elsewhere. 'Tis true indeed that the Marquis, on taking leave of us, told me, that if I acquitted my self well of my Duty to his Son he would take Care of me; but upon reflecting on all that had happen'd to me till then, I had great Reason to fear that Fortune would not prove very favourable to me.

Besides my Exercises, I spent some Time in Reading, and went now and then to the Playhouse. I seldom walked the Streets, for fear some rude Footman, Porter, or Carman should insult me, or lest I should dirt my self against some Coach wheel, or with the Mud, which, especially in Winter, is above Ankle deep in the Streets of *Paris*; or else lest I should be run over by some Coach, or be stunned by the Water-Carriers, Pedlars, and other Cries of that City, or for fear of losing my Purse, tho' small; or, in fine, of having my Ribs broken by the Hunches of the People who swarm in *Paris*. For there is no City in the World where one runs more Hazard in the Streets, or where one must be more upon one's Guard, to avoid a thousand Dangers that hang over one's Head.

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-An impertinent Porter or Carman will come, without giving you any Warning, and either break some of your Ribs, or push you into the Dirt, without so much as making the least Excuse for it. Have you a new Suit of Cloaths, you are immediately spatter'd all over with Mud, by the Horse of some Fop, or some Pageant of a Marquis. Is one's Eye fixed upon some old Roof or House which seems ready to fall upon the Passengers Heads; one hears behind a Waggon whose Horses are coming full Speed, and the hoarse Voice of the Waggoner, who cries ready to stun one, *Have a Care, have a Care*. In fine, the Idlers and Street-walkers, whereof there are infinite Numbers, ought to have the Eyes of *Argus* to secure their Pockets from being plunder'd; for that City swarms with the most subtil and most enterprizing Pick-pockets. But leaving the Reader at Liberty to consult *Boileau*, to learn more exactly what are the Difficulties one meets with in the Streets of *Paris*, I shall only inform him of a little Accident that happened to me in that City.

The Carnival Time being come, the Duke of *Orleans* resolved to give a Ball to all the Court, whereat the King had promised to be present. Hereupon when his Majesty was to come from *St. Germain's*, where he then was, the Duke went to meet him with a great Number of Coaches. Count *d'Aspremont* made one of his Retinue, with his eldest Son and *Belindor*; but I was not allow'd to be there, because the Duke of *Orleans* had order'd no Body to be admitted but Persons that were known, and of Distinction. Wherefore having a great Mind

to have a near View of this *grand Monarch*, of whom I had heard so many Wonders, I went before to the *Louvre*, where I found an infinite Crowd. Towards Night, on hearing a thousand Huzzas, I judg'd that the King was not far off; upon which I did my utmost to press through a Place by which he was to pass. When his Coach was almost over against me, I made such Efforts with my Feet and my Hands, and especially by making my self a Passage with the Hilt of my Sword, which I pushed against the small of their Backs who were before me, that I soon got near the Life-Guards. I was there posted very conveniently to contemplate his Majesty and the Dauphin who were in the same Coach; but I must confess I did not feel that Emotion in me, without which, as I had been told, it was impossible to look upon that great Monarch; which made me judge, that perhaps I had more Courage and Intrepidity than I had before fancied. If I wanted Matter to swell my Book to a tolerable Size, I would make a Description of the King's rich Dress, and the Magnificence of his Retinue: But as the Authors of the *Mercure Galant* relate all, even to the least trifling Particulars, because their extravagant Exaggerations are generally well paid for, I refer my Readers, who are curious of such fine Things, to their Writings, and shall content my self with telling them the Misfortune that befell me for having too much Curiosity.

As soon as his Majesty's Coach was passed, I was pushed so by the Throng that I broke thro' the Ranks of the Guards, and was shov'd full against

against the Queen's Coach, which follow'd immediately after the King's, without being able to resist the Torrent that carried me with it. As the Devil would have it, one of my Pockets got hold of the Axletree of the Coach, without my being able to disengage my self, so that I was obliged to follow it. The Guards seeing that was not my Place, let fall such a Shower of Halberts upon me that I was all over Blood. They had certainly killed me, had not my Pocket at last got loose of it self. As soon as I found my self at Liberty I took Refuge in the Crowd which drew me after the King's Coach. Being arrived at the *Pont-neuf* the Crowd abated a little, for most of the People went towards the Street St. *Honore*, and towards the Palace of the Duke of *Orleans*. Then I disengaged my self from them, and went to a Surgeon's to have my Wounds dressed; but I was forced to stay 'till this Imp of St. *Cosmo's* had seen all the Coaches pass, before he would touch me. Then after that he had apply'd many Plaisters, I retir'd, sufficiently mortified at being not only wounded, but having quite spoiled my Cloaths, and lost a Sword of Value in the Throng. Being got Home I went to Bed without Supper, not having any great Stomach to it; and as for *Belindor* he returned at Break of Day very much fatigued with Dancing, and threw himself upon the Bed. After some Hours rest he came to me to give me an Account of what had passed, and was very much surpriz'd at seeing my Head all cover'd with Plaisters; whereupon I told him my Misfortune, and he endeavour'd to com-

fort me, with a Promise of another Suit ; which he kept the same Day, for he gave me Money to buy a handsomer.

As vexatious as my Accident was, that which happen'd some Days after to a pretended *German* Gentleman was not less so. Being desirous of getting Admittance at a Ball given by the Bishop of *Strasburgh*, he put on a Masquerade Habit, and passed very fortunately by the first Guard by saying that he was Son to the Marquis of *Armentiers*. But being got near the Room where the Ball was to be, and the Bishop having ordered that none should be admitted till they had unmasked, the Name of the Marquis of *Armentiers* availed him nothing ; for the Officer of the Guard, who was nearly related to the Marquis, said to him : *Well then, Cousin, you will not be angry at my seeing your Face, since all the Masks must submit to this Law.* Hereupon the *German* was very much confounded ; being afraid of receiving some Affront for having assumed the Name of one of the Officer's Relations. He would willingly have returned back ; but the Officer not knowing either the Tone of this Mask's Voice, or his Air, suspected some Imposture. Wherefore he seiz'd him by the Arm, and told him he need make no Difficulty of discovering himself to a Relation ; which the other scrupling, he pull'd off his Mask by Force, and beheld a Face quite unknown, and in great Confusion. The Officer, who was very concise in his Discourse, and whose Conscience was very scrupulous in what regarded the Point of Honour and his Duty, whispered him, but loud enough
to

to be heard by all who enter'd: *Mr. Rogue, I think you have a great deal of Impudence to dare assume a Name of such Distinction, with Design, under that Protection, to filch the Purses of those who are at the Ball with Impunity.* This said, without any more Compliments, he ordered his Soldiers to beat that Mask as long as they pleased. They being very obedient to the Orders of their Commander, conducted this Ball-haunter, Drums beating, to the first Guard. There he had the Misfortune to meet with a Company of Footmen, who being quite idle, were overjoy'd with finding some Employment. Accordingly the Mask was finely handled; they tore his Dress, and he was very happy that they left him his Shirt to cover his Nakedness. At last this Knight of the sorrowful Countenance escaped from their Hands, and got to his Lodging follow'd by a Regiment of Boys, who followed him all the Way.

About the same Time something like it happen'd to a *Hollander*, who assumed the Airs of a Man of Quality, had a very pretty Equipage, and liv'd high, being enabled to support his borrowed Rank by his Skill in Cards, whereof he was an admirable Master. One Day then, when the *English* Ambassador was to have Audience of the King, this Unknown clapt on a Suit of Scarlet, laced with a broad Gold Lace, and mixed with the Ambassador's Retinue. Being arrived at Court, he told the Guards who disputed his Entrance, that he was one of his Excellency's Gentlemen. After the Audience, the King had the Curiosity to enquire after the Ambassador's Train, and came at last to this gay dress'd Marquis.

quiss. As no Body knew him, his Majesty ordered one of his Officers to examine him, that he might know who this Unknown was; and upon his saying again that he was one of his Excellency's Gentlemen, the Embassador had not the Complaisance to acknowledge him as such. Thereupon the King gave him to know, that as he had some Regard for Strangers, he would pardon him for that Time, and let him go unpunish'd; but that if ever he had the assurance to appear again at Court, and pass for any other than he really was, he should have Reason to repent of his Impudence. The Man did not stay 'till he was twice bid, but instantly obey'd his Majesty's Orders. I might here moralize upon the Impudence of a great many, who, tho' sprung from the Dregs of the People, will pretend to pass for great Men; but as it would not be proper for me to find Fault therewith, having Things to relate of my self that are not a Jot better, I shall grant them Quarter, and pass on to what regards me.

C H A P. IV.

Belindor and he are attack'd in the Night by four Masks; La Fleur, who is one, is seiz'd, and at last hang'd.

ONE Night *Belindor* and I, after having seen the *Facheuses* of *Moliere* acted at the *Hotel de Bourgogne*, would have got into the Count *d'Aspremont's* Coach, but found the Place taken up by the Coachman, who was snoring there very heartily. In vain did *Belindor* lug him by the Ears, he could not awake him till he had can'd him soundly. This Drunkard, who, as we believ'd, had been at some Tavern all the Time of the Play, endeavouring to rise to get into the Box, his Head turn'd round, and, which is worse, he vomited to that Degree that it ran out at the Coach Doors. Wherefore we left him to wallow in his Nastiness, being not at all inclin'd to keep him Company, and one of the Count's Footmen supply'd the Coachman's Place. As for our Parts, we were obliged to walk on Foot through a deep Mud, with *Belindor's* Valet before us carrying a Flambeau. We had hardly enter'd the Street *Quatre Vents*, behind that of the *Hâles*, when we found our selves assaulted by four Men, Sword in Hand, one of which fir'd a Pistol at me, which however fortunately missed me. We soon resolv'd what to do, wherefore drawing our Swords we fell courageously upon these Assassins; but we found who we had to deal with,

for

for they all seem'd brave and resolute. In fine, we should have fallen, had it not been for the Assistance of *Belindor's* Valet, who, as I have said more than once, was full of Zeal and Courage; accordingly he gave one of our Assaultants such a terrible Stroke with his lighted Flambeau in the middle of his Face that he stunned and knock'd him down. After which, drawing likewise his Sword, he assisted us so effectually to press Home upon the other three, that we at last obliged them to quit the Field of Battle, and that without doubt not so well as they were when they attack'd us. *Belindor* and I receiv'd never a Wound, but our poor *Valet* had a Thrust quite thro' his Body, so that he could with Difficulty support himself, which troubled us extremely. He who had been knock'd down by the Flambeau having recover'd his Spirits got up to run away, but *Belindor* seized him by the Collar, and we dragged him near the Valet, who was fallen to the Ground some Paces from thence with his Flambeau. In vain did he strive to avoid the Light, we unmasked him, and were in the greatest Astonishment on finding him to be that Villain *la Fleur*, the Marquis's *Valet de Chambre*, who had wounded me so treacherously at *Louvain*. At this Sight *Belindor*, being no longer Master of himself, clapt his Sword to his Throat, and threaten'd to run him thro' if he would not name his Accomplices, and tell him what Motives had induced him to this Action. As he delay'd answering, *Belindor* was just ready to run him thro' the Body, when by good Fortune the Watch came by, and being informed what had passed carried the
Rogue

Rogue away Prisoner. This done, *Belindor* and I raised up the poor *Valet*, and supporting him between us led him Home. A Surgeon was sent for, who found his Wound dangerous; whereupon he was dressed and put to Bed. We gave the Count *d'Aspremont* an Account of this Adventure, and told him, that as one of the Assassins was in Prison, we might know from him all the Accomplices of this Assassination.

In the mean while the Count laid all the Fault upon his Coachman, and resolved next Morning to have him well caned, and turned out of Doors. Whilst we were still discoursing of this Rencontre, they came to inform the Count that his Son the Abbot was just come in, and had retired immediately to his Chamber, complaining grievously. His Father fearing that some Misfortune had happened to him, obliged us to follow him; we did so, and found the Abbot in his Bed weltering in his Blood. The Count being surprized at seeing him in such a piteous Condition, embraced him, and asked with Tears in his Eyes what had befallen him. He answer'd, that he had been attack'd by four Men in Masks, and described them in such a Manner that we did not doubt but that they were the same with whom we had encountered; whereupon we thought that that Villain *la Fleur* had not only a Spleen against me, but against *Belindor* and all his Relations. Next Morning the Count order'd the Coachman to be called, that he might suffer in our Presence the Punishment he design'd him. But the Fellow, who had Sense enough when not incom-

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moded

moded with the Fumes of the Wine, not doubting, after what had passed, but the Count would give him his Discharge seal'd with a good handsome Drubbing, fell at his Master's Feet, and said, if he would but give him leave to speak he would let him see how innocently, and even in spite of his Teeth, he came to be in that Condition. The Count having permitted him, he said, that as he was returning to the *Hotel de Bourgogne* four Men mask'd stopping him by the Way, forced him to come down from his Box, and enter into the Coach with three of them, and that the fourth having mounted his Seat drove them to a Tavern, where they held a Pistol to his Head and obliged him to drink till he was ready to burst; that finding they resolved to make him drunk, he pretended to be more fuddled than he really was, and threw himself upon a Bench, where they hearing him snore, made haste out, leaving the Coach before the Door. He added, that for all his having drank so much Wine, he remember'd that he was to go to the Playhouse; but that being come out into the Air, the Wine got so into his Head, that after that Moment he did not remember any thing that happen'd to him. He concluded with begging the Count to forgive him this Fault, which he had been forced to commit, and promis'd that the like Accident should not happen to him again, tho' it were to cost him his Life. The Count at first thought his Servant would have imposed upon him; but on reflecting upon this Affair, and seeing the Constancy of the Fellow, who swore a thousand Oaths to justify what he had said, he began to believe him; especially after
having

having compar'd this Relation with our Rencontre with four Persons mask'd, and what had befallen the Abbot; without being able nevertheless to comprehend all the Particulars of this Affair. As he was willing to search to the Bottom of the Mystery, we went next Morning with him to the great Commissary's, who promised to examine the Prisoner thoroughly, and do us strict Justice. Hereupon *Belindor* and I begg'd this Magistrate to permit us to speak to the Criminal, because we were desirous of being informed of somewhat that concern'd us nearly. This was granted us; whereupon we both went to the *Chatelet*, where, as soon as the Prisoner perceived us, he seem'd in a great Consternation, as believing some other Motive besides the Honour of his Company brought us thither. " *Belindor* on entering cry'd our, Heaven be praised, we have at last the Satisfaction to find in a Place of Safety a Villain, who can never more for the future exercise his Assassinations upon us, and from whom we shall be soon deliver'd." Such a Beginning confounded the Rogue to that Degree that he did not open his Mouth; and *Belindor* continuing, address'd him thus: " Miserable Wretch, this is the Fruits of your Treachery; you can't doubt but you have deserved to undergo the cruellest of all Punishments, to revenge us for your execrable Attempts. Wherefore if you expect the least Favour from us, inform us how you came to know we were at *Paris*, and who they are who assist'd you last Night in your intended Assassination." Hereupon *la Fleur* long kept a sullen Silence, considering what

what he should say to us; but at last he brought out these Words with a great deal of Emotion:

" If confessing my Crimes could procure me the least Favour, I would not only tell you all wherein you have had any Share, but all that has happen'd to me since my being turn'd away from your Father's. But although my Crimes are too enormous for me to flatter my self with the Hopes of obtaining any Favour by my Confession, I will nevertheless obey you, to see if I can excite your Pity. Know then, Sir, continued he, addressing himself to me, that after being driven from the Marquis's, being intrigued to find that the Design I had formed against your Life had not only not met with Success, but that, on the contrary, he whose Destruction I had vow'd was more in his Master's Favour than ever, I was resolv'd to get rid of you at any Rate whatever, looking on you as the sole Cause of my Disgrace. I went however out of *Brussels* that very Night, for fear the Marquis should put his Threats in Execution, after having first taken up, in his Name, some Merchandize, which I sold again at a very low Price. Then I walked to *Mechlin* to spend some Weeks with my Uncle who lived there, with intent to return to *Brussels* after some Time, when no Body should think any more of me, and execute some way or other my Design against you. But being arrived at *Mechlin*, and hearing that my Uncle had left that City, and was retir'd to *Holland*, I was oblig'd to lodge at an Inn, where I soon spent the little Money I had left. E-

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“ very thing seem’d contrary to me; I could
 “ not get a Place any where, tho’ I even of-
 “ fer’d to wear a Livery. Then recollecting
 “ the happy and quiet Life I led before, I could
 “ only ascribe the Change to you, and the Spi-
 “ rit of Hatred and Revenge immediately took
 “ Possession of me. In fine, being fully resolv-
 “ ed to execute my Project, I returned to *Brus-
 “ sels*; but was there informed that you was
 “ at *Louvain*. Thither I followed you, and
 “ wanting Money, Necessity made me stop a
 “ Man upon the Highway, and take from him
 “ sixteen Shillings. I had not been two Days
 “ at *Louvain*, before I found out your Lodg-
 “ ing; but in vain did I watch often round your
 “ House, I could not find a favourable Op-
 “ portunity. At last I discovered that you went
 “ of an Evening to visit a young Gentlewo-
 “ man, and used to return Home alone, and
 “ pretty late. I made use of that Discovery;
 “ for I followed you by Day, and waited your
 “ Return out ’till Night without stirring, in a lit-
 “ tle Street thro’ which you must necessarily
 “ pass. At last I saw you coming, and taking
 “ the Advantage of the Night thrust my Sword
 “ behind you quite thro’ your Body. I was
 “ going to repeat my Blow, but for the Arri-
 “ val of a Man who fortunately for you hap-
 “ pened to pass that Way with a Lanthorn.
 “ This obliged me to retire as fast as possible,
 “ without being able to compleat my Revenge.
 “ As I staid in the City to see what would be
 “ the Fate of your Wound, I heard you was
 “ likely to recover, and mended every Day, at
 “ which I own I was not Matter of my self
 “ for

“ for Rage; and believing what I had done was
“ of no Merit, if you did not know from whom
“ the Stroke came, I was resolv'd to inform
“ you by a Letter, which no doubt you receiv-
“ ed. After that, not believing my self any lon-
“ ger in Safety there, I went on Foot to *Ni-*
“ *velle*, and from thence by *Mons* to *Valenci-*
“ *ennes*, in order to go to *Paris* and find some
“ Employment there. But whilst I was still at
“ *Valenciennes* the Want of Money made me
“ list in the Company of a *Spanish* Captain,
“ who gave me five Ducats entrance Money.
“ Being recruited with this small Sum, I left
“ that City the same Day, and took the Road
“ to *Paris*; the Fear of being pursu'd made
“ me all the Way travel only by Night, and
“ in the Day I hid my self amongst the Corn,
“ and avoiding all the Towns that belonged to
“ the King of *Spain*, I at last arriv'd fortunately
“ at *Paris*. Here I could neither get a Place
“ as a *Valet de Chambre*, nor even as a Foot-
“ man, which at last oblig'd me to list amongst
“ the *Pierots*. The Pay I had from the King
“ was too small to support the Expences to
“ which I had been us'd, wherefore as a Re-
“ medy for that I enter'd my self into the Soci-
“ ety of some young Gentry, who us'd by
“ Night to rob Passengers in the Streets; and,
“ as I was pretty enterprizing, I found myself
“ often Master of a rich Booty. In our Gang
“ we not only had Soldiers of our Regiment,
“ but also *Cadets* of the King's Guard, and
“ even a good Number of Abbots, who dis-
“ guis'd themselves by Night, and helped us to
“ make a Purchase. I had not been long of
“ this

“ this Fraternity, continued the Prisoner, turning himself to *Belindor*, before I was one Day known by the Abbot your Cousin, who was also of our Troop, and had seen me formerly at your Father's. He was surprized at seeing me enter'd in that illustrious *Corps*, and promised me his Friendship. Happening to relate to him all my Adventures, and what I had done to rid my self of *Mirandor*, he told me that you both lodg'd at his Fathers; and added, that he hated you mortally ever since you avoided his Company, and that he should be very glad to be revenged of you for your Contempt of him. Thereupon we agreed to enter into an Association, and promised one another mutual Assistance, to rid our selves each of us of his respective Enemy.

“ After having long waited for a favourable Opportunity to execute our Design, at last the Abbot came Yesterday to inform me that you was to go at Night to the Comedy; whereupon we were resolved to take Advantage thereof, and attack you in the Street. That we might be more sure of our Stroke, we likewise took two of our Comrades, resolute Fellows, one of which was a Soldier in our Regiment, and the other a *Cadet* in the *Grand Mousquetaires*: And knowing that the Coach was to come for you when the Play was over, we resolved to stop the Coachman, and make him so drunk that he should not be able to drive you; which succeeded. We left him dead drunk at the Tavern which was our usual Rendezvous, and made haste to the

“ Street

“ Street *des quatre Vents* by which you must
 “ necessarily pass. After having waited there
 “ some Minutes, we at last saw you coming;
 “ and attack’d you in such a Manner that you
 “ might see our Design was upon your Lives.
 “ I fir’d a Pistol at *Mirador*, but missing him,
 “ and being just going to take the other, your
 “ Servant gave me such a terrible Blow on the
 “ middle of the Face with a Flambeau, that
 “ I fell to the Ground quite stunned. Having
 “ at last recover’d my Spirits, and seeing that
 “ my Comrades were making off, I would
 “ have done the same, when you seized me,
 “ and deliver’d me to the Watch. Here I am
 “ then in a Dungeon, and in a Situation that
 “ makes me fear all Things. But Gentlemen,
 “ is there no Pity for me? Forgive me my
 “ Crimes, I beseech you, and endeavour to get
 “ my Pardon; which depends only upon you.
 “ If I obtain that Favour, be assured, that I
 “ will utterly forget the Hatred I have always
 “ borne *Mirador*, and will even be ready to
 “ spill the last drop of my Blood in your Ser-
 “ vice, as often as your Occasions shall require
 “ it.”

After *la Fleur* had thus informed us of
 all we wanted to know, we rose up without
 condescending to speak one Word to the Wretch,
 and left him in the most exquisite Despair. As
 soon as he saw us go out thus, he cry’d out to
Belindor: “ If I must die, I shall at least have
 “ the Satisfaction to see your Cousin mount
 “ the same Ladder with me; for I shall have
 “ so many Crimes to reveal of him, that cer-
 “ tainly he will deserve the Gallows more than
 “ I.”

“ I.” As soon as we got into the Street, we discoursed together about the Abbot’s scandalous Life, and consulted whether we should inform his Father thereof, or no. On one Hand we were afraid, that if we acquainted him there-with the poor Man would be ready to die with Grief; and on the other if we concealed it, that *la Fleur* would betray him, and thereby cast an eternal Stain upon the Family. Having maturely weighed all, we at last resolved to discover to him what we had heard of his Son, ’Tis impossible to express what a Thunderstroke it was to the poor Father on being told such killing News. After some Moments Consternation, rising on a sudden in a Fury, he drew his Sword, and would have gone to have pierced the Bosom of this degenerate Son, that he might not expiate his Crimes by the Hands of the Hangman; but *Belindor* and I prevented him by Force. Being thus hinder’d from satisfying his just Anger, he would not however suffer his Son, wounded as he was, to stay a Moment longer in his House. Accordingly he ordered him to be told so with an Air of Authority; the Abbot was obliged immediately to obey, and getting up in spite of his Weakness, the Servants left him in the Street, telling him in their Master’s Name to leave *Paris* that Instant, to avoid falling into the Hands of Justice; that his Father renounced him for his Son; and that if ever he dared set his Foot again in his House, he should be treated as the worst of Villains. As much as the Abbot had offended us, we were very much mortified at his being so ill used on our Accounts. The Count guess-
ing

ing our Thoughts, said to us with Tears in his Eyes: " Think not, dear Friends, that my Usage of my Son (if I dare still call him so) proceeds from a cruel inhuman Temper, so contrary to the Tenderneſs a Father ought to have for his Child. No, 'tis my Reputation, 'tis Honour and Virtue that reduce me to this melancholy Extremity. Had I not better ſhew him thus how much I diſapprove his villanous Actions, than for him in the End to fall into the Hands of Juſtice (which God forbid) and being condemn'd to an ignominious Death, to reproach me with " conniving at them?" Excellent Sentiments in a Father. But he ought in Time to have kept a Watch over his Son's Actions, and have chaſtiſed him for his youthful Pranks, inſtead of being pleaſed at his malicious arch Tricks when a Child, which being rivetted in the Heart produce at laſt ſuch Fruits as deſtroy both Soul and Body. Let's ſee what became of *la Fleur*.

His cruel Stars would have it, that two of his Comrades, with whom he had ſome Days before robbed a Member of Parliament, were ſeized at the ſame Time. Theſe being tortured, confeſſed a thouſand Crimes, and accuſed *la Fleur*, who being then in Cuſtody, ſpared them the Trouble of looking after him. Being confronted with theſe two Rogues, he at firſt had the Impudence to affirm that he did not know them, and deny'd all; but being put to the Torture, he ſqueak'd, and accuſed the Abbot of having encouraged him to commit ſo many Crimes, and related a thouſand crying Enormities of him. Thereupon they ſent in Purſuit

of the Abbot to seize him; but he was safe from all their Searches, for his Friends having given him Money had made him retire into another Province; however the Court deprived him of his Abbey, and he was banish'd the Kingdom. The two other Accomplices of this intended Assassination could not be found; for on hearing of *la Fleur's* Imprisonment, they had the Precaution to retire immediately to a Place of Safety. Wherefore this Wretch was obliged three Days after his Examination to take a Leap in the Dark from the Ladder with his two Comrades. *Belindor* and I had the Pleasure of going and seeing whether he could dance well upon the Rope or no; wherein he acquitted himself better than in his Conversion; for the Villain would neither hear a Word of God or of his Salvation, and dy'd swearing that the Abbot was the sole Cause both of his Death and Damnation. Thus did this Wretch finish his detestable Days in a Manner suitable to his Life.

Altho' we thus saw ourselves freed from a formidable Enemy, the young Marquis advised us nevertheless to be upon our Guards; for he did not doubt but his Brother the Abbot would either have some bloody Trick play'd us by his Friends, or else come himself *incognito* to *Paris* for that Purpose. We thanked him for his friendly Advice, and never went out at Night without being well accompany'd, and arm'd so as not to fear five or six Enemies tho' never so resolute. Besides, *Belindor's* Valet being recovered of his Wounds, always follow'd us with two Pair of Pocket Pistols.

CHAP. V.

Belindor's Adventure with a Lady, with whom he is soon disgusted.

SOME Days after, *Belindor* being returned from the *Augustins* Church, where we had been to hear Mass, enter'd the House very gay and smiling; wherefore being curious to know the Reason I followed him into his Chamber. He guessed the Motive of my coming; wherefore, without staying till I asked the Question, he told me that being just ready to come out of Church, a Lady in Years, and that had the Air of a Woman of Quality, accosting him, informed him that a young beautiful Countess was fallen in Love with him, and had charged her to deliver a Letter into his Hands, which she gave him; and he pulling it out of his Pocket bid me read. I did, and these were the Contents.

SIR,

IF you know to how great a Degree Love gains the Mastery over those of our Sex who give Way to that Passion, you will not think it strange that I inform you by this Billet what passes in my Heart; and I hope that this Step, which has cost me a great deal, will not give you an ill Opinion of me. Therefore if you are gallant enough, and inclin'd to comfort me for the Loss of my Liberty, come to Night to the Place which
this

this Lady will shew you, where you will find a Person who will not seem to you altogether unworthy of the Affection of a handsome Cavalier. Adieu.

After having read it, *Belindor* told me that the Lady who deliver'd him this Note, having asked him whether he was of a Humour to take Advantage of this good Fortune, she propos'd to him to get into her Coach, to shew him the Place of *Rendezvous*; that he agreed to it, and that she carry'd him to a House that made a pretty handsome Appearance, which she said belonged to her, and where the Countess would be that Evening, not daring to receive him at Home, because she stood in great Awe of her Husband; and that thereupon he left her, after having promised to be there at the Time appointed. "What, said I then to *Belindor*, are you in earnest, and will you go there to Night? Undoubtedly, reply'd he, for should not I be a great Sot if I neglected such a Piece of good Fortune, which does not offer every Day? All this is very fine, answered I, but have you forgot what you promis'd your Dear *Diana*? Whether I have forgot it or no, returned *Belindor*, this Adventure will not diminish the Affection I have vow'd to her; besides, she will know nothing of it. But, said I laughing, what Reward will you give me, if I keep your Secret and reveal none of this Gallantry to your Mistress? Rely upon my Generosity, reply'd he, and we shall be both contented." After having bantered a little longer, they came to

Q 2

inform

inform us that we were waited for at Dinner.

At Night *Belindor* did not fail going, attended only by his Servant. Being arrived at the *Rendezvous* he found the Countess there, who met him, and embraced him with all the Symptoms of a Woman desperately in Love. He was charmed with her Beauty, the genteelness of her Dress, and the Number of Diamonds wherewith she was adorn'd; though they were so large that in the End he suspected them to be false. She discover'd her Passion to him with a great deal of Wit, and in the most tender Expressions in the World, protesting she had never seen so well shap'd a Cavalier. He likewise extoll'd her highly in his Turn, and embracing her swore how much he was overjoy'd at being beloved by so charming a Person. Some Minutes after a great Bason was brought with all Sorts of Sweetmeats, several kinds of Drums, and exquisite Wines. After having exhilarated their Spirits with the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, *Venus* would come in for her Share of the Company; wherefore in Obedience to that Goddess and to entertain themselves more familiarly with her, they went and sat down upon a Couch. As *Belindor* was of a pretty amorous Constitution, every intelligent Reader will guess upon what Topic their Discourse turned, what was there said, and what was there done. Having taken their fill of Pleasure, they were obliged to part; wherefore after a thousand tender Embraces, they promised to meet next Day at the same Place. This Course of Life lasted several Days, each of them be-
ing

ing equally charm'd with each other; and *Belindor* thought himself on the Pinnacle of Happiness, in being Possessor of a Lady so finely shap'd, of such Quality, and so much Merit. But one Day as he was going thro' the Town with the Marquis, he saw a Coach pass by wherein was his Charmer, who having perceiv'd him, gave him the most gracious Smile in the World. *Belindor* returning in with a civil Salute, the Marquis, who had not deign'd so much as to move his Hand towards his Hat, being surprized at *Belindor's* Civility, asked if he knew that Lady. His replying that he was very intimate with her: " If it be so, return'd the Marquis, " you have the Honour to be acquainted with " the greatest Whore in all *Paris*. Softly, " cry'd *Belindor*, don't speak so of a Lady of " Merit and great Quality. How, resum'd the " Marquis in a great Surprise, what do you " mean by that? would you tell me who that " Woman is? I have known *Madam de Bordolour* above these ten Years: She is the commonest of Prostitutes. She liv'd a long Time " at *Avignon*, where she marry'd a certain " *Genman's Valet de Chambre*, and whence she " was at last banished; and if she had not kept " her self here in Favour with some *Justices* " of the Peace, she would have been long since " whip'd, and her Back mark'd with the Flower " *de lis*. For, not to mention that most of " the King's *Gens-d'armes* have passed in Review before her, she has often stript several " of her Gallants to their Shirts, having had " their Money and Cloaths carry'd off whilst " they have been in Bed with her. And if

"you doubt it, added he, I will let you see
 "her this very Night in the House of the great-
 "est Bawd in Town, who calls herself a Cap-
 "tain's Widow, and lives in the Suburbs St.
 "Germain's in the Dauphin's Street.

Belindor was in the utmost Surprize at hearing such News; and guessed that the Lady who had carry'd on the Intrigue was this same Bawd; wherefore he thanked his Cousin, and swore he would never more visit that Woman.

Three Days after this Discourse *Belindor's* Valet came to tell his Master, that a young Wench desired to deliver a Letter into his own Hands. Accordingly she was called in, and *Belindor* read these Words:

My Dear,

THE Disquiet I have felt for your Absence so many Days, is not to be expressed. What, are you Sick? Or have you forgot me? No, I can't believe you would cause me so much Sorrow; it would cost me my Life. Come then to comfort me as soon as possible; come and enjoy the tender Embraces of a desolate Woman who cherishes you more than Life. In the mean while, my Dear, grant me one Favour: As I am unmercifully harassed by some Creditors, who threaten to address themselves to my Husband, if I don't this very Day give them a hundred Pistoles. I conjure you to extricate me from this Trouble, and lend me this small Sum, which you may deliver to the Bearer without Fear. I swear it shall be repaid in less than a Fortnight, and in the mean while I will give you so many Caresses,
 that

that you will own you have put your Money out to an Interest the sweetest in the World. Adieu.
The Countess.

Belindor, being surprized at this Creature's Impudence, told the Wench he was going to send an Answer, and went into his Closet, where he ordered a Loaf of a Groat or five Pence to be brought him; then wrapping it well up in Paper he inclosed this Letter :

Madam,

SEE how we sympathize, you and I. I was going this Morning to make you the same Proposal. I am likewise at a great Nonplus. But altho' I have as little Money as your Ladyship, I believe you are in greater Want of Bread than I; for I am informed that your Shop is not so much frequented as it used to be; upon which Consideration I send you a Loaf. 'Tis true it is none of the largest; however 'tis enough to make two Meals on with your Captain's Widow. 'Tis always as much as it is. I wish you a better Wind-fall. Adieu.

Sharpser.

The Bearer believing this Packet contained some rich Present, flew to the Countess with all the Joy imaginable. But the Parcel being open'd, and the Letter read, what a Mortification was it to this illustrious Lady! From that Time she never troubled *Belindor* more.

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